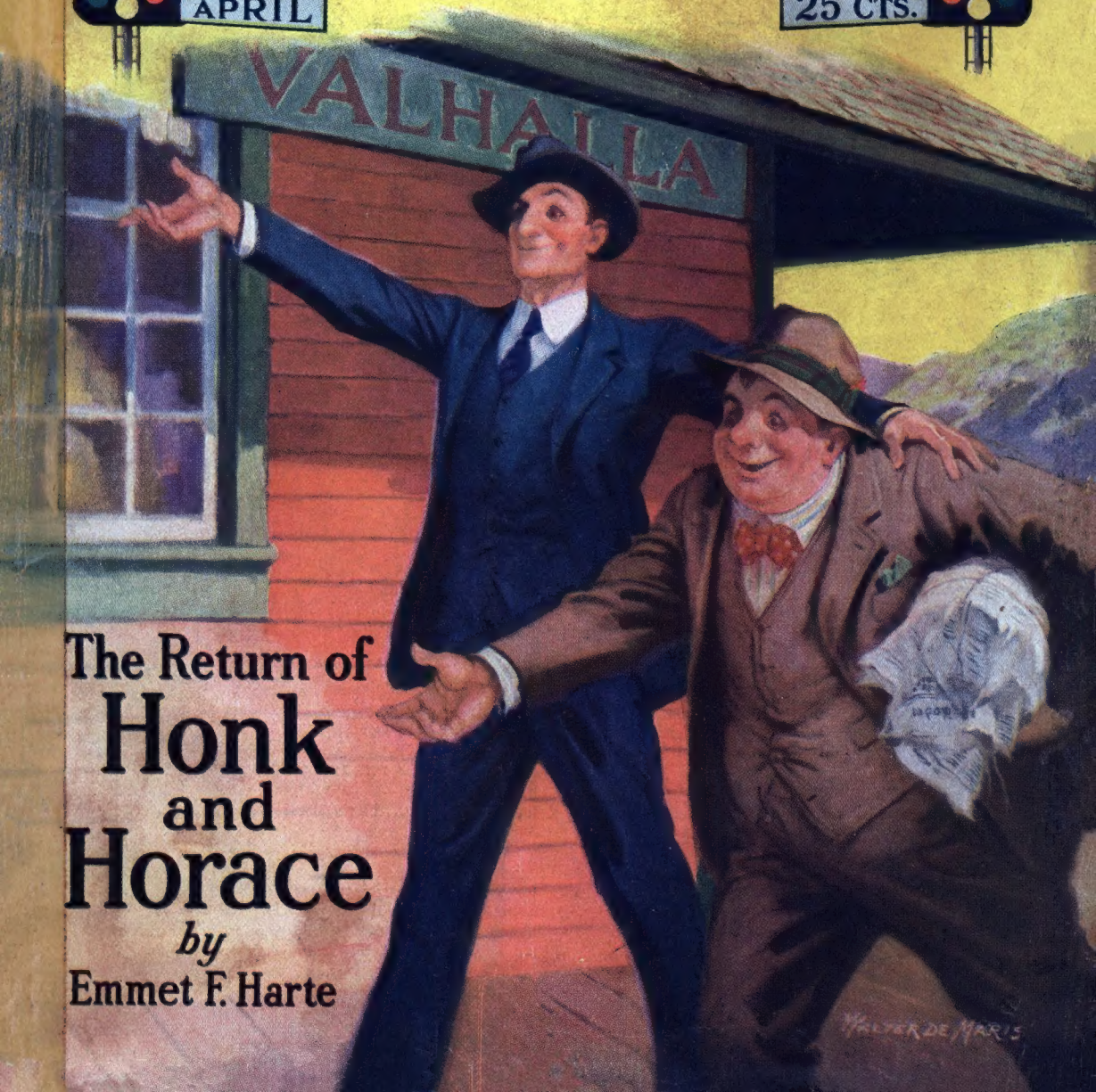
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

For Everybody

APRIL

25 CTS.



The Return of Honk and Horace

by

Emmet F. Harte

Just A Twist Of The Wrist

Banishes Old-Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap and BRINGS AGENTS UP TO $6 AND $8 IN AN HOUR

WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in every home in the land cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the Speedo can opening machine you can just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

End This Waste and Danger

You undoubtedly know what a nasty, dangerous job it is to open cans with the old-fashioned can opener. You have to hack your way along slowly—ripping a jagged furrow around the edge. Next thing you know, the can opener slips. Good night! You've torn a hole in your finger. As liable as not it will get infected and stay sore a long time. Perhaps even your life will be endangered from blood poisoning!

You may be lucky enough to get the can open without cutting yourself. But there's still the fact to consider that the ragged edge of tin left around the top makes it almost impossible to pour out all of the food. Yet now, all this trouble, waste and danger is ended. No wonder salesmen everywhere are finding this invention a truly revolutionary money maker!

AGENTS!

Full Time $265 in a Week

"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo:
June 13, 60 Speedos:
June 20, 81 Speedos:
June 30, 192 Speedos;
July 6, 288 Speedos.
I made $265 in a week.
M.Ornoff, Va.

PART TIME
14 Sales in 2 Hours

J. J. Corwin, Ariz., says: "Send more order books. I sold first 14 orders in two hours."

SPARE TIME
Big Money Spare Time

Barb, W. Va., says: "Was only out a few evenings, and got 20 orders."

A "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! No wonder Speedo salesmen have sold to every house in the block and have made up to $10 an hour.

Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the profit possibilities of this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profits without risking one penny.

Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about salesmen making up to $100 and even more in a week. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item that brings you two profits. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., Dept. D-793, 4500 Mary Ave. (Est. over 20 years) St. Louis, Mo.

SPEEDO

Central States Mfg. Co.,
4500 Mary Ave., Dept. D-793,
St. Louis, Mo.

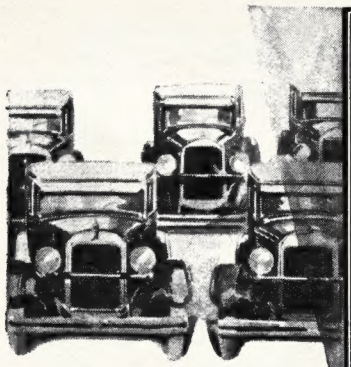
Rush me your FREE TEST OFFER.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[ ] Check here if interested only in one for your home.



Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

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You can save money and get a better motor car

if you buy according to the Studebaker Pledge plan

OVER 150,000 THRIFTY AMERICAN CITIZENS DID LAST YEAR!

A WELL constructed car, sold at 40 or 50 per cent of its original price, offers maximum transportation value. Studebaker dealers offer many fine used cars—Studebakers, Erskines and other makes—which have been driven only a few thousand miles. ¶Reconditioning of mechanical parts, refinishing of bodies give new car life to these cars at prices no greater than you must pay for a cheap new car. And as a final measure of protection, these cars are sold according to the Studebaker Pledge—which offers 5 days' driving trial on all cars and a 30-day guarantee on all certified cars. ¶Prices being plainly marked provides the same price for everyone. Millions of people buy "used" houses. Every car on the road is a used car the week after it is purchased.

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Builder of Champions

Invest 2c—you may save $200

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Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM T. DEWART, President — **C. T. DIXON, Vice President**

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A Magazine For Everybody

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EUROPE'S HIGH SPEEDS, By Ralph Heinzen
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HIGHBALLING THE MOONBEAM TRAIL, By Charles W. Tyler
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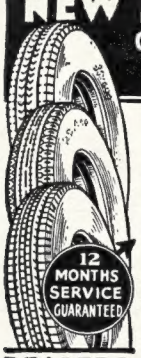
Firestone - U.S.
AND OTHER TIRES



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32x4	2.95	1.16	30x4.95	2.90	1.35
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34x4	3.50	1.15	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
32x4½	3.20	1.45	31x5.25	3.10	1.35
33x4½	3.20	1.45	30x5.77	3.20	1.40
34x4½	3.45	1.45	32x6.00	3.20	1.40
30x5	3.60	1.75	33x6.00	3.20	1.45
33x5	3.60	1.75	32x6.20	3.50	1.65
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RATE—$1.50 per Line

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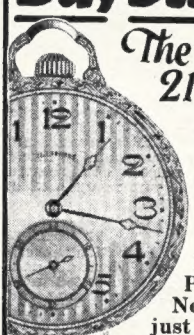

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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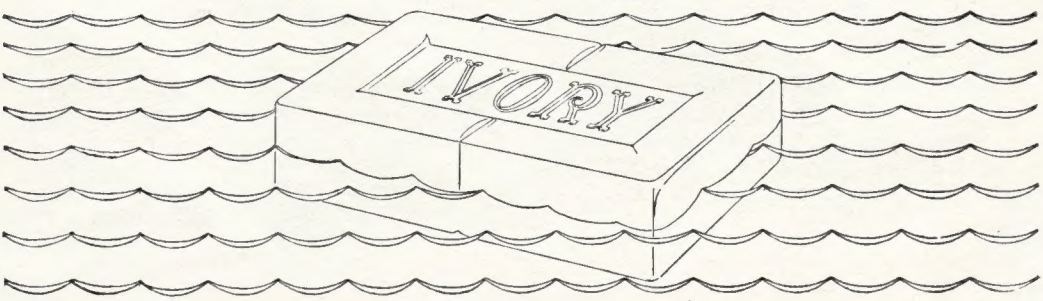
This chirruping gentleman has forgotten his restless night in a lower berth. While he is planning a persuasive sales argument, his heart goes out in loving kindness to a hotel manager who sits (unconscious of this burst of gratitude) fourteen floors below. . . .

For this traveling guest is rejoicing over a homelike Ivory bath!

Yes, in his tub rides a smaller model of the same white ship that shares his daily bath adventures. "Thank heaven," muses our bather as he slathers his shoulders with epaulets of Ivory foam. What he really means is—"I'm glad I'm not raising my blood pressure trying to scare some timid lather out of a slippery pellet of deep-diving soap!" And so thinking, he tosses his Ivory on the water's lap, for the boyish pleasure of watching it float!

Why do Ivory baths make assistant sales managers feel like millionaires? Because they leave the skin feeling smooth and fresh and luxurious. There is a *priceless* purity in this fine soap!

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats" © 1930, P. & G. Co.



F. E. WILLIAMSON

President, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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APRIL, 1930

"F. E. W." of the "Q"

Williamson, of the Burlington, Expresses His Opinion on Advancement, and Insists That You Can't Begin at the Top

By Manly S. Mumford

FREDERIC ELY WILLIAMSON, known from tip to tip on the great Burlington system as "F. E. W.," sits in the executive offices in Chicago to-day with his fingers acutely on the throbbing pulse of a tremendously important railroad. He sits there, just in his early fifties, a man who could easily pass for ten years younger, and if he were ever to open up enough to toot his own horn, he could tell you things about railroading that would make you sit up and take notice. He could cite many incidents in his climb up the ladder which would be worth storage room in the brain, but F. E. W. is not now nor has he ever been a man to sound the bugle for his own acclamation. If you want to find out anything about F. E. W. you have got to find it out from the men he works with.

This interviewer sat discussing with Mr. Williamson the possibilities in railroading for steady promotion and individual progress. The age old question of what should one do to be a success in the railroad field naturally was put forth.

"The only thing I know to tell anyone," said Mr. Williamson, "is that you have got to start at the bottom. You can't start at the top, or near the top, and expect to get anywhere in this railroad business."

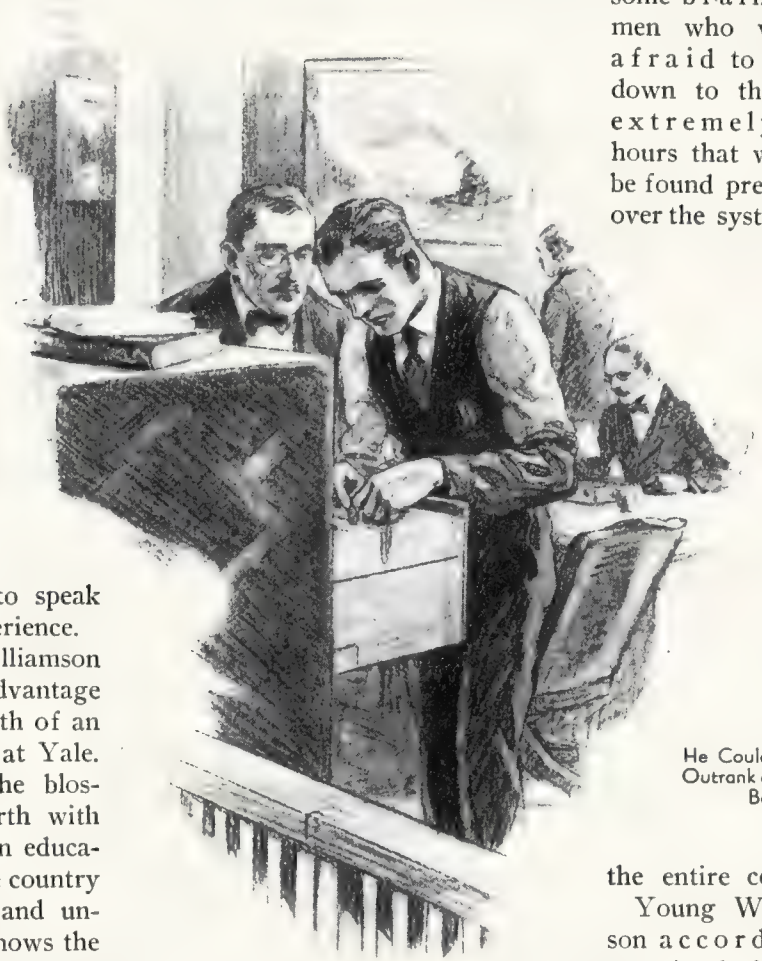
Mr. Williamson was then asked what his opinion is of the opportunities for advancement in this day and age.

"The opportunities are there," was his reply, "but a young man must have the love of this game. The romance of railroading must appeal to him vitally. He must be willing to put in years without question of hours, and be content to move frequently, and he must work. I believe, and sincerely, that if

he does these things he will be advanced, certainly as swiftly as men are advanced in any other line of business under the sun."

When F. E. W. speaks of promotion and opportunities and the things needed to achieve success, he certainly is qualified to speak from experience.

Mr. Williamson had the advantage in his youth of an education at Yale. In fact, he blossomed forth with as good an education as the country afforded, and unless one knows the inside history one might logically assume that with a Yale diploma under his arm it was possible for F. E. W. to walk right into a brass-collared job and push himself right to the top. So far as young Williamson was concerned, when he left Yale to take up railroading he might never have seen the university. In those days superintendents, yardmasters and other railroad officials didn't give two hoots about a man's ability to translate Vergil or to speak Athenian Greek. When railroad superintendents hired men they wanted men who had a sound body and some brains, and men who weren't afraid to buckle down to the then extremely long hours that were to be found prevailing over the systems of the entire country.



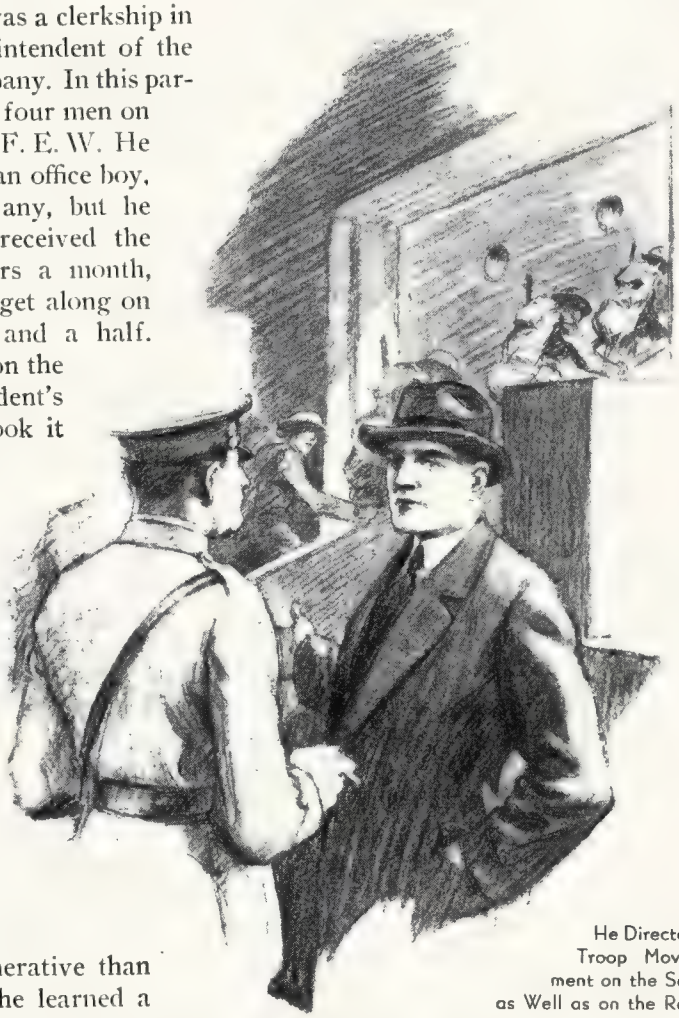
He Couldn't Even Outrank an Office Boy

Young Williamson accordingly worked for the Nickel Plate without a cent of pay to learn the art of making something intelligible out of Mr. Samuel Morse's dots and dashes. In other words, he became what is known to the railroad trade as a "ham," and then blossomed forth into a first-class lightning slinger.

It was in 1898 that young Williamson entered the employ of the New York Central Lines, on which road he was destined to stay for more than a quarter of a century. The best he could do when he hired out was a clerkship in the office of the superintendent of the Mohawk division at Albany. In this particular spot there were four men on the pay roll, including F. E. W. He couldn't even outrank an office boy, because there wasn't any, but he was high paid. He received the sum of seventy dollars a month, and he did his best to get along on this for a full year and a half. Being the junior man on the crew in the superintendent's private sanctum, he took it on the chin for all the hard jobs that the rest of the help could load on him.

He kept his eyes open, however, and after a time he got a job in the claim department on the division looking after personal injury and property damage claims. This was, in a way, a new experience, and while not much more remunerative than his humble clerkship, he learned a few things about human nature which he has not forgotten to this day.

Further knowledge of the peculiar motions of the human mind was gained when they made F. E. W. station agent at Rome, New York. P. E. Crowley, now president of the New York Central, was then trainmaster of that division, and it was shortly after F. E. W. took the reins at Rome that he and Crowley became acquainted. A warm friendship grew up between them which has lasted for more than twenty-five years. Just as P. E. Crowley went up the ladder, so Williamson followed him.



He Directed Troop Movement on the Sea as Well as on the Rail

Utica was the next stop for F. E. W. Here he had more responsibilities, and it was up to him to show whether Yale had taught him how to think fast. He proved himself all right, and glorified old Ely to the extent that he suddenly found himself chief clerk to the super-

intendent of freight transportation in New York with about one hundred and seventy-five men under him.

Williamson never before had experienced such responsibility as this, so he began to study human nature in earnest, and also work out a plan on the proper relation between an officer and his men.

Pushed Great Electrification

This plan helped him when he later was made assistant superintendent of the Harlem division of the New York Central just about the time it was electrified. On this particular job he learned what long hours really were. His co-workers were with him to a man on the many problems that confronted him, but he was the only one who couldn't tie up when the sixteen-hour law came along. F. E. W. never had to have the dog catchers come after him, but he probably felt many times that the dog catchers would be welcome.

Williamson was promoted on up the assistant superintendency of the Mohawk division to the post of superintendent of the St. Lawrence division, and then, in 1917, he came to New York in charge of the Hudson division as superintendent.

The United States railroad administration drafted Mr. Williamson into service, and he was charged with the responsibility of handling the troops to the South, to the sea and to other places. His office was in the army headquarters at Governors Island and Hoboken.

Nor did Williamson's jurisdiction extend to the railroads alone. He had plenty of steamship transportation to look after. Getting soldiers, sailors and their paraphernalia aboard ship at the proper time, shipping thousands of men from one part of the State to another or from one section of the country to some distant corner.

After the war, Mr. Williamson returned to the main line and became general superintendent of the eastern district, where he remained until 1925. That is when the West claimed him.

They were having some problems out on the Northern Pacific, and they sent for F. E. W. to become Vice President in Charge of Operations. He went from tip to tip of the system in the Northwest and revolutionized a lot of things.

He made a record startling enough to attract the attention of Hale Holden, then President of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, who drafted him into service as executive Vice President of the Q.

F. E. W. hadn't any more than got his chair good and warm when Hale Holden pulled up stakes and went to the Southern Pacific, and on the first day of January, 1929, F. E. W. became President of the Burlington.

If you want to find out what he is doing or where he stands in his present job, you have got to find it out from the men. You can't find it out from him.

No High Hat

"He's O. K., this Williamson," the men will tell you. "No loud mouth, no high hat about him, no slave driver either. He knows what he is doing, and he knows that he has a flock of human beings working with and for him. Yes, he's O. K."

No slave driver, but he is a man who inspires respect, in whose judgment his associates and subordinates have superlative confidence. When he gives an order it is obeyed.

Mr. Williamson is not a hard man to talk to, but all through his conversation it is plain to be seen that he is not a man to waste precious hours and minutes in idle talk. He speaks rapidly, clearly, concisely and pleasantly.

He comes down in the morning as early as the clerical help, and if he makes an appointment at nine o'clock you won't find yourself waiting for him to come in.

He spends a great amount of his time on the system, and he knows what is going on.

Mr. Williamson believes that the railroad wants and needs good men. He regards the railroad field as offering a virtual opportunity for young men with or without a college education. He holds the belief that while a college education will be of infinite aid to the man who has it, a man with lesser academic advantages can travel along just as fast, provided he will teach himself how to think.

The President of the Burlington does not sit back in his chair, throw out his chest and impress upon you what a wonderful man he is. He will not be held up as an extraordinary person. He looks back over these thirty years past and he sees nothing spectacular about his rise to the top. He realizes that the man who gives the signals in the night yard or the clerk who cards the cars or the eagle-eye who pulls the latch, is just as important to the railroad as he is or anybody else, and probably it is because of this slant on human nature, more than anything else, that the men look at the boss and call him a good guy.

A NEW LOCOMOTIVE ENDURANCE RECORD

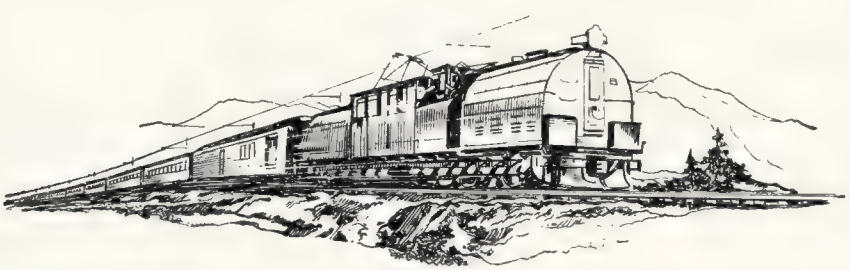
THE WORLD'S endurance record for non-stop mileage is claimed by the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway for the Frisco locomotive No. 4113.

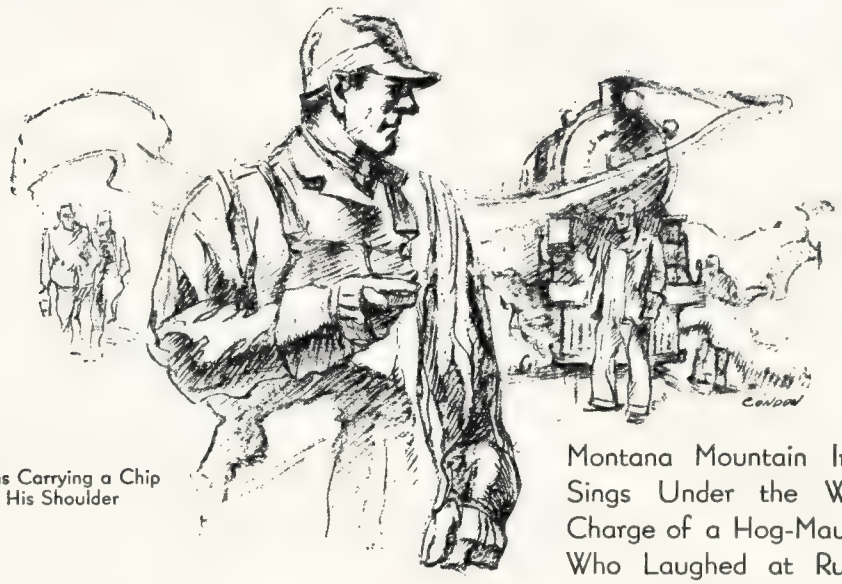
For twenty-five days the engine worked between Kansas City and Birmingham on various divisions and different runs rolling up a total of 7,350 miles of freight hauling. The 4113 was fired up in Kansas City on the evening of July 19 of last year and continued on in service until she tied up in the terminal on August 13.

During this time the fires were never once drawn and no repairs were made on the engine. When she finished the record run everything was in good condition. The endurance run apparently could have continued for a much longer time, but the Federal inspection ruling would have stopped the engine's service before thirty days' duration.

Originally started on the Springfield merchandise run, the 4113 was turned and traded back and forth between divisions until she had covered approximately ten times the total mileage between Kansas City and Birmingham. The distance between the two points via Fort Scott is 737 miles.

The engine, a standard Baldwin Mikado type, weighs 560,000 pounds, consumed 1,500,000 gallons of water, 975 tons of coal and pulled 13,780,749 gross tons of freight on the run.





Gil Was Carrying a Chip on His Shoulder

Montana Mountain Iron Sings Under the Wild Charge of a Hog-Mauler Who Laughed at Rules and Death

Main Line Man

By Bill the Boomer

GILDERSLEEVE'S mood was blacker than the sooted stack of the dinky eight-wheeler at which he scowled with venom as he turned the corner of the roundhouse on his way to the crew room. Erstwhile high wheeling hoghead of the main iron, Gil brought his huge bulk to a halt, cursed under his breath, his eyes still fixed on the eight-wheeler. Just another night during which he would have to push that smoky, dirty goat up and down the Harbison yards as a horrible example to all engine and train crews that rules of the road were made to be kept and not broken.

Gil spat viciously into the turntable pit. A homeward bound engine crew, just in from the mountainous west end, voiced a cheery greeting. Gil glared and shot a curt word back. The engine crew frowned, walked on.

Nothing normal about this for Gil. The big eagle-eye was the kind that always had lusty banter ready for snake or stinger or engine hand. But there was nothing normal about Gil's whole situation. For one thing, he never knew when a wise crack would come his way which would refer to his demotion from main line to yard, and he was right ready to resent any such remarks. It was apparent that most of the engine help sensed the way Gil felt, knew how heavily he carried his humility. The matter of demotion or disqualification for main line service remained unmentioned.

In the crew room Gil took his over-

alls from his locker. Wick Kennedy, generally regarded as a good fireman, but not overly gifted with intelligence, was dressing for his regular run on No. 41, westbound, which was due to leave at 6.25.

"I been hearin' tell about how careful you are switchin' box cars these days," Wick addressed Gil in an apparent effort to joke.

"Hell you say!" Gil retorted. His blue eyes blazed.

"Yeh," Wick seemed unawed by Gil's stare, "an' Gus Hubbard's got a nice new red caboose. Just seen it on my way over here. I sure woulda like to seen Gus's face when you backed that train over the derail at the Falcon Butte siding an' spilled Gus's crummy into the ditch. Sure bet that was funny."

Gil's mind swept back to that agonizing Sunday afternoon of almost two months ago, and the picture of Conductor Hubbard's caboose, with about ten cars toppling down a steep embankment because Gil had failed to see Gus's alleged washout stop signal from the top of the crummy sixty cars to his rear, didn't strike Gil as funny.

"One dam' big joke," Gil stormed at Wick. "Haw, haw, haw!" Gil tried to imitate a horselaugh in his attempt at sarcasm. "Well, lemme tell you, Wick, it wasn't so dang funny then, an' it ain't funny now! See!"

"Aw, Gil, you don't haf to get all het up about it," Wick tried at calming Gil. "Hell, I know you never did have no use fer Gus. All of us know that—ever since the first time he got you in trouble by reportin' you fer runnin' a freight train more'n forty miles an hour, or maybe a little more, at Medicine Flats."

"That's all right about that, Wick," Gil retorted, "but you ain't got the idea that I backed Gus off that derail on purpose, have you?"

"I'll say I ain't," Wick replied.

"Well, I didn't, an' I told them dam' fool officials at the investigation that I didn't. Why, I was lookin' back for a signal, but Gus or no one else gave me one. Gus swore he was on top givin' me a washout. My fireman swore he didn't see Gus or no one else the same as me. If Gus an' that dirty flagman was givin' me a signal, they sure as hell stopped in time to get off before the drag went over the derail."

"Sure was a crime the way they hung it on you," Wick sympathized, and Gil felt a little relieved because he at last had found some one to whom he could pour out his troubles without taking the chance of being kidded. Not that Gil couldn't stand kidding. Far from it. But Gil was proud of himself as an engineer, proud of his ability to get everything possible out of an engine. When any one, therefore, struck at his pride, Gil resented it hotly.

"Thirty days off without pay," Gil reflected aloud. "Then this lousy yard engine. Guess they figure I can't do much harm in the yards."

"No more main line, never?" Wick queried.

"Looks that way," Gil replied, drawing on his blue jacket. "Too many demerit marks for me now—after that Falcon Butte wreck. Another batch an' I get my runnin' orders to other parts to look for a new job."

Gil lit a cigarette and puffed away while he watched Wick knot a red handkerchief about his throat. Within another hour Wick would be scooping coal into Frank Crawford's engine, flying west to Bellew Falls in the gathering September dark. Out on the main line. Envy touched Gil's heart.

Main line man. Dang it all, that's all

the romance there is to railroadin', as Gil viewed it. Scenery going by. Cussing out a dummy conductor. Getting a chance to make the wheels go round. Wrestling with a drag of sixty loads on a heartless mountain grade. Main line man, dang the luck.

"Lemme Tell You, Wick. It Wasn't So Danged Funny Then, an' It Ain't Funny Now. See?"

"Well, so long, Gil," Wick called, taking up his satchel and pausing at the door. "An' keep your side rods on."

The little 1529 which the unkind fates, comprising Superintendent Mayhew and Master Mechanic Lutz, had wished on Gil was a fussy jack and made more noise than two engines. At 6.30 Gil backed her down to the east end of the Harbison yard lead to begin his night's performance. The foreman of the switching crew crawled up to the deck and said something about an extra west in track eighteen. They had to put on a few cars at the rear, let the helper engine hook in, then shove on the caboose.

Gil headed up the lead to track ten, coupled to a string of empties, backed out to the lead again, then switched the cars into No. 18 track. The next move took him up to No. 26 track to get the caboose while the helper coupled to the drag.

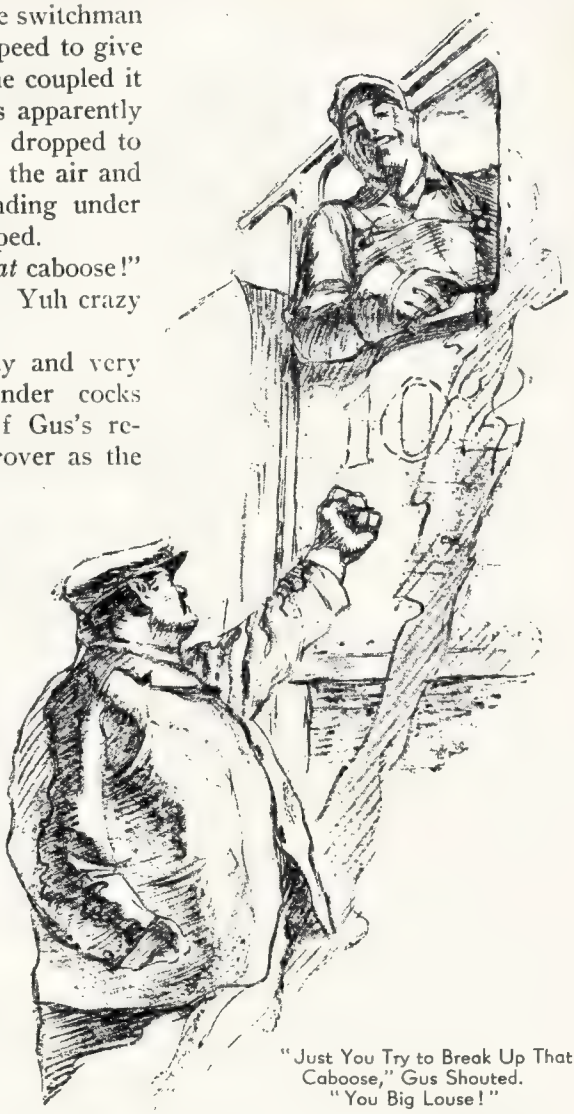
In the twilight Gil saw that the crummy was red. Then he caught a glimpse of Gus Hubbard standing under the oil lamp inside. The switchman riding the pilot of the 1529 gave Gil the easy sign, but Gil couldn't resist the temptation to vent his grouch on Gus. The 1529 caught the caboose with a bang. Gil then couldn't see inside, but he knew he'd knocked Gus off balance.

He was all the more aware of it a second later as he began backing down with the crummy, for Gus was on the platform leaning over and glaring at Gil. Gus's jaws were moving rapidly. It occurred to Gil that Gus was hurling vile cuss words in his direction.

Once more at No. 18 track the switchman bent the rail and Gil gathered speed to give the caboose a second bump as he coupled it into the rear of the helper. Gus apparently anticipated such a move, for he dropped to the ground while Gil shoved on the air and closed in gently. Gus was standing under the cab window when Gil stopped.

"Jest you try tuh break up *that* caboose!" Gus shouted. "Jest you try it! Yuh crazy great big louse of uh—"

Gil was backing slowly away and very suddenly he opened his cylinder cocks which drowned out the rest of Gus's remarks, but sent Gus flying to cover as the spurt of steam sprayed over his shins. Gil, curving back to the lead, last saw the chubby conductor waving his arms wildly and sputtering more wasted curses. Gil had his first real laugh in almost thirty days of the humiliating yard engine duty and he once more cracked his kid-like grin.



"Just You Try to Break Up That Caboose," Gus Shouted. "You Big Louse!"

Very soon, however, the duties of the night became strenuous as usual and took his mind off Gus and his own troubles, real or imagined. It was at the time of year when the yards continually were cluttered with freight east and west and crews were being called to move it as fast as their eight hours of rest was up. In fact, the division was short-handed on engine crews and engines.

II

It was two evenings later that Gil, reporting for his yard job, was startled out of his shoes in the crew room by a burst of bad language. The vocal explosions were coming from the other side of the thin partition on which the crew board hung, and which formed the private office of the roundhouse foreman.

Gil had opened his locker, but paused to listen. Wick Kennedy, having just come in, was silenced in his intended greeting by a sign from Gil.

"Yah! One danged purty pickle!" It was the high-pitched voice of Master Mechanic Lutz, and it fairly shook the walls. "What you gonna do about it?"

"What the hell can I do?" Beckett, the night roundhouse foreman, was heard to shout. "Ain't I already told you that the 3401 is all I got ready? She's out there on the table, and she's hot!"

"Yah! But you ain't got no engineer!" Lutz stormed. "How in hell can you get 41 out o' town without a hogger to drive it? That's what I want to know!"

"I told you I got Lefty Bunch with his rest up at eight o'clock."

"Ain't that fine," screamed Lutz with harsh sarcasm. "Ain't that jest grand! Why in hell did Frank Crawford have to go an' get mumps to-day for?"

"What you want me to do, run that engine myself?" Beckett growled.

Gil's heart skipped a beat. He grasped Wick's arm.

"Beckett, you got to get an engineer." Lutz's voice seemed calmer now. "Forty-One 'll be here at seven ten, like I told you. That's fifty-five minutes late. An' we can't wait on Lefty Bunch."

"All I can do is look at the board again," Beckett's voice was terse. "Maybe I can figure—"

Gil saw the roundhouse foreman stop abruptly in the door to the crew room as Beckett looked at him.

"Hell's fire, Gil, maybe—" Beckett turned and howled over his shoulder to Lutz: "Say, here's Gildersleeve, due for the night yard. He's a main line man. Never thought of him."

"Gildersleeve!" Lutz snarled out the name. He stood in the door behind Beckett. Gil winced under the withering glare in Lutz's eyes.

"Gildersleeve!" Lutz snorted. "The 3401! If that ain't a hell of a combination to put on a highball passenger run!"

Lutz's inference struck Gil between the eyes. Resentment flared in his heart. Gil didn't like the comparison Lutz had made of himself and the 3401. The engine was known as a mean jack—a tough one to handle. She was a great, long, high-mounted mountain hog. Everything on her but a kitchenette and bath. She was one of six of her type on the division, suitable for either passenger or hotshot freight. Gil had driven the 3401 on highball runs, and he knew something about her weaknesses.

But the 3401 was geared to travel, and so was Gil.

"You said 41's got to move," Beckett defended, turning to Lutz.

"An' she's gotta move fast," Lutz retorted. He turned to the big engineer.

"Looka here, Gil! You whip 41 outta here with that jack, see?"

"Whip her?" Gil's voice was quiet, but his insides weren't.

"That's what I said," Lutz affirmed, "an' I ain't foolin'. It's more'n 41 to-night. There's two special cars on that train. Big boys."

"Officials?" Gil ventured the question.

"Hell, man!" Lutz exploded. "There's the president an' six or seven directors from out East on her. A freight engine at Kinlock laid her out on the east end of this division, an' Mayhew's wired we got to put that run into Bellew Falls on time. There's hell to pay."

"Well, I'll sure make a stab at it," Gil said as he started to get into his overalls.

"Stab, hell!" Lutz spat out. "You give her the works. Maybe I'm signin' somebody's death warrant, but them's orders. Mayhew's the boss an' he'll be ridin' back with the big boys. They been rantin' about these dam' 3400

engines an' what they can do besides make trouble. You ain't got a thing in your way now but the book of rules."

Lutz started to leave, then suddenly turned to Gil.

"An' don't forget, Gil, we've *got* some rules on this railroad!"

"I ain't gonna bust 'em," Gil swore, raising his right hand in mock gesture. Lutz slammed the door in the face of Gil's pledge.

From a nail in his locker, Gil took his recently discarded goggles, his one insignia of main line rank, and snapped the elastic band around his *reversed black cap.*

"Come on, kid," he turned to Wick. "We're goin' for a ride."

No. 41! Pacific Limited!

Gil's spine got a few thrills as he pondered those words. The crack shot of the system. The fancy literature put out by the passenger department dubbed it "one of America's great trains." Barber, valet, maid, bath. All Pullmans right through to the coast.

Book of rules? Say! Gil right then swore he'd show Mayhew and Lutz just how a fine passenger job should be handled.

III

It was 7.10 when No. 41 ground to a halt at the Harbison platform. Three minutes later Gil backed down with the 3401 to couple on. Maybe he was a little overanxious. Maybe it was the straight air. Anyway, he jarred the whole train with the bump he gave the baggage car.

Gil gulped and caught Wick's eye as Wick was straightening from an inspection of the blaze in her belly. Gil grinned sheepishly.

"Nice beginnin' anyway," he said.

"That ought to let 'em know you're used to freight drags," said Wick.

Gil turned the job of oiling round over to Wick to make time while he beat it for the telegraph office.

Neal Hannan, blue coated, gray, prim—the little conductor in charge—was signing the yellow tissues of a 31 train order. Superintendent Mayhew was standing behind Neal, and nodded to Gil.

"Sure are kind to us," said Neal as he shoved the order to Gil for the engineer's signature. Gil read and signed.

"Right over 42, an' everything else has to worry about us," Gil bellowed, reading the operator's copperplate script. "Some shot!"

Gil and Neal compared watches, after which Neal took his lantern and went out. Gil started to follow, but Mayhew's voice halted him.

"Gildersleeve!"

"Yes, sir."

"You know what we're up against, and who we've got riding with us?" Mayhew queried soberly, his voice low.

"Oh, sure," Gil replied.

"The president has told those fellows back there that he's got an engineer who can make up that lost time over the rest of this division if any hogger can."

"Tell Mr. President it's all set," Gil boomed, swelling up. Then he became conscious of the worried look in Mayhew's eyes.

"Take another look at that running order, Gildersleeve," Mayhew went on. "There's nothing like that ever been issued in the history of this railroad to my knowledge. I think you've got one chance in fifty of fulfilling it in safety."

"You can leave that to me, Mr. Mayhew," Gil assured.

"I think I can, Gildersleeve. Frankly, under the circumstances, I'm glad it's you to-night instead of Crawford up

on the right-hand side. Keep her on the rails, son."

"I'll keep her there," said Gil.

"And another thing," the super went on. "You won't have to stop to get your staff for the tunnel at Baxter. I've told the operator to pull the staff for you and hand it on. Told him you'd reduce speed sufficiently to pick it up on the fly. That'll give you a chance to keep wheeling 'em through the tunnel."

Gil was fumbling about in his mind for an expression suitable to voice his appreciation, but Mayhew was already on his way to the rear.

"All white, that guy!" Gil said to himself as he watched Mayhew's retreating figure.

Back in his cab, Gil made the air brake test while he showed Wick the flimsies. Aside from the 31 there were two slow orders governing speed over Beagle Creek bridge and some new construction near Hooper.

At 7.17 Gil saw a lantern swing in a high, wide semiarc at the rear. It was high ball!

Gil whistled twice, dropped his Johnson bar to the forward end of its quadrant, and opened his throttle. The cylinders took a full stroke, the stack belched and the 3401 lost her legs, her drivers striking sparks from the rails in a wild spin. Too much train for an easy start on the slight upgrade. He closed her down.

Gil put the Johnson bar into reverse, gave the cylinders enough steam to enable him to take up the slack in his twelve car drag. He gave her sand and tried again. Easy now on the throttle, with the Johnson bar back in the forward corner. She kept her feet, faltered a little as the slack came out with a jerk, but kept on going. Notch by notch Gil brought up the Johnson bar until her cut-off talked back to him in a sweet staccato bark from her sawed-off stack. No. 41 was on her way.

IV

STRAINING tensely forward, keen eyes sharp on the green switch lights, Gil shot her by the yard limit sign, then leaned back to read again the drastic running order.

"Forty-five minutes late to Skygate, thirty-five minutes late to Cosgrave, twenty-five minutes late to Medicine Flats, fifteen minutes late to Falcon Butte, eight minutes late to Homestead."

No. 41 was fifty-two minutes off the advertised leaving Harbison. Bellew Falls was one hundred and fifty-three miles away—mostly hard miles with treacherous curves, cañons and passes, and the Continental Divide thrown in to make it interesting. All single track and the telegraph offices far apart. One water stop at least, and maybe two. He'd have to clip a minute off 41's scheduled running time over every three miles he covered. Easy to figure, he thought, as he looked at his watch, but—

Gil's jaw was set and grim, in the reflection of the flame from the firebox as Wick bounced scoopful after scoopful off the door ring, banging the sliding door open with his foot on the air control pedal for each slug of coal, then banging it shut again.

"Forty-five minutes late to Skygate."

That was Gil's first concern. The time card gave the run seven minutes less than an hour for the twenty-five mile leg of the journey. Gil would have to do it in forty-six minutes. He shook his head, yanked his throttle a little wider. Two miles slipped by in two minutes and he was clipping it off now, at better than sixty-five. The 3401

lunged at the dark, her broadsword glare of headlight cutting a wide swath along the curving rails.

Only a little more of this mad pace and he would begin to nose upward for a climb of one thousand feet in a little less than eleven miles. The speed indicator advanced until the needle pointed to seventy-two, held there a fraction of a moment, then slowly began to slip back. No. 41 was on the mountain. Gil dropped his Johnson bar a notch, then another. If he could only hold it there.

Down on the deck he saw Wick doubling his efforts. Two hundred pounds on the steam gauge, and Wick, apparently, proposed to keep it there. But there was no breathing spell. Sweat dripped from his dirty face.

The 3401 swept into the curve at the base of Great Baldy. With fine precision Gil felt her out for a safer notch on the quadrant. He leaned forward, his head cocked to one side. The speed was thirty-three. The feel of the engine and the train told him she would hold her own at that. He dropped down to Wick's side.

"Watch out ahead a little," he yelled in Wick's ear. "Let me rest you for a minute."

Wick turned over the scoop and climbed to Gil's seat. Gil banged away. The way Gil had her set he was beating her on the back, and Gil knew that no one fireman could survive the punishment he'd have to take on the 3401 at the clip she was going.

For ten minutes Gil labored on the dirty deck.

"Green eye!" Wick called the block signal blinking at them from the lonely little station at Willow Creek. Gil leaned from the gangway.

"Green!" he called back.

Wick took up the stoking. Gil looked at his watch and his grim jaws relaxed, his mouth breaking into a wide grin. Eight miles gone and he had more than held his own. No. 41 had never walked up that grade with any such speed before.

Three miles beyond Willow Creek, with Gil still beating her, watching her, fighting her, the 3401 turned her nose a little more skyward for the last stretch of climb through the Skygate tunnel.

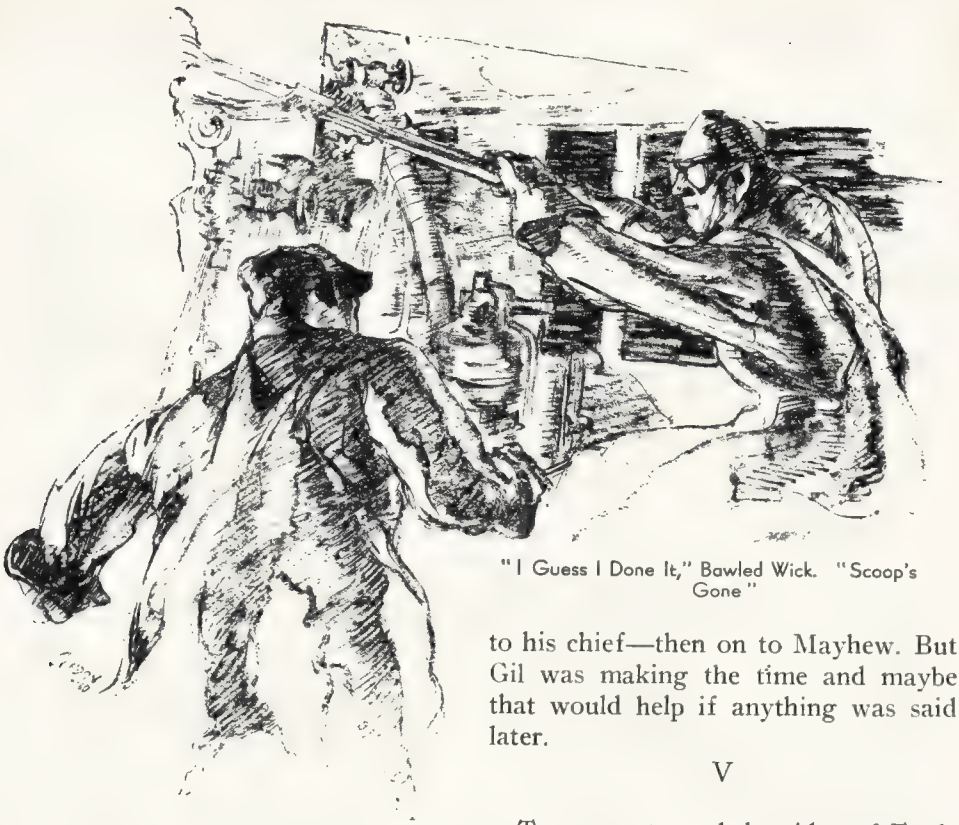
The little block office of Baxter stood guard over the east end of the hole through the mountain. In the book of rules it was written that all trains should stop at the telegraph shanty to pick up a staff which automatically locked the block both ahead and behind. The staff was to be carried through the tunnel and deposited at West End, where the block would then be unlocked.

The semaphore at Baxter was red when Gil swung in sight of it. He was batting it off better than thirty-five, and immediately decided he couldn't afford to slow much for the staff, as directed by the super. He whistled four sharp barks for the board. The light held red. He was sweeping close to it now. Four more blasts. Gil saw the operator rush out to the cinder platform with the staff in his hand, waving a highball.

Gil barked twice and charged ahead.

"Hey, Wick," Gil called down to his fireman, "see if you can pick up the pole."

Wick, on his knees, leaned far out the gangway. Apparently the operator was afraid of Gil's terrific speed, for he didn't stand close enough. In a second the 3401 was on him. Gil saw Wick try to reach the staff, touch it with his fingertips and send it sailing into the dark.



"I Guess I Done It," Bawled Wick. "Scoop's Gone"

"Whoa!" Wick yelled, batting his eyes. "Missed it!"

"Whoa, hell!" Gil retorted, and yanked his throttle wider. They were in the tunnel. The gas fumes choked down into the cab. They had to eat their smoke for the length of a mile while they made it.

At West End the block was green, but Gil, flashing by, saw another amazed operator jump back from the roaring train, hand still in the air for a staff that Gil didn't have.

Rule No. 1 was broken; or rather an order of the super. Gil's good resolutions were shot. He thought about it momentarily with a sickish feeling at the pit of his stomach. He knew the operator at Baxter would report it to the dispatcher and the dispatcher to his chief—then on to Mayhew. But Gil was making the time and maybe that would help if anything was said later.

V

THE 3401 topped the ridge of Eagle Mountain and began the perilous descent with Gil working steam in her cylinders. Wick's chances to rest, therefore, were limited, because Gil was pumping a steady stream of cold water into her boiler. But he lit a cigarette and touched Gil on the arm.

"Sure are beatin' her, feller," said Wick above the roar.

"Goin' to town," Gil grinned.

He was wheeling her down the mountain at a seventy-mile clip when he had to give her a touch of the air to slow her for a sweeping curve. He brought her down to fifty and took a chance.

The 3401 strained on her springs, careened wildly on her starboard side. Wick sat down in the gangway with a scoop of coal in his lap.

How Wick hung on to that deck he'll never be able to tell. He knew that no fireman had ever been called upon to do so much work on a descent.

No. 42, the eastbound sister train, was in the hole for them as they rattled by the green board at Skygate.

"*Yahee!*" Gil shouted in fiendish glee, his hand hard down on the whistle lever. His watch told the story. Forty-two minutes behind the parade. He'd gained ten. When the officials made 41's schedule they figured they'd given her all she could stand for that particular stretch. But then they had never figured on Gil or the 3401.

"Thirty-five minutes late to Cosgrave."

Another twenty-five miles in which Gil was to drop from an altitude of 4,773 to 4,114, but despite the figures, there were a couple of mighty stiff grades. If he could only beat the curves and get a run for them!

He shot at the rise over Pamby at seventy-five miles an hour. Two stiff miles on the upturn melted as though the tracks were flat. A little drop now to Murchison on a sharp "S" curve with a thirty-mile slow order over Beagle Creek bridge.

Gil swung at the bend at better than fifty, gave her the air to steady her gait.

The Beagle Creek bridge seemed to leap at him from the dark. He could slow to thirty, but he'd have to give her the air with a bang. In fact he'd have to shake about everybody back in the Pullmans out of the plush. The ballast was soft from the recent high water, but—

They hit the bridge and passed it. Gil swore to himself that he felt the track give like "rubbery" ice gives under a skater. Wick looked up at him from the deck, loaded scoop poised in the air. Gil wondered if Wick mightn't be pale under the grime on his face. The pin on the speed gauge stood at forty-five.

Gil leaned out and looked backward. Yes, they were all on the rails, but he wondered whether it might be safe for another train to pass until a track inspection could be made. He found consolation, then, in the knowledge that a track walker was always on duty there, for he saw him crouched against a rock with his lantern as the 3401 plunged on.

What would Mayhew and Lutz say about that?

Gil thundered down onto the S curve at Murchison at a sickening pace, his flying rear whipping along like the tail of a falling comet.

Leech that he was, Wick lost his balance again, tangled himself up in the Johnson bar quadrant and decorated his left leg and front with the contents of an open can of stolen valve oil which had become dislodged from under Gil's seat.

"Hey, feller! Call your shots," Wick bawled as he tried to hold the oil-soaked overalls away from his skin.

"A can of oil in the side," Gil called back with a roar.

"Side, hell," cried Wick. "Lookit—nice clean pants all shot. With the president on board, too."

"President ain't worryin' any about them pants," Gil laughed. "President's only worryin' about stayin' on the rails an' gettin' there in a hurry and all in one piece."

They lunged at the hill beyond Murchison with a definite slackening of their rocket speed. The heat from the fire began to work on Wick's oil-soaked thigh, as he baled in coal. The oil got hot and Wick was constantly pulling the garment away from his

skin between slugs. He used first his right, then his left hand.

At the far end of the firebox the blaze needed extra attention.

Gil took another bend at all she would stand, just as Wick was swinging for the firebox door. Whether it was the prospect of one more tumble and Wick's instinct to steady himself, or whether it was the oil on his sweaty hands, Gil doesn't know to this day. Gil wasn't watching.

"Hey, Dirty! Gimme That Scoop," Gil Demanded

"*Whooo!*" Wick let out a roar as the firebox door clanged shut. Gil turned to see Wick blinking at the boiler head, empty-handed.

"I guess I done it. Scoop's gone!"

"Scoop's what?" Gil shouted.

"Gone!" Wick called back. "In there!" He indicated the firebox door.

"Ain't we got another scoop on board?" Gil wanted to laugh, but the situation was too serious.

"Don't know," Wick moaned. "I'll look."

Now on the last trip out the engineer who had caught the 3401 happened to be a home loving soul. And while in Bellew Falls, he had purchased a small garden shovel—one of the common variety designed to dig dirt. It had a long handle and a rather narrow blade. The engineer had shoved it in the tool box on the tank and had forgotten to take it home. This shovel Wick found just about the time the putty was beginning to drop.

"Don't know how in hell this comes to be in here," Wick shouted in Gil's ear, exhibiting the shovel, "but it's all I can see."

Gil took in the shovel with amazement.

"Looks like it 'll hold one lump of coal, anyhow," said Gil. That's about all it would hold.

Wick fought to keep the needle at the 200 mark. And what a fight!

After about two minutes of trying to fire the 3401 with the garden implement, Gil shut off the injector to give Wick a chance. Wick needed it. They were on the stretch known as Cedar Mountain, a stiff rise for a mile and a

half, after which came fourteen miles of mostly downgrade to Cosgrave.

Gil held his watch to the air gauge lamp and did some quick figuring. He'd passed Skygate at 8.02. The time card gave 41 forty-three minutes to get to Cosgrave. Gil's order, by the same token, gave him thirty-three minutes. If luck stayed with him, he should top Cedar Mountain at 8.18 or 8.18:30 at the latest. Then he became conscious of a serious slackening of speed and loss of steam.

For several minutes Wick had been clanging the sliding fire door with almost machine gun rapidity. The steam was 180 and the speed barely twenty-five. Gil jumped down to the toiling fireman.

"Come on, kid," he shouted in Wick's ear, "climb up an' look ahead. See if we can get her over the hump."

The little garden shovel was all too inadequate. Gil dropped his Johnson bar several notches to get more pull, then bent his back over the firing to see what could be done about it. The water stood at half a glass. It would be fatal to give her the gun. Gil's powerful shoulders went into play and no man has ever fed coal to an engine at greater speed and with less results. He'd manage to get her fire set in the middle, only to face a mean hole under the arch, or against a side sheet.

Every time he opened the door, Gil saw the glowing metal of Wick's lost scoop half buried in the coals near the throat sheet. And every time he saw it he didn't know whether to laugh or cuss. He did implore the mercy of Heaven on all dumb firemen and kept on swinging with the silly little shovel.

VI

THE 3401 finally crept over the hill with a trickle of water in the gauge and 160 pounds in her dome. Gil turned the firing back to the dirty Wick and took advantage of the steep descent to let Wick get his fire in shape and some steam in the dome.

Instead of 8.18:30 at the outside as Gil had figured, he actually began his downward sweep at 8.21. Unchecked by his hand on the air valve, and gathering momentum mile after mile, No. 41 batted by Placer at better than sixty-five, while Wick was slowly managing to get the grates more evenly spread. Wick had taken to the coal pick now and was breaking the lumps into bits, so it made working easier with the small shovel.

At 8.31 Gil swept around the wide curve above the Cosgrave Yard limit sign and straightened out for the station. They were rattling past the caboose of a westbound man in the passing track.

"Water?" Wick queried in Gil's ear.

"No! Scoop!" Gil retorted as he slapped on his air.

"Scoop?" Wick batted his eyes. "Where you gonna get a scoop here?"

"I'll get it!"

Gil brought 41 grinding down to a halt, his engine neck and neck with the engine of Extra 2686 in the siding. Gil made the deck of the 2686 in about two bounds. "Dirty" Lewis was reclining on his seat box with his feet against the boiler head.

"Hey, Dirty! Gimme your scoop," Gil commanded, grabbing the handle of the much desired tool. "Wick Kennedy sent ours into the fire an' I got to get on my way."

"Well, by the name uh—" Dirty jumped down from his perch. So did his fireman. Dirty tried to jerk the scoop away from Gil. "What the hell, feller! What the hell! An' us stay here all night?"

"You don't have to stay here any longer 'n your fireman can get to the pump tender's house an' get another scoop. I ain't got time."

With which speech Gil hurled the scoop to the deck of his own engine and jumped after it.

"We've got to get some place and you don't," Gil called as the bewildered Dirty gaped after him.

"*Whoo-ee,*" Wick shouted in delight. "What the he—"

"Dirty don't know what it's all about yet," Gil bellowed.

There was no spinning of the drivers this time. Wick's fire was soon back in shape and Gil gave her the works. He whipped by the west yard limit at a dizzy pace and kept it up.

"Twenty-five minutes late to Medicine Flats."

Gil had lost a minute or two. He knew he'd do that. And there'd be nothing easy about gaining much in the next twenty miles—certainly not ten minutes. The running time was thirty-two and he'd have to step to lower it to twenty-five.

He stepped. He kicked her in the slats on the descent beyond Big Timber and she walked down the right of way. They were sweeping out across a wide plateau as flat as the Minnesota prairies. He had the first chance of the evening to see what the 3401 would do on a level straight-away with a wide open throttle.

Gil whistled through Medicine Flats at 8.54 with the speed indicator needle at eighty-seven on the slight westward rise. The 3401 was doing her best on the tangent and he might shove her up to ninety working steam on her down hill...only there weren't any more down hills—not for a long while.

Fifty miles to Falcon Butte. Ten minutes more to catch. Uphill. Uphill all the way. No stiff grades to worry about, but just enough to be mean. He'd have to get a drink at the Butte, then shoot for Bellew Falls.

"Take a look at the fire," Wick howled. "Jest take a look."

Gil turned the scoop bottom up and squinted over it through the blaze. His heart sank. He turned to Wick.

"Throat sheet," he shouted. "Looks like a couple staybolts."

"Dam' bad leak," Wick rejoined. "Maybe clinkers now."

"Keep a lookout, Wick, an' let me see."

Wick rested while Gil fussed with the fire. Just why the staybolts on the throat sheet had to give way at this particular time of the performance Gil didn't know. Maybe if the leak didn't get too bad it wouldn't hurt the steam.

He shoveled coal for fifteen miles, then traded again with Wick while he smoked a cigarette. Another ten miles and they were drifting into Falcon Butte ten minutes late instead of fifteen.

They stopped for water with the green eye of the block blinking at them. Gil took advantage of the pause to run round the 3401 with his oil can. A quick inspection told him she was holding together under the strain, with the exception of the throat sheet. A little more than twenty miles ahead of him was the Continental Divide, the hardest climb of all. If the danged old fire would only hold out.

When Gil heard the top of the manhole slam down on the tank, he whistled for his flagman and got his highball. He lost no time in setting her for all the run he could, because the speed he could make on the next ten miles would count heavily.

Gil got back to his seat, held his watch on the run to Wayward, conde-

scended to observe his slow order at Hooker, and felt some pride in the fact that he *could* observe rules when he so desired and still make time. The leaky throat sheet wasn't helping things, however, and Wick had to wrestle a lot with the hook.

VII

THEY were pounding the stiff upgrade into Spire with Gil back on the deck shoveling coal, and it took the two of them to keep the steam gauge on the pin. Spire was halfway to the top of the world, comprised of a telegraph office, passing track and ore mine spur, and was perched on a small plateau about a mile and a half long. The telegraph office was toward the eastern end. The mine spur left the main line to the south, the switch being right in front of the station, while the passing track was on the north side of the stem.

Gil felt the 3401 top the rise on the curve and got up to look for the block light. With clear sailing he could take an awful smash at the ascent to Homestead Pass by whipping his train over the little plateau wide open.

"Red eye!" he shouted to Wick, shoving his throttle shut.

"Washout!" Wick called back, for at that minute the country was lit up with the red of a fusee waving in a wild stop signal.

"Washout's right!" Gil confirmed, his hand on the air valve. "What the hell's wrong here?"

His headlight glare gave him the answer as he ground to a stop in front of the telegraph office. A shiny red caboose loomed largely and foolishly in his spotlight. A long, lean flagman was standing by the right of way with the fusee still glowing in his hand.

"What's all the hurry fer?" the flagman yelled up at Gil. "Can't yuh see red in the dark?"

"What's all the caboose fer?" Gil demanded, anger in his voice.

The operator who had just come up answered his query.

"It's Extra East 2644. Came here light from Bellew to pick up an ore train down in the spur."

"Where the so and so's the engine?" Gil wanted to know.

"Got on the ground down at the mine. They left the caboose here thinkin' they'd come right back an' pick it up an' get in the clear."

"Yeh," the flagman broke in. "You'll have to switch us in the passin' track. Me an' Gus can't push it in there?"

"You an' who?" Gil's jaw shot forward.

"Gus Hubbard," the flagman replied.

"Where's he?" Gil wanted to know.

"In there—cookin'." The flagman nodded toward the caboose.

"How's the block, with that crummy outta the way?" Gil snapped at the operator.

"Clear!"

"Wick, get out on the pilot," Gil ordered in low tones, "an' couple on when I move up. Then bring Gus Hubbard into the cab. Beat it!"

He didn't want Gus to pull the air on him with the pilot angle cock.

Wick scrambled out through the cab window and skinned along the running board. Gil opened his throttle, easing ahead gently, while he called in his own flagman. About the time he felt his engine couple to the caboose, he got his highball. He took about two seconds to get under way again, leaving Gus's flagman and the operator looking after him in bewilderment. In half a minute he was whipping the 3401

over the plateau at thirty miles an hour and gathering speed.

He had to dim his headlight because it was centered on the smoke box door and the glare against the caboose came back to blind him. He didn't need a headlight anyway.

Bad language flew above the roar of the engine. Gus tumbled onto the deck ahead of Wick who had a firm hold on the back of Gus's collar. Wick had driven the fat skipper in along the running board at the side of the boiler. Gus leaped at Gil.

"Yuh can't do this," Gus shouted, "yuh great big lousy bum an' get away with it."

"Who said I can't," Gil snarled back, his open palm pushed into Gus's face. "I'm doin' it, ain't I? Beat it up on the coal."

Gus didn't move. Gil sprang down and grabbed the coal pick. He didn't want Gus where he could start anything.

"All right, all right, but yuh won't ever run an engine after this trip." Thus, without further argument, Gus crawled up on the coal and sat down, while his little caboose swayed and rocked wildly ahead of No. 41's lightning advance.

Gil thought he was fully aware of the chance he was taking. If that crummy ever left the rails it would mean the end of the world for him and for No. 41. But Gil's mind was now set on one thing, and that was the passenger station at Bellew Falls.

Another rule busted wide open, but he certainly couldn't see himself playing switch engine with anybody's caboose after the run he'd made so far.

Shortly they were on the grade to Homestead Pass. Gil and Wick were on the deck together now, Wick pulling coal forward and Gil feeding it to the hog. Clinker hook, scoop, coal pick. Clinker hook, scoop, coal pick. It seemed an endless period of time with the steam gauge slipping, the water getting low. Gil paused only in his labors to ease the Johnson bar down a notch at a time until he had her close to the forward corner.

Then he and Wick fired double, Wick from the left hand side with the scoop and Gil from the right with the garden shovel while Gus glared at them and gave them a dirty laugh.

The water was out of the bottom of the glass and dangerously low on the crownsheet, when they shoved her over the divide.

Gil was afraid to look at his watch as he headed her down the mountain. But he looked and brightened. If he could do it in eleven minutes, he would win. No slow orders, thank Heaven. Clear d o w n w a r d running which wouldn't require much steam. He used a touch of air to ease her around the curve. On the left side of the right of way, was a sheer drop of a thousand feet. They didn't want to topple over there.

Then came the straight shot. Gil took his last chance for the night. The 3401 and Gus's caboose took it with him. They catapulted down the slope like a roaring meteor. Gus, unseen, ventured a little closer down on the coal to get out of the smoke and wind.

It was hard to see ahead and Gil strained his eyes through his dirty goggles. Suddenly he sniffed. To his nostrils from the clear mountain air, came the acrid smell of a hotbox. He couldn't see any telltale smoke, or flame, so he plowed on. He guessed it might be the caboose. His guess was right.

They crashed by the yard limit board at KD, on the edge of Bellew Falls at

seventy. Flame spurted in the dark from the right-hand side of the caboose trucks.

A minute later Gil was on his feet, the brake shoes grinding. Street lights flashed past him. Then a blaze of light. Crowds, taxicabs. No. 41 threw sparks from every wheel. Bellew Falls!

Gil leaned back against the boiler head and drew his watch slowly from his pocket. His head felt hot. His insides jumped.

"On the ticket!" His shout was loud as he read the dial.

"Some ticket!" Wick wiped his black face with his cap.

No. 41 was up with the parade. Gil should have felt some elation, but he was wondering now about his madness with that caboose, with the slow orders and the staff at Skygate tunnel.

Gil dropped to the ground to go over his engine while waiting for the hostler to take it away. Gus had already preceded him and was pouring water into the caboose journal box to kill the blaze. Mayhew puffed up from the rear.

"Well, for—say, what in hell you got there?" The superintendent was looking wide-eyed at the crummy.

"Why, it's—it's uh—" Gil felt himself going red.

"This here's my caboose," Gus thundered, coming up to Mayhew. "It's what's left of an extry east at Spire."

"Spire?" Mayhew seemed more than befuddled. "Wh—what's it doing here?"

"It was blockin' the main line an' I didn't have time to do any switchin'," Gil tried to explain, and between his rapid fire statements and those of Gus, Mayhew got something pretty near to a clear version of what had happened. Mayhew turned to Gil.

"All right, just stay with your engine and take that caboose right back where you got it. Brass the journal and get going."

Gil paled.

"Have to have another engine," he muttered as his jaw dropped. "This jack's got a leaky throat sheet an' a few other ailments."

"Get a switch engine, and remember, the rules say twenty-five miles an hour running light that way." Mayhew stalked off.

"Switch engine! Haw, haw, haw." Gus thumbed his nose at Gil.

An hour later, smarting under the humiliation Mayhew had heaped on his proud head after a run which still stands as a record for the road, Gil followed the sickly glare of an eight-wheeler's headlight back over the divide to Spire with Gus perched up in his red caboose behind. Talk about all your danged old luck! He could feel Gus crowing and he reckoned Gus had a right to crow.

"Switch engine! Haw, haw, haw!" Gus certainly was crowing all right as he followed Gil into the telegraph office at Spire. Gil wanted to find out what the dispatcher might like to do with him next.

"Yuh will go splittin' up a man's train on the main line! Yuh will!" Maybe Gus was provoking a sock in the jaw, but Gil didn't have enough zip left to sock a flea. The operator shoved a yellow slip into his hand.

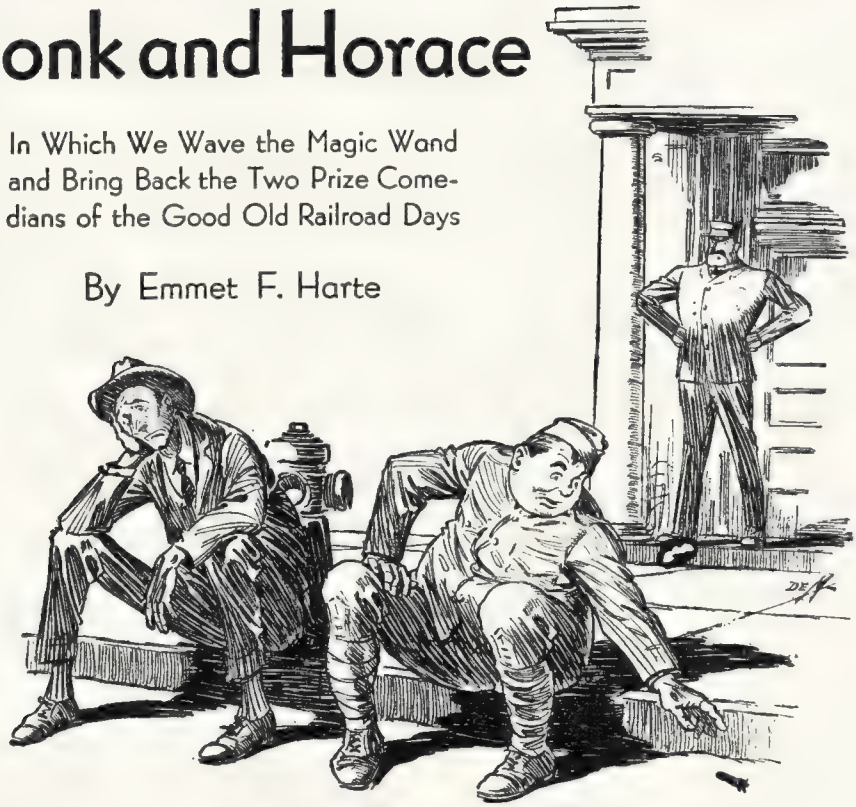
"Bring engine 1552 light to Bellew Falls. Report to roundhouse foreman for return trip on No. 42 to-morrow. Have advised Lutz of your reinstatement main line duty." It was signed A. S. M. which meant Mayhew.

"Yahoo," Gil yelled, and he shoved the message with plenty of force behind it right under Gus's nose.

Honk and Horace

In Which We Wave the Magic Wand and Bring Back the Two Prize Comedians of the Good Old Railroad Days

By Emmet F. Harte



"Alas, Horace," He Gloomed, "Nobody Knows Us Any More"

WELL, well! as the man said when he saw the two windmills. It has been quite a spell since we all went round and round together, hasn't it? I shudder to think of how much water has run under the bridge during the interval. It always did give me a vertigo to look at running water anyway. Gadzooks! If old tempus had fugited much longer we would have had to keep this tryst across the River, by the eternal!

It's better to have another whirl on this side. This is Hancock Simpson here with me. No, he isn't sick; that's the way he looks normally; long, hungry and lantern-jawed. It's the result of his eating.

You think I've got fatter, eh? You better have your eyes examined. I've absolutely lost half a pound. Lemme tell you about my operation. I was in bed three long months. They simply cut out my entire inner works. Liver, lights, melt, gall, goat, money on hand, and money due from other banks and corporations. They gave me up three times, and then found bills hidden in the lining of my vest and operated again.

But no matter. The first hundred years are the toughest. After that you don't give a—what's that? Oh, yes, we've been everywhere and seen everything. I'll recite a symposium of what happened after the spring of 1917. It really ought to be written in the form

of an Outline of History to fill a five-foot shelf, but I've kept putting it off.

Honk and I enlisted in the Big Bickering, of course. By request. The government invited us to step in, and it was a good thing for the Democrats that we did, as we made the world safe for 'em.

Twenty months we spent across the pond. Before and after the grand collapse in the fall of 1918. Honk was an air fighter; not in the way you're thinking, no; he was a sky hawk, an ace. After he cleared the upper atmosphere of enemy flyers above the Western Front he flew low and wiped out the Hindenburg Line, division by division.

Touching lightly on myself. I was just as important in my department. I furnished the stamina for the fighting millions. The fuel for the fires. The code symbols for my department were "S. O. S." It means "Help, help!" "Come a-running!" "My kingdom for a horse!" and other urgent petitions for assistance. Well, they didn't call on me in vain. I succored the suckers, from Verdun to Calais. I shot the hog bosom and beans to their mess kitchens by the thousand shiploads.

When the dispute was over in Europe, Honk and I stayed on to get things sort of straightened out across the Rhine. We were known as the Army of Occupation. That is how Honk learned to speak German. You know, "semlich" and "jawohl" and "zwei bier." I mastered the French language in Paris. "Mademoiselle, oui, vin blanc, O la! la! Allons," and so on. We got so we could converse with each other rather fluently, Honk in German, and I in French.

Subsequently we returned to the States, and were discharged with high honors. Congress convened. The Eighteenth Amendment was ratified by forty-two States. The Transportation Act of 1920 became a law. An enormous spot was discovered on the sun. Radios began to get common. Six Americans—Smith, Nelson, Wade, Arnold, Harding, Ogden—flew around the earth. The price of corn and hogs went down. Florida had a land boom. Telegraphers and trainmen got a raise in wages. Lindbergh skipped across to Paris. Trudy swam the Channel. Dempsey lost. Era of Speed started. Everybody riding in new cars. Coin to throw at the birds.

"Horace," said Honk to me. "How about it? You reckon we'd better settle down at a vocation again? The dashed old dull routine, what? Back in Valhalla, yes, no? Of course our jobs are waiting for us. We've fought and died for the flag, y'know—"

"I know," I agreed. "But I feel like eating farther back on the hog now. My idea is to go get a portfolio in the transportation field. Something preferred, like assistant to the vice president, or general superintendent of western lines, or general passenger or freight agent; a place three or four jumps away from the Big Gaboon. I'll make you a bargain. Whichever one of us becomes president of the Transcontinental first pledges himself to name the other senior vice president. Then we'll keep the job in the family, kiddo."

"Okay," he pledged, and then grew pernicketty. "What makes you think we can land all spraddled out amongst the big mugs, Horace? Got anything to base it on?"

"My dear Cro-Magnon," I effused, "isn't our fame world-wide? We know all about the common carrier business. I ask you, could you run a railroad? Your answer is promptly 'aye.' Then

you ask me. I answer 'aye.' The 'ayes' have it. It is so ordered."

"What's our first move?" he demanded, still dubious.

"Um," I murmured boredly. "I suppose we'll have to talk it over with the directors, or the executive staff. Naturally, some rearrangement of the personnel will have to be made."

"Sure." Honk seemed convinced. "I'll leave it all to you, Horace. You have the gall of old Ben Gaul himself. Go to it, son. I'll be at your heels."

We debated whether to wear our uniforms or go in civilized garb. After unpacking my wardrobe, my morning, afternoon and evening suit or suits, I found that the moths had been gorging themselves. Result, no seats in any of my pants. Gramercy! So I went in uniform.

II

We invaded the twenty-story building which contains the general offices of the Transcontinental System. We went up to the holy of holies floor, near the top, and began. Office boys first; then clerks; then chief clerks; then private secretaries; then assistant this and thats; then vice-what-nots. As the French say, "name of a name of a pooch!" By the time you get to the inner shrine it's long past time to eat, and you discover that What's His Name is in Havana or Banff. Or in New York for a conference. Or have you an appointment? If not, who are you, and how dare you? The nerve of you!

We didn't get a chance to state our business for a couple of days. By that time we were willing to compromise on a minor position such as perishable freight agent or chief claim agent or superintendent of safety.

Finally, the stenographer to the private secretary to the assistant chief clerk to the assistant to the fourth vice president, in charge of accounting, received us in audience. No, she wasn't a beautiful doll; she was a bald-headed bird with an eyebrow mustache. He ran us rapidly through the first, second and third degrees, and proffered us places on salaries. As file clerks. We were to receive twenty dollars a week.

We threw the positions haughtily in his face, and stalked out.

In the course of another week we had combed sixteen floors of the building, gradually dropping down until we came to the chief general janitor's aerie in the basement. He needed a team of window washers at one and four bits per diem. We passed the bet.

Then the special agent, or hireling whose duties were to watch parked automobiles of officials, bounce canvassers, and police the front door, got suspicious of us and hinted that we would display the fine discretion, which is the essence of valor, if we'd go tenting on some other camping ground. He said we'd wore out our *entente cordiale*, so to speak. We likewise told him where he could go, and forthwith departed.

Honk became morbid. "Alas, Horace," he gloomed. "Nobody knows us any more. We are forgotten, cast out, abandoned, friendless. We are merely derelicts tossed on the junk heap. There's no opening for us, my poor friend. It's bitter; it tastes of wormwood; but we've got to swallow it. The world no longer contains a place for us."

"The heck it don't," I growled. "I've got my little express wagon hitched to a glittering star. I intend to go high. Cheer up, buddy. We clove the greatest military power that ever stuck up its hydra head on this earth,"

I boomed with fiery eloquence. "We smote it, and made it yell 'uncle!' Why? So's the slackers could sleep sound in safety, and the profiteers could wallow in their golden mud muck of shekels. Shall we lie down before the cold indifference of a forgetful and ungrateful pack of jackals? Name of a naughty name! We'll make 'em build a paved highway to our door! We'll make 'em build a four track railroad, and we'll ride on it. In a gilded office car!"

My oratory raised Honk out of the dumps momentarily. "Okay," he cheeped. "But what'll we do next? Talk is inexpensive, you know."

"Let us hie to an adjacent hashorium," I suggested, "and feed our faces."

After engulfing helpings of stew, ham and mashed murphies, pie, and Java, we swaggered forth looking for bear once again. But before we started beating the brush for 'em, we took an inventory of cash on hand, funds in storage, and other fluid assets. Upon careful research we dug up available resources adequate to keep us a step removed from that furtive sub-stratum of society called the Panhandle Corps, for one more week.

We decided to start an offensive *via* United States mail, and bust 'em with concentrated artillery fire of high power letters of application until they'd be glad to holler "Kamerad!" Ten bucks were accordingly sunk forever in stationery, ink, quills and stamps. We applied for every job, position, and official title connected with the business of carrying on a Class I railroad. We toiled night and day for nearly a hundred hours getting our correspondence in the mail. It was voluminous, aggressive, and drastic. It brought results. We got three replies. Two expressed regrets that all places they could think of were permanently filled. The third asked us to apply again in the spring; and, without sewing the company up in an ironclad covenant, the writer thought we might have a chance of getting in as helpers in the car carpenters' department at Hutton shops.

"If and when we live through the winter," Honk mooned morosely. "It's a fine prospect, isn't it? Do you realize where we are, Horace? But of course you don't. We're on the reef. Just about to sink with all hands—"

"*Non*," I said nonchalantly in French and added, "nonsense! Don't give up the ship, pardy. This is just the darkest hour before old Sol pops up smiling, that's all. We are in the lap of the gods. Perk up, old Lugubrious. Where's the jolly old stamina?"

"But we're badly bent, Horace. Two days more—"

"If the worst comes I'll wire my sister in St. Louis for my big solitaire ring," I pointed out.

"But I thought that gem was glass," he gurgled. "It was my understanding that you bought it at the Ten-Twent-Thirt Store, or won it rolling little wooden balls in the Hall of Hilarity at Dreamland Park."

"That was my five-carat shiner," I explained patiently. "It was more or less of an artificial glim—to scare away burglars. The four-carat one is a genuine Kimberley. It set me back twelve-fifty pesos. I was three years slaving and starving to throw off that yoke. I'll go send a wire right now to my sister before I forget it."

Well, I fired a clarion call marked urgent, day rates, requesting a prepaid reply. Did I get a response? Yes, I did get a response. I got a letter with a two cent stamp on it. My thrifty sister

expended that much on me freely and gratuitously.

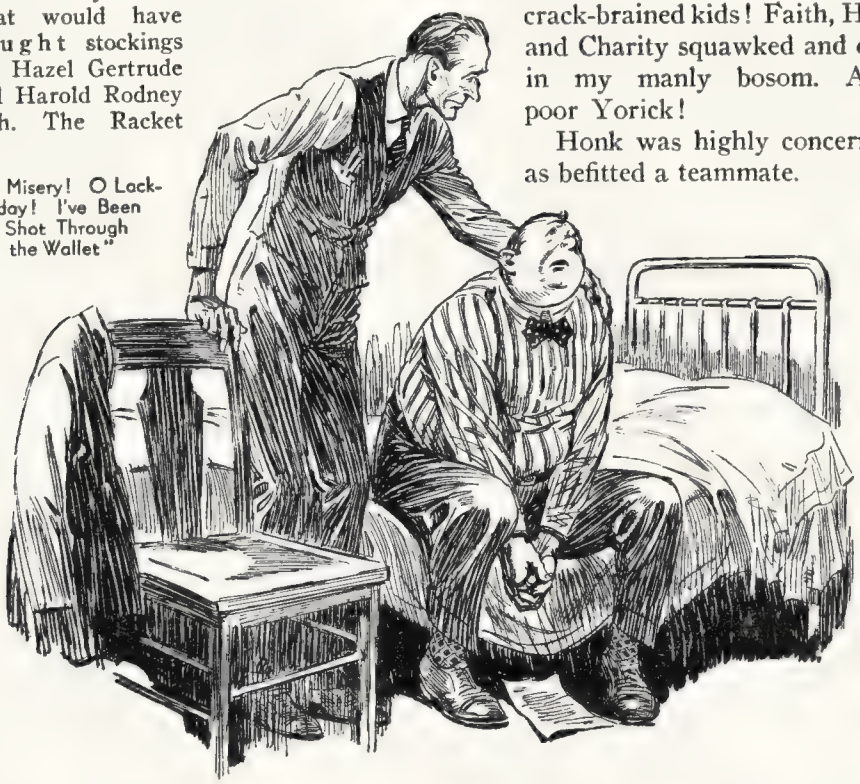
"Dear Blimp"—that's her pet name for me—the letter ran—

I received your telegram. It cost me ninety cents. That would have bought stockings for Hazel Gertrude and Harold Rodney both. The Racket Store sells them for forty-five cents a pair. We are all well as common, except Baby June, who has the whooping cough. James is terribly busy. He is practically running the whole office while the rest are taking their vacations. His boss won't give him any help, or any more money. We are making ends meet, and that's all. About your rings. I supposed they were brass and glass and gave them to the children to play with. You know how children are. They must have lost them, or traded them off. I will hunt around for them when I get time, and let you know. Hoping you are in good health and that you will stop your fool habit of sending ninety cent telegrams when a letter only costs two cents. Yours affectionately,

JANE ELLEN.

Ye gibbous gods! What a disaster! My life savings gone—to make a transient play day for a crew of crack-brained kids! Faith, Hope and Charity squawked and died in my manly bosom. Alas, poor Yorick!

Honk was highly concerned, as befitted a teammate.



"O Misery! O Lackaday! I've Been Shot Through the Wallet"

"What is it?" he asked huskily. "A death in the family? That's too bad, old man. I offer you my heartfelt sympathy—"

"'Tisn't death," I wheezed. "It's more disturbing, if anything. I have been fatally stabbed in the exchequer. My financial status has been foully assassinated. Although," I qualified, "it seems to have been criminal carelessness rather than deliberate intent. My sister gave my priceless Cullinan to her kids to play with, and they've lost it. It's gone. O, woe is me; O misery! O alackaday! I've been

shot through the wallet. All that's left for me to do now is take a piece of hay wire and a chunk of rock and hit for the river."

"Hush," he ordered. "Don't harbor such thoughts. Brace up. Maybe this is just to test your dogged grit."

I smiled at him shyly through a murky mist of tears. His solicitous sincerity and tender understanding were awfully affecting. With an iron grip I throttled my remaining inclination to blubber and caterwaul with hysteria, and snorted like a war horse that smells the unwashed foe from afar. Me a quitter? Not so, Bulgaria!

III

HONK threw off his morbid mood as one sheds a soiled shirt. The sparkling light of optimism illumined his eyes.

"Drop all responsibility," he boomed. "Leave everything to me, sonny. Your Uncle Osric takes charge of the offensive from here on. We have five or ten simoleons yet in the treasury. It appears small, but with an expert pacing the bridge 'twill serve."

"Have you hatched out a plan?" I peeped in a still small voice.

"But yes," he declared. "I know you'll pardon me if I speak with seeming harsh candor. Your hide is thick. Ordinary criticism glances off like peas fired at armor plate. So I'll use TNT. For some time I let you have a free rein. You calculated your moves, planned your strategy, estimated the range, and laid down your barrage. Then you launched your shock troops, and assaulted all along the whole front. Where did it get us? It got us tied up in a knot. Our campaign, under your direction and supervision, has had one large result: piled us up in the ditch."

I simmered gently like an Irish stew on a slow fire.

"Your notion was that our fame was world-wide," he continued. "All we had to do was exhibit ourselves and then choose from the offerings of high official positions. Woof! When that fizzed, you advised that we apply for places, in person and by letter. Another wild idea that busted in our faces. You had a droll theory that ability, experience, effort, and zeal were all we needed. Rot, Horace. Piffle. We needed a word of four letters. It is called 'pull,' you poor gump, 'drag.' It means having an inside hook, a private line on things, old top. Otherwise a guy looking for a preferred place at the pie counter has exactly the same chance that a naked head-hunter from Borneo has of being elected President of the United States. If you had the vision of a new born fishworm, my dear fellow, you would have seen it at a glance."

"Yeah?" I rebutted meekly. He seemed to have expanded all at once into a big, arrogant bully who simply rode roughshod over me and then kicked me for getting in the way.

But I jotted down a few mental notes on his personal remarks, and how he'd seized the chance when I was benumbed mentally to revile me, and say all manner of mean things about me. Later, when I'd regained my health and morale, I'd reply categorically and cataclysmally, egad.

"So the sensible thing to do," he continued, "is to get in touch with the party or parties who can manipulate the concealed wires. Don't look so idiotic, Horace. Rise above your gewgaws. Listen to me, and you'll be owning a jewelry store some day."

"Say on, Sagittarius," I cooed.

"Okay. All right, who should we tackle first? A man who sits in a high seat; a man in the inner councils of the mighty; a man who is canny, alert,

quick to act, a go-getter; a man who is fearless, democratic, dependable—"

"I move that his election be by acclamation," I interrupted. "And his name—"

"Is James R. Austin. He's general super of the western lines, Transcontinental System, with headquarters at Valhalla. Valhalla in the Mystic Hills."

I felt a tiny tingle of warmth which started back of my ears, coursed down my spine, and presently spread in a rosy glow all over me. My blood actually began to circulate once more, at the mention of the words "Valhalla" and "Mystic Hills." A hocus pocus, by the bones of Houdini! Verging on the miraculous. Power of suggestion over complete demoralization.

"Good! Fine! Bully!" I brayed. "Valhalla—Canaan's happy land! Where all is bright and fair. Sweet Adeline, for you I pine. Come where my love lies dreaming. My hat—where is my hat? Have you got transportation?"

"Um—ah, well, no—" he admitted. "We ought to be able to arrange it though. A rummy named Hepburn or something threw a wrench into the valve gear, and almost ruined the free riding concessions in this land."

We scampered down to the yards, and set about copping a through trip to the old home town. Our acquaintance with these swellheads and whistle-tooters was all hearsay. They were tough cookies for true. Iron-hearted!

After passing the time of day with several crews and receiving the grand highball of the Icy North, ninety-two below, we began yelling epithets. Which only made it worse.

At the moment of despair we spied a twinkle of light in the distance. It appeared to be a bloke wearing a dirty cap striking a match to reignite his cigar stub, but in reality it was the gleam of a halo around the head of the Good Samaritan. It was no other than our old time-tested crony, Greasy Gormley, former throttle-yanker on the yard frog-hopper at Valhalla. We fell on his neck.

He was equally pleased to see us. He said he was chauffering for a track gang that had a job of laying a hundred and seventy-two miles of 90-pound steel on a branch line. Except for a few minor matters that needed adjusting, such as the kind and amount of work he was doing, where he was doing it, the infernal junk pile of an engine he was using, the polluted associations he was thrown among on duty and off, and the intolerable general cussedness of the entire office and employee personnel of the road as a whole, Greasy seemed fairly well satisfied with his lot. We then told him our troubles.

He went into a deep study. Cogitated so long his stogy burned down to his bicuspids. I gave him a caution signal. "Your chew's on fire," I told him.

"Say, listen, vagrants," he said, unconcentrating. "I've figured out how you two bums can pirate a ride to Valhalla. Come with me—"

He led us across a grid of tracks full of coaches and Pullmans, and finally found what he was looking for, a weather-beaten old passenger coach with brass railings, open porticos, and other antiquated improvements. Suddenly I experienced a dizzy wave of delirious emotion, like a South Sea islander who lamps a fat missionary. I danced the hula-hula, gibbered and pointed. I may have screamed "long pig!" and similar wild cries.

For, in faded letters all but invisible, on the side of the car, were the

words "Medicine House." It was our dearly beloved old domicile, our vine and fig tree, which had sheltered us in sunshine and storm, through happy bygone years. Honk recognized it too, back deadhead to-night hooked to her tail. You bums might's well ride in it."

An excellent bit of reasoning. We would go back to Valhalla snug and safe, ensconced in the hallowed con-

I Experienced a Dizzy Wave of Delirious Emotion

and began the ghost dance of the Crippled Elk, a terpsichorean conceit of the Piute tribe. "Yip, yip!" he squealed. "Oo-loo-loo! Ippy-loo-loo!"

Greasy remained glum and matter-of-fact. When we got calmer, he spoke: "The division supe glommed this old hunk of wreckage for his office car some years ago. Dog Biscuit Forbes had it first, and the one that follered him still has it. This one's name is Hickey. Maybe you call to mind Todd Hickey who was trainmaster. He's him. He rides around in this here hearse. He come East a few days ago, and went back on the directors' special, with the big bugs in Pullmans and club cars. No. 33 'll take his private scow fines of the Medicine House! What golden memories. The pale shades of vanished roistering comrades would ride with us.

The old hulk was locked, but a piece of bent wire in Honk's facile fingers quickly adjusted that. It was a couple or three hours before 33 was due to skip out. We herded Gormley to a garbage dispensary and plied him with food and drink in the deepening twilight. The drink was of the futile character that distinguishes this mincing age, with no more kick than a dying gnat. Honk and I needed none.

Then we galloped to our lodging place, gathered our toothbrushes, razors, extra collar, and pack of frayed cards for playing patience in moments of impatience, and beat it back to our common carrier. I paused on the way —but of that more anon.

A switcher chivvied the train consist into a string. We laid low inside our car. It would have been strange if we couldn't have hid in the Medicine House so old John J. Hawkshaw himself wouldn't find us. A long-legged Pacific bumped on. They spewed back and forth in a brief exchange of air repartee. The wheels beneath us began to click over the joints and switches. And soon we were stepping out on the singing steel.

IV

The Medicine House rode a little stiff. Sort of like her springs were sitting on the axles. And she had three octagon-shaped wheels; no, one was triangular. And some mechanical genius had removed all her journals. Her interior was seedy; upholstering worn in holes, floor beginning to break out in splinters, windows rattling, paint peeled off. It was evident that her present proprietor had been brought up in a barn or something, and had no definite ideas of comfort or convenience.

"By jinks!" Honk said toward midnight. "I'm as hungry as a dieting gourmet. We ought to've brought a gunny sack full of sandwiches, Horace. I clear forgot food—"

"*Permettre moi,*" I chirped in chaste Parisian, and I displayed a bag of brown buns, each with a succulent core of ham, egg, sliced chicken, or the tasty zoölogical titbit popularly called a heated canine or "hot dog." These had cooled, all but the mustard.

The grub was what I paused on the way to procure. I may forget friends, foes, ideals, aspirations, and my name and address, but I never forget that sooner or later it will again be politic to eat. I am informed that my first intelligent action, after the stork brought what my parents thought was a prize package to them, was to shout for refreshments. I deemed food more important than raiment. I still do.

"You've saved my life, Horace," Honk confessed muggily, with his face distended in the dim light. "You do have moments when you think and reason lucidly, don't you?"

"*Jawohl,*" I growled over an egg. "*Merci, m'sieu'.*"

"Oog, ug," he said a few minutes later. "Wog weeg wum yab yink?"

Although I'm a linguist of renown, his words stumped me. I couldn't identify the dialect. He swallowed half a bun, and tried again. Ha! I got him now. He was yowling for a drink. I never saw a guy with so many unsatisfied desires. There was a water cooler in the car, but it was as dry as the inside of a brick kiln. Probably Hickey didn't drink water. He may not have used it for bathing purposes either. I couldn't say.

So I came to the rescue again. I had a gallon jug in another paper bag filled with sparkling aqua pura. Filtered river water. Honk's life was saved again. That made two times in an hour. Two bits he owed me.

The rest of the trip was uneventful. We talked over this and that. Carter Finley, Armitage, the Dupont-Skaggses, Doc Pillsbury, the Misses Arbuthnot. We wondered how the One Hundred was sagatiating. And the All-Nighters' Club. And the Order of Solemn Owls. And whether Windy Bill Wilson and Hippo Jones were still

encumbering the scenic outlook. Likewise who was night clerk now at the Palazzo, and how everything looked along Eden Boulevard and Paradise Alley.

"We'll engage a room or rooms at the St. Regis," Honk opined.

"Formerly the Jackson House," I added. "And we'll eat at the Silver Grill—across from the Nippon Tearoom, two blocks from the Whitehouse Barbershop—if you remember—"

And then we sat and cried in the darkness like two big sentimental boobs, while the old Medicine House rattled her bones around the curves onward in the stilly night.

Well, we arrived in Valhalla at 7.44 A.M., Friday, September 8. Fish day at the restaurants. And fish is, or are, my favorite brain food. Ah, our first glimpse of the magic Mystic Hills! Bluer than the Blue Grotto. Bathed in the red glow of morning sunlight. Skies of amethyst and pale orchid.

We unlocked the hind door and rolled off. Home! Everything just the same in appearance. Back of the station stood two red-white-and-blue taxicabs. Hippo Jones was standing expectantly beside one, and Windy Bill Wilson was bowing and smirking beside the other. Natural as life. Human as old shoes. Wearing the same old clothes, or exact replicas of 'em.

They abandoned their cabs, and we went to the Sign of the Soiled Apron —formerly the Last Chance Tavern— for breakfast. Windy and Hippo told us all about everything. Everybody was clacking along. Some had prospered and some hadn't. Allah was in his heaven, and all was well.

V

TOWARD noon we tore ourselves away from our two devotees. Settlement for the last round of mock beer and chile con carne had nicked us deeply. On the way to the St. Regis a hurried audit disclosed liquid assets—a figurative term—of one dollar and sixty-seven cents between us. The clerk at the hostelry was a cold-eyed stranger. He viewed our hand baggage, which was wrapped in newspapers, without enthusiasm. The rates were two and a half plunks per diem—*in advance*. Honk demanded the rates by the month, also reductions to the clergy, and other small talk to becloud the issue. After the tumult and the shouting died, the fact remained unshaken. Two and a half plunks per diem—on the nail. So the captains and kings proceeded to depart. Pooh-pooh for the St. Regis. Name of a name of a name! But yes.

We had our ace in the hole though. James Austin, rock of ages. At the earliest moment of the afternoon in keeping with business and social etiquette we cantered into his office in the Transcontinental Building. And there we found that our treasured ace in the hole was a polluted deuce. Oy, oy! And a long-drawn ah's me!

A week agone, Jimmie Austin had gone to become general manager of a confounded railroad somewhere in the wilds of Canada. A railroad that ran from Nova Scotia to Kamchatka by way of Greenland, Baffin Bay, and Bering Strait, I believe. It was located amid snow and ice, anyway. Excelsior! And I don't mean packing for dishes either.

Austin's successor as gen. super. westernlines, Transcontinental System, was a grim, gray, grizzly named Hardison Savage, and his mammy and pappy sure had a straight hunch when they bequeathed him his cognomen. He let us come into his office. He looked

at us in a lowering way while Honk twitted a few lines of our thrilling story. Then he said, "Gr-r-r-wuff! Wuff-Wuff!" and seemed to be choosing a toothsome pants leg from the four we had with us. So we tactfully went away.

"Our much heralded 'pull' kind of got stymied on the tee, I'm afraid," I commented when we gained the street in safety. "But no doubt you've got other cards up your sleeve."

"Eh?" he muttered. "Oh, ah, yeah, I—uh—"

But our situation—or perhaps I should say lack of a situation—wasn't a thing to make jests and bon mots about. No, by Jove's wounds, it weren't! It was a ticklish pickle to be in, egad! But we assumed bold faces withal. Having cached our parcels of luggage with the cashier of the beanery, we swashbuckled around town to call on old friends of palmier days. All welcomed us with joyful acclaim. We garnered numerous bids to luncheons and dinners. Great! I could see a lot of meals ahead. All except breakfasts and lodgings. Nobody thought to offer us a room to sleep in.

And somehow our nerve failed us when we started to say "ahem!" and make a touch for a tenner or a twenty. Pride goeth before a skid. And none knoweth where it endeth when he starteth to skitter. Sounds tongue-tied, but pity 'tis 'tis true.

We hobnobbed with the swells afternoons and evenings, and slept in an empty fruit dispatch car which had straw in it for four nights. Then some inhuman hound took away our barracks, and we were homeless. Dinner dates petered out, and we quit eating for twelve hours hand-running. Honk had cast aspersions on my methods. He had taken charge, with a free rein to employ his boasted scheme of connecting with a pay roll. I laid no straw in his way. And the result was, we'd stopped feeding. Huh!

So I got me an appointment in the kitchen of a joint south of the railroad. Two brothers ran it; not the Corsican Brothers; they were scions of an older race, the race that built the Parthenon. I was a dredger; I dredged ironstone from the depths of a reeking vat, and stacked my findings on a deal table. In return they gave me steaks and fried spuds and brewed chicory. And the stench of garlic permeated my soul.

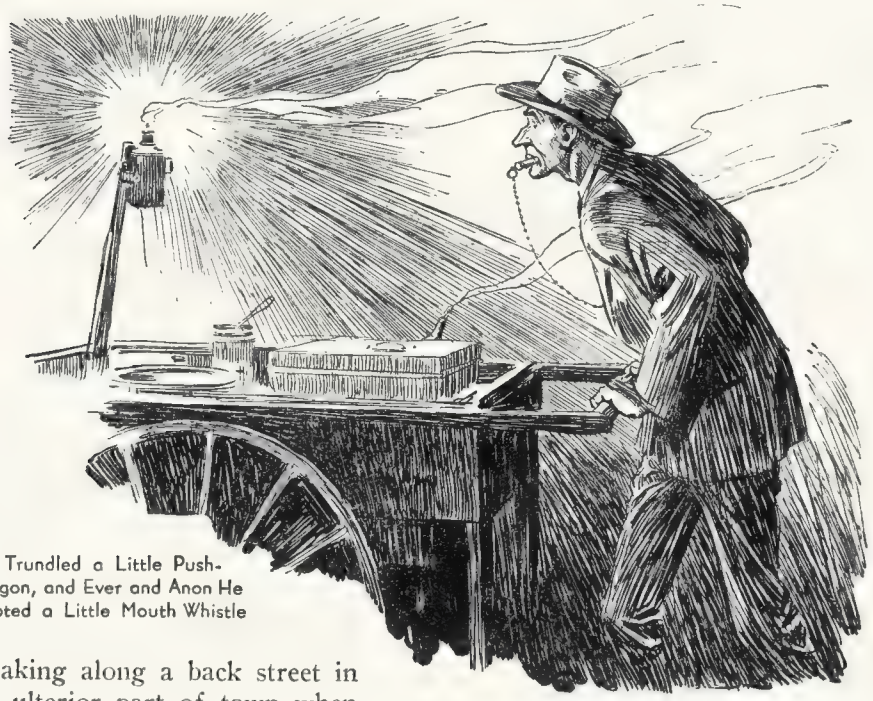
Honk fasted for one more day, and then he too hit the toboggan for the nether regions. He accepted a position as night hawker of hot tamales on the less brilliantly-lighted street. He trundled a little push-wagon, and ever and anon he tooted a little mouth whistle, working on a commission. No sella da hot tamal' no coppa da coin. Ai! Ai! It's a sad sight to see two artists perishing.

Our days were our own. We knit up the raveled sleeve during the forenoon in a drab shanty-like structure back of the café of my employers, the Frères Popopopoulous, or some such name. Our beds were corrugated paper boxes. Afternoons, we skulked about in a furtive fashion, making plans, some of which were verging on the desperate, and all of which were wholly futile. What we lacked was a heaven-born inspiration.

When the said inspiration came it was so camouflaged and disguised that we were hardly able to recognize it. That's the way fate plays ring around the rosy with us all. Half the time when we think we're going somewhere we're merely coming back from where we haven't been, or vice versa, as the philosophers say. It's a matter of

relativity—but I see where Professor Weinstein, the relativity wizard, has been handed a blue slip, so we Olympians are all out in the woods without a bell mule to lead us now.

One afternoon Honk and I were sneaking along a back street in the ulterior part of town when we spied a cute little boy, about six years old, coming out of a gateway which opened into or out of a door-yard, depending upon where you were. A woman was yelling running orders after him. "Get two bar soap, feef-teen cent, one loaf bread, ten cent, twent'-five cent, you breeng back!" Aha! An easy problem in scientific deduction. The kid was packing a four-bit piece in cash with him. If not, she would have sent a quarter. Easy.



He Trundled a Little Push-Wagon, and Ever and Anon He Tooted a Little Mouth Whistle

Mechanically we followed that child who had money. No—I repeat no—we didn't have any definite intention of sticking up the little shopper and filching from him his silver coin. We had no such deep design. We had no designs of any kind. We simply trailed him because he carried something we admired, something desirable. An instinctive gesture, like gulls following a ship—until they discover it's a Scotch ship, whereupon they turn back. Oh, you've heard that one. Pardon.

The small messenger of destiny led us half a block, then he turned a corner and trudged unerringly for a grocery store across the street, another square away. Silent, preoccupied, we plodded at his heels. Maybe something would happen; a traffic jam, a fire alarm, a dog fight, an explosion of home brew; the kid might drop his half-dollar.

And then—Allah be praised! We met the accredited Son of Kismet. Frederick—commonly called "Butch"—Poteet, no other. The beaming, beatific son of a gun, himself, in per-

son. Land of the sky-blue water! Sweet piping of nightingales! Perfume of roses!

"Hello, hoot mon, and greetings!" It was some reunion. Athos and Porthos falling afoul of Aramis, no less. Butch was riper and mellower. Time had sweetened him. He hooked an arm into a wing of each, and dragged us home with him for supper. We dragged easily.

We saw Ernestine and the youngsters, six or eight of them. A wonder family. And along toward midnight everything straightened out. The tangled skein of our affairs became free of snarls and kinks, and once again wound smoothly on the wheel of the Spinning Sister. We took our rightful places as upstanding workers on the Transcontinental. We ceased to be despised outcasts, and became honored parts of a vast industrial structure.

Butch hired us. Butch was foreman of Section B-24 on the earth's greatest steam railway system. We were signed on at the princely emolument of two dollars forty-five cents a day, Sundays and fiesta days excepted. The work was light. We even had a motor vehicle to convey us to and from the arena of our daily efforts. It was a sinecure.

"You see," Honk said bombastically to me, "my idea was right. Without pull nobody can get anywhere in this world. We chanced to have a stand-in with a man who occupies a position of authority; a man who has the power to help us in need; a man who—"

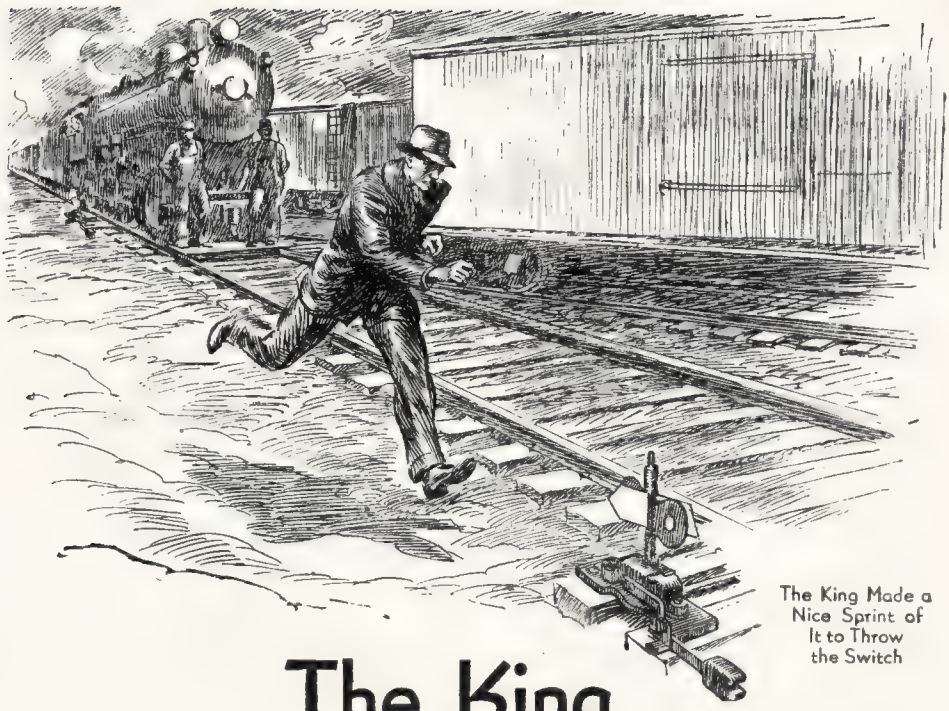
"I vote 'aye,'" I interposed. "He's elected unanimously. Three stentorian cheers! But I still contend that it was sheer merit that won us our preferred positions. If our ability, high character, and long experience had not been clearly perceived by Foreman Poteet, he wouldn't 've hired us at any price. Ability and experience count."

"Foof!" scoffed Honk.

"I have a further pronouncement to make," I said, rising and assuming an oratorical attitude. "We have squandered a number of years of more or less honest endeavor in railway service. So far, we haven't been snatched and hoisted into high official positions. That doesn't mean that we won't be boosted yet. Personally, I have my handcar headed for the Big Dipper. And I have the secret of success. Isn't it a fact?"—I thundered—"I dare you to deny it! Isn't it true that most of the presidents of railroads, past, present and future, began their careers as horny-handed section hands, toiling on the right of way? Soldiering—er—I mean serving in the ranks, you know. Beginning at the bed rock bottom, ladies and gentlemen. The trouble with us hitherto was that we started too high up. But now we've found the right place. The springboard from which to vault all spraddled out into a brass collar. In my mind's eye I see myself a chief executive. I, too, will have the story of my rise published in the *And How Magazine*. I, too—"

"Bunk," said Honk. "Pure, piebald bunk."

"Oh, the life of a snipe is the life for me," should be the song that Honk sings as he makes his way rapidly upward on the section gang. But he doesn't sing it, nor does Horace when they see a dark plot brewing against them, life and limb. A rip roaring episode by Emmet F. Harte in the May issue.



The King Made a Nice Sprint of It to Throw the Switch

The King

Kinship to the General Manager Didn't Make Up for Walter's Light Brain Tonnage in the Mess at Bayside

By Bob Cross

SLAB YORK, lean and crusty, chief clerk at Bayside Yards, brought the forelegs of his tilted chair to the floor with a bang at the sound of the word. His eyes twinkled as he washed down the last bite of a tough cheese sandwich with a gulp of milk, then he turned to the man who'd just spoken.

"Pull, say you," Slab snorted. "Pull." To him it was word both hateful and funny. "Maybe there are some guys that can run a railroad job on pull with a brass hat, but I'm not going to believe it. Not since the star of the King rose and set right here in this yard."

"The King?" queried the boomer helper on the west lead engine.

"The King, no less," grunted Slab. "He thought he had pull. He thought he could get away with murder and mayhem just because he had it. And you"—he glared at the man who had first spoken—"you been around a railroad long enough to know that you got to have ability or pull won't get you up the grade."

"But, the King," the boomer cut in. "How about this guy? If you got a argument that pull won't get you no

place whether you're dumb or not, I wanna lissen to it, feller."

Slab looked at his watch. The group was good for another thirty minutes of spot—a half hour before it would be time to pull the rip.

"Well, now, I'll tell you—"

II

Of course you guys all know Ted Beeman—Slab settled down to his tale—and you know as a general yardmaster he's got no equal. Well, this dope on the King all started in Beeman's office on an afternoon when Tom, Beeman's chief clerk down town, came into the GYM's private sanctum with a letter.

"There's a gent outside gave me this for you," Tom said, handing the letter over to the boss. "What 'll I tell him?"

Beeman was right busy, and told Tom to have the man to wait. Tom went out, but he came back almost in those same sixty seconds.

"He says to tell you he'll wait just exactly ten minutes," Tom told the boss. Beeman looked up, then read the letter.

"Walter Quincy Wilson," Beeman said, repeating the name mentioned in the missive, then he whistled. He shoved the letter over to Tom. Tom groaned.

There was a moment of silence. Tom then suggested that it looked like Bayside was to have a new yardmaster. What was to become of Barney Lights, long time boss of that railroad hotbed? Beeman didn't know, and he sighed audibly.

"Walter Quincy Wilson." The boss looked at the name again, then laid the letter on the desk before him—the letter which bore the signature of the general manager.

There would be a lot of things to teach a new man. And East and West this spot of Bayside wasn't any pleasant training ground. Then there'd be the problem of finding a new home for old Barney. It wasn't a very pretty thing, any way you took it. Barney could stay with Wilson a week at Bayside, anyhow, and teach the new man the ropes. Beeman would have a talk with Wilson and then turn him over to Tom, who would go over the details.

It took eleven minutes for the conference between the chief and his clerk. The door to the inner sanctum opened abruptly. A young man, well set up, stood looking into the room. He needed a shave, and his eyes looked tired. He might have been healing up from a toot.

"Ten minutes is all I said I'd wait, and I said that eleven minutes ago," the stranger growled.

There was a brief, embarrassed silence. Beeman colored and looked at Tom. Tom nodded and went out to leave Beeman with his guest.

"Sit down, Mr. Wilson," said Beeman. Mr. Wilson sat. "So, you're 'M. C. P.'s' nephew?"

"Mr. Parson's nephew," growled Mr. Wilson.

Beeman felt rebuked, and resented the newcomer's reply. He formed an immediate dislike for said nephew.

"Oh, yes," the boss went on. "Mr. Parson's nephew! The *general manager's* nephew! You resemble him. And you honor us with your presence. I see by this letter that Mr. Parson believes you will fit in at Bayside—"

They tangled in a long discussion of the Bayside situation. Beeman delicately angled around to the idea of sending Wilson to Bayside for a week's training under old Barney.

"What? Me? Go out there for a week to learn that little yard?" Wilson snorted. "That little place 'll be duck soup for me. All I need is a blue print. I'm used to a real yard, and I don't need tutorin' to run a little playground like that—"

"Oh, very well. Blue print there on the wall to the left. Look it over if you think it's really necessary." There's some nice sarcasm in Beeman's voice. "On your way out stop and get your special instructions from the chief clerk. Got some special moves to make daily. Tom 'll give you the dope. Good day and good luck. You'll need it!"

"Oh, yeah? O. K. Bull," and without even a glance at the blue print Mr. Walter Quincy Wilson departed from the private office of the high and mighty and he left behind him one rage smitten general yardmaster.

The gym gave vent to his feelings, and quite loudly he blew off steam. He said things as only a greatly angered general yardmaster can say things. He catalogued Walter Quincy Wilson as a conceited, low-down, dirty so-and-so, and he put an exclamation point at the end of it by making a perfect punt with the brass goboon which rolled the length of the office and stopped against the far wall upside down. Mr. Beeman then rang for his chief clerk.

"Tom, did his royal highness stop at your desk before he left?" asked Beeman.

"Yeh, he did. And I told him about being sure to let the Belt Line shove their cars in whenever they wanted to, and not to delay a Belt engine. I told him about getting the perishable over to town with that third trick engine before eight o'clock, and that there wasn't to be no overtime. He wanted to know is that all, and I said there was plenty more; but then the phone rang, and when I picked it up to answer, he just said: 'O. K., Bull; call me up at the yard to-morrow and gimme the rest of that dope.'"

"Well—we—well, I'll be doubly da—"

I won't say what else the boss let out. This office might catch on fire.

III

I'm not likely ever to forget that foggy morning right here in this shack. I came in as usual, hung up my coat, put on my nice sateen sleeves and ambled into the end of the office there that serves as the ringmaster's private works. Si, the night slave driver, was busy making up his turnover.

"Hi, Si," said I. "How's she look?"

"Mornin', Slab," said Si. "She sure is in one hell of a mess. Look!"

I cast an eye over the turnover, the list of tracks and what they contained.

"Mess is right," I piped. "Si, what you been doin' all night?"

"Danged little," said Si. "Ain't had anything to do with."

Si gave me the grief. At six the night before everything had been clicking like clockwork. The two second trick engines had the night transfer cuts made up, the house cut ready, and there was plenty of room to take in everything that ordinarily might be expected. There was a long string of junk in No. 1 track, and it looked like outside of working that those engines had nothing else to do. At nine Si had been riding easy. Then came the dispatcher and an argument.

The dispatcher wanted a turnover at nine, which was out of all reason. Si had to make up one. Ordinarily the third trick dispatcher took the turnover about five bells of the A.M.

"An', Slab," moaned Si, "I give

him some tracks that wasn't clear an' I said they was. Forgot about cars bein' in 'em. But they was clear as far as that dumb dispatcher was concerned. Right away he separated me from one of my third trick engines for the house yard. Then come along all the grief of tryin' to make up the local, pull some down off the hill, an' git the perishable to town with one goat. So you see that's why this here turnover looks like it does."

I looked at his scribbling again. Each of the six receiving tracks in the upper yard was fairly well plugged. The passing track was jammed with empty gons for a westbound pickup. Darn' little room there. And the seventeen tracks in the lower yard were about in the same shape. Si had managed to get No. 8 clear. No. 6 track had the fifteen perishable, and all the other tracks were just about plugged. On top of this I knew that there'd be two setouts to be made in the upper yard within the hour, because there were two freight trains from the West long overdue. If they couldn't set out they'd have to stand on the main until we got a track clear. And if they stayed on the main there'd be a passenger train or two coming along, and, as you guys know, such environment isn't good for passenger trains.

"Si," said I, "she sure is bad. How could she get this way in eight hours?"

"Aw, hell," he said. "Step outside and use your imagination."

Fog. That was three-quarters of the answer. Boy, she was foggy, too. Been there since ten last night, Si told me. Couldn't see a lamp, and a fusee wasn't any good more than two car lengths. Three men switched cars ten at a time. And they didn't care whether they switched any.

"You might as well beat it on home," said I. "Barney 'll be here any min—"

"Barney ain't comin'," Si said. "New man by the name of Wilson that I ain't ever heard of. I wanted to stick around an' tell him why the garden's all growed up in weeds, an' tell him about the moves I got all lined up for Horseface Huggins on that third trick engine. But it's six thirty, now, an' I got enough."

"I'll spill the dope to Wilson," I volunteered. "Tell me."

"Well," said Si, "tell him Horseface is on the hill makin' up all we could gather for the local in the foundry lead. He oughtta be done now, unless he ain't got no more fusees. The crew's gonna eat in the shanty up there, then Horseface is gonna bring down a drag outta track No. 1 so's them inbound trains 'll have room to set off their cars. Tell him not to let anything in No. 8 track, because that's the only place Horseface can get in with them cars. Then let Horseface cut off an' grab that string of perishable and hike 'em over to the city yards. After that he's through. He can turn in."

"O. K., old sock," I said, and Si beat it.

Well, you know me. Chief yard clerk. What the hell did I care about the condition of the yard. As long as there was a card on each car, and a bill for it, I wasn't much concerned one way or another; but that was the status of the thing when at six fifty that A.M., the door opened and a stranger came in with a couple of billows of fog.

I looked up and thought it was some tramp switchman. An extra man, maybe, called for the first trick job. He didn't say anything, and neither did I. He just looked around, and

then I saw him eying the stove. It was pretty cool, and I had a weak sort of fire trying to live despite a mighty dirty ash pan.

"Who's the lazy son of a so-and-so that's supposed to tend this fire," this guy growled. He had a husky voice.

"Any lazy son of a so-and-so that wants heat," I said right back. "You cold?"

I saw his unshaven jaws coming down into my face, and just then the phone rang.

"Bayside," I said, then I had to grin. It was the Belt Line.

"So you want to get in here with thirty cars, huh?" I said to the phone. "You sure picked a bum time. Ain't room for five. Yardmaster? Ain't no yardmaster on the job yet—"

"Ten Minutes Is All I Said I'd Wait, and I Said That Eleven Minutes Ago," the Stranger Growled

Well, this guy jerked that phone out of my hand, and then I knew who it was. Walter Quincy Wilson had descended on Bayside Yards.

"Hullah," said he. "This is the yardmaster; what's wanted? . . . What? Been holdin' you out all night? I'll see about that. Bring on your thirty cars. Five minutes? All right, I'll take 'em."

Then this bozo swung on me.

"Lissen, you," he bawled. "I'm the yardmaster, see! An' I don't like you, see! You're too dam' smart. If anybody wants to know anything, call me, see! Don't know how long you been here, but if you want to stay, remember you're just a yard clerk. See!"

Maybe I should have socked him then, but from what happened in those next few hours I'm glad I let him live.

"Oh, yeh. I see," said I with a grin. "You're the yardmaster. I'm just a yard clerk. You're right, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Wilson," he barked. "An' don't you forget. I'm the King on this job. See!"

"King, eh? Yeh, I see." I had to fight to keep my map straight. "Well, you'll find the throne room down there," and I pointed to his private coop. He stopped at the door and gave me one long, hard look. I could see where life was going to be just one lovely episode with that baby.

King Wilson had just got himself settled on the throne when the Belt showed up in the person of big Beefy Bower, conductor, and Beefy brought tidings in the form of thirty buggies.

"Hiah!" bellowed Beefy, without regard to the age of the rafters overhead. "Greetin's from the Belt. Thirty cars' worth. Where'll we go with 'em? Some high. Some low. Whadda yuh say?"

"Yeh? Consult the King beyond yon portal," said I, pointing.

The giant craned his bull neck to gaze past the pot-bellied stove.

"Aha! The King!" the big voice bellowed. "Long live the King." He kicked open Walter Quincy Wilson's door. "The Belt brings tidin's, oh King! Where do we put the tidin's?"

Wilson looked up at Beefy.

"You don't need to yell so loud," the ringmaster growled. "I ain't deaf."

"Who's yellin'?" bawled Beefy. "You just ain't ever heard a man talk. How about these cars?"

Wilson looked at the turnover. Thirty cars. He had to have a clear track for them. Then he saw that No. 8 was wide open.

"Eight's clear. Put 'em in there."

I almost spoke up, but then it was none of my business. I was thinking of Horseface, and the fact that Si had left that alley clear to let Horseface down from the upper yard.

Beefy went out, and I could hear him shouting at his helpers.

"O. K. Down in eight," the big voice came in from the fog. "Keep 'em comin'. I'll line 'em up." And he went for the switches on the lead.

I took a look at the King, and from his expression he was right at the point where he'd wished he'd let Barney come and teach him a few things. Here was the Belt shoving a cut into his yard, and he didn't even know where it was coming from. Couldn't see the wye off the Belt Line to our own road. In fact he didn't even know there was such a wye. Wilson looked out and saw the cars rolling down. He cussed a little to himself. I could just hear him saying:

"What do I care? The old man is behind me."

I saw the fusee signals out there in the fog. Saw the easy sign, then a washout. Wilson was watching, too.

"What the hell?" he said, half to himself, and went outside.

Beefy came down the lead.

"Where do you want what won't go in eight?" he howled. "Shoved 'em in just far enough to clear the other end."

Wilson supposed that there was a lead at the east end and it wouldn't do to foul it. He'd learned while in Cincinnati that a fouled lead was bad business. In fact, he'd fouled one himself in his first month as a yard brakeman and some cars of flour had crashed into the mess. Wilson gulped and looked around. He'd worked under four yardmasters, and he remembered that these men had always known what to do. So Wilson made up his mind.

"Double 'em over into nine," he ordered the Belt conductor.

He knew there was a No. 9 track. He could see it. Whether it would hold four cars he didn't know. He hoped so. The Belt engine doubled 'em over and No. 9 track took the four. The goat cut off and tore out for home. Mr. Wilson felt pleased with his first actual bit of yardmastering. You could see it sticking out all over him. Yes, sir. Acting in an emergency. That's what he'd done.

IV

Back in the throne room Mr. Wilson encountered several things which were exactly one hundred per cent Greek to him. He knew it as well as I did, but a smart, hard-boiled, two-fisted yardmaster shouldn't let it be known that he understood no Greek. No, sir. The secret of successful yardmastering lay in a man's ability to give orders and get things done without asking questions of underlings. He never saw a yardmaster who'd ever asked any one how to do this or that.

The King sat on the throne and tried to concentrate, but a lot of telephone bells began to ring. This company phone here, for instance. It jangled plenty. Two sharp short rings repeated over and over. That's this office's call. The King was figuring things out, and had just located the perishable in No. 6 track when I figured I'd better tell him to answer the call.

"Why didn't you say so an hour ago?" he snarled when I told him he was wanted. Then into the phone: "Hullah. The yardmaster speakin'. What's wanted?"

I listened in on my extension.

"This is Huggins," I heard Horseface say at the upper yard shanty. "Ready to come down now with this cut outta one. Looks like overtime if I take the perishable to town. Si told me to get it over there. You changin' the play?"

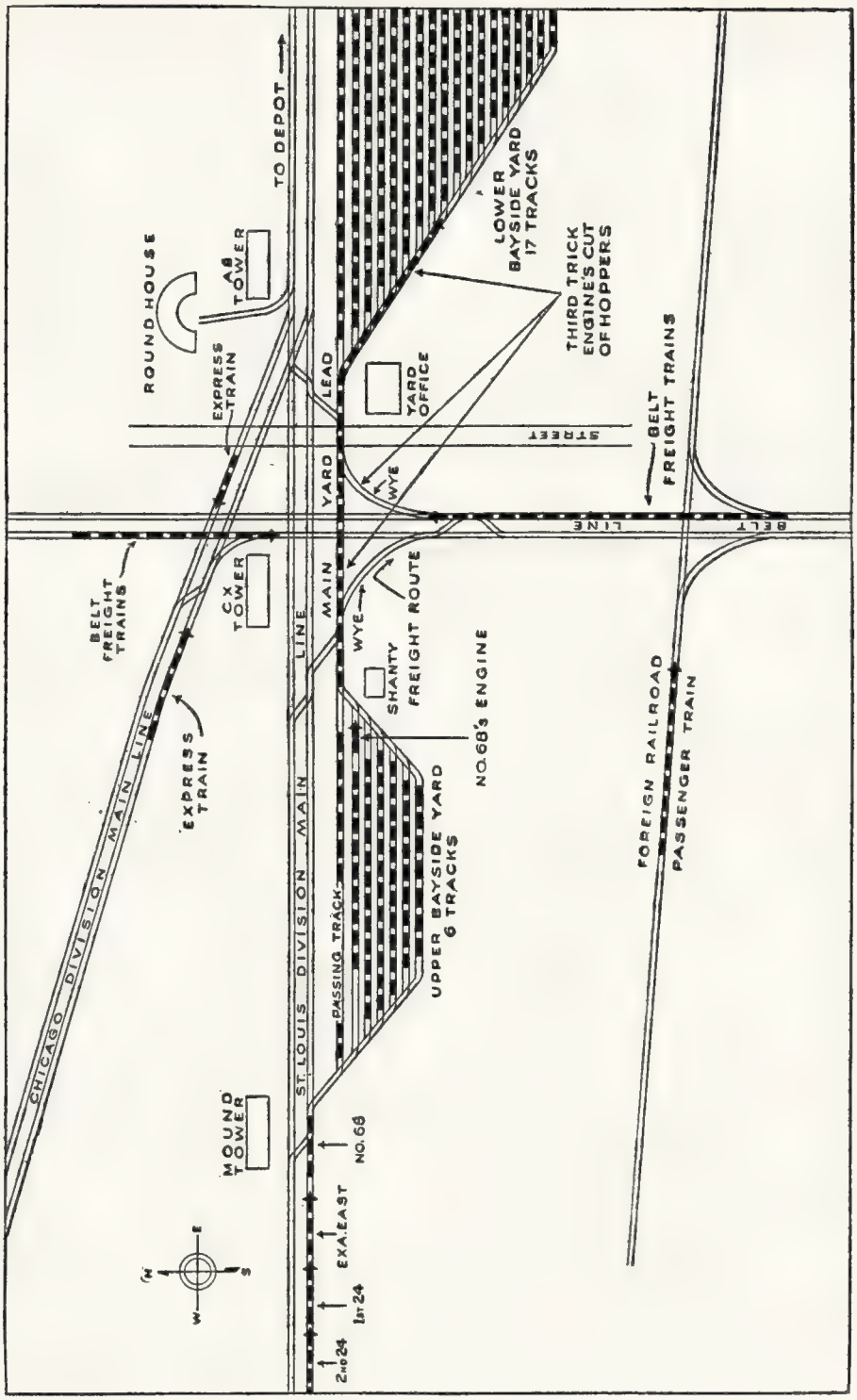
Now Wilson didn't know who in Hades was Huggins, or why. He did know he had some perishable, and that there was a third trick engine somewhere in the yard, and that it was supposed to move those icers after it finished its work. The GYM's chief clerk had told him that. He remembered. His other instructions had been about letting the Belt in. He'd done that. This guy Huggins was evidently the third trick man; was evidently in the upper yard somewhere.

"Well, whatcha say?" Huggins cut in on the King's reflections.

"The play ain't changed," said the king. "Get down here in a hurry."

"O. K.," said Horseface. "Try to make it without overtime. This cut's heavy, so keep everything outta my way."

I took a look at the King settling back on his throne, and I guess maybe I got pale. It was none of my business. I was just a yard clerk. The King himself had said so. But that engine was coming down from the upper yard with thirty hoppers, of seventy-ton capacity, loaded with coal, behind it, and no place to go with them. The fact that these cars would trail



The Situation at Bayside Yards at Eight O'Clock on the Fateful Morning After the King Had Taken Over the Throne

out some fourteen hundred feet behind the goat when it encountered plugged tracks in the lower yard, and by so doing would block the Belt crossing, the St. Louis division wye, and play hell generally was not for me to fret about. Not this October morning, even if the fog had almost completely lifted, which it had by this time.

The King went out to watch his third trick engine puffing down the lead from the upper yard, rattle over the Belt crossing and toot for the grade crossing just this side. I took it all in from the window. I knew that Huggins had no way of knowing that the King had put the Belt cut in No. 8 track, especially since the King had told him that Si's program hadn't been changed.

I began to wonder. I could see that string of thirty rolling along, parallel with the main tracks. I could almost see the operator over there in CX tower with a streak of worry marks on his brow when he suddenly found himself with his interlock plant all tied up by the coal cut. Maybe I spread a dirty grin on my map. I don't know.

I do know that I got a glimpse of Horseface and his head helper on the footboard of the goat as it neared the lead. In a glance Horseface saw that the switches on the lead were lined up beyond No. 8 track. He must have assumed that the King was a brother switchman, for he started making the motions of a signal. He bumped both hands together, palms down, thumbs concealed. He repeated the motion several times until he was sure the King had seen him, then he doubled one hand into a fist and swung it round and round, loose at the wrist, like he might be wringing a chicken's neck.

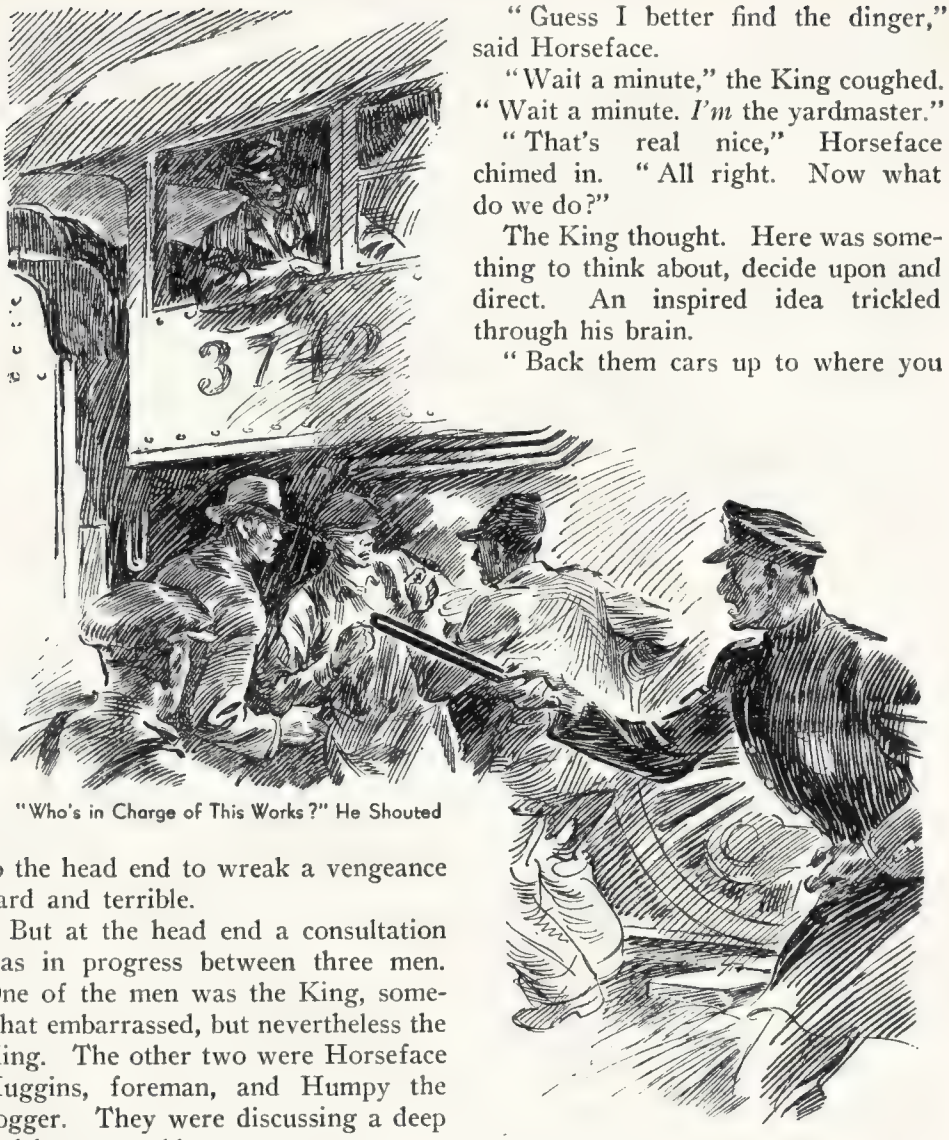
Now the King, in his five months of schooling in the Cincinnati terminal, had learned a couple of signals, and this one he happened to know. He also had seen a yardmaster throw a switch now and then if the work could be speeded up, so the King, knowing that the man on the footboard of the goat wanted him to get No. 8 switch, gave the hogger a come-on sign, and raced down to favor the snakes. The goat was now rolling maybe ten miles an hour, so the King made a nice sprint of it to the switch—but he didn't throw it.

With his hand on the ball, the association of objects in track eight in the form of railroad cars recalled to the King's mind in a flash that he'd put a Belt cut in there. The King's flesh chilled. No. 8 track certainly was no place for his third trick engine.

Humpy Swartz, the eagle-eye, seeing the King ready at the switch, had opened the throttle. The King paled as he saw the bunched coal loads help shove the engine along. He dropped the switch ball, leaped up and gave a wild washout about which there was nothing delicate.

The men on the footboard saw the signal, and immediately decided to get off. The hoghead saw it and wound the clock. Drew off all the air there was to draw. The drivers skidded, and the engine slid thirty feet with that heavy tonnage behind it. The air on the cars was not connected.

Way back on the rear hopper, which extended several car lengths west of the wye, blocking it entirely, a dinky little man scrambled to his feet, and from his mouth emitted huge oaths well seasoned with slack coal. In his eyes, ears and nose there was slack coal, and down his back there was slack coal. And in his heart was a great and powerful rage. The little guy dropped to the ground and started



"Who's in Charge of This Works?" He Shouted

to the head end to wreak a vengeance hard and terrible.

But at the head end a consultation was in progress between three men. One of the men was the King, somewhat embarrassed, but nevertheless the King. The other two were Horseface Huggins, foreman, and Humpy the hogger. They were discussing a deep and knotty problem.

"Thanks for the help, buddy," said Horseface. "But it didn't seem to help much, eh?" Horseface laughed mirthlessly. Then he turned to Hump. "Well, looks like we've stopped. Nice job you did with that air. Wonder what happened to Banty, back yonder?"

Humpy mumbled something about maybe it didn't matter.

"Guess I better find the dinger," said Horseface.

"Wait a minute," the King coughed. "Wait a minute. *I'm* the yardmaster."

"That's real nice," Horseface chimed in. "All right. Now what do we do?"

The King thought. Here was something to think about, decide upon and direct. An inspired idea trickled through his brain.

"Back them cars up to where you got 'em and come back light, pronto," spoke the yardmaster.

Huggins opened his eyes, looked the King up and down, then grinned.

"Oh, Hump," he called up to the cab where the hogger had taken himself. "We back this string of soot back to No. 1 track on the hill."

"Yeah?" Humpy spat. "Us and who else?"

The three looked at the train reflectively. Those thirty cars constituted something like 2,000 tons. They stood bunched on a slight grade.

"Come on, let's get goin'," bellowed the King.

"Yes, sir," responded Horseface. "All right, Hump." And Horseface gave one robust back-up sign.

"Better get on," Hump yelled back. "Don't wanna pull your arms outta socket when I go by you."

Hump hossed her over, kicked off his straight air, and opened out. There was plenty of motion for the drivers, plenty of sparks, but that 2,000 tons never budged. Hump tried twice more, then when he thought his tires had had enough he quit. He sat back and lighted a cigarette.

"We gotta try somethin' else," Horseface suggested to the King.

"Come on," the King barked back. "We can get 'em goin'. Start her again."

Hump climbed down out of the cab and faced the yardmaster.

"Now lissen," he drawled. "This engine is my responsibility. It has tires. Spinnin' the drivers heats them tires, an' hot tires slip. See? So we don't try that again. As Horseface says, you gotta think of somethin' else."

The King paled a little, then he gulped. He was sure enough up against one this time. One engine wasn't much help. Well, then, he reasoned, why not two engines? The King looked at his watch. He knew he had a first trick engine due on at eight o'clock. He explained that in a few minutes the first trick job would be over from the house and then they could double head the cut back up the hill.

An excellent piece of reasoning for the King, but it had its weak points. For instance, with the rear end of the coal cut blocking the crossover from the main track, which would let an engine into the yard, the first trick goat couldn't negotiate that entry. The switcher could come in the east end of the yard, but couldn't get against Hump's pony without shoving a track load of cars ahead of it. So the King and his henchmen were up against a nice dark situation.

Then, at this juncture, Banty came into the picture—Banty, the little guy from the rear end. The smear of coal dust on his face was streaked by the tears of rage. He strode into the group with his dinky little dust-stained chin outthrust.

"Who is the slimy, belly crawlin', louse eaten, filthy, low-down son of a so-and-so what big holed that air?" With which Banty waved his brake club above the head of Humpy Swartz. Humpy ducked, stepped back, and Banty got set for another swing.

He didn't strike, however. Into the group strode another man. A big, uniformed officer of the law. He, too, was angry.

"Who the hell's in charge of this works?" he shouted.

Horseface pointed to the King.

"Well, young feller, you're under arrest," the officer bellowed. "That crossin' back there's been blocked for ten minutes by my watch. Get her cut now, or I'll ride you."

The King looked helpless then for sure, but Horseface already was on his way to make the cut. It was lucky Hump's goat hadn't got into No. 8 track, or that crossing would have stayed blocked.

The King received a nice ticket from the cop just as Horseface came back to the engine, and a stream of heavy traf-

fic was moving across the tracks. The cop then chased Banty back to the rear to prevent any violence on the person of Humpy, so the King, the conductor and the hogger were once more having a meeting of the minds. The helper who'd been on the footboard with Horseface when the King gave the washout, was sound asleep with the fireman on the left-hand side of the goat.

It was right at this point when I had to bust in with a message for his highness.

"They're wantin' you on the telephone," I said modestly and humbly.

"Who the hell wants me on the phone?" he roared.

"Well," I said, "there's the operator at Mound tower, the operator at CX, the roundhouse foreman, the Belt dispatcher, the St. Louis division dispatcher, the Belt dispatcher's assistant, the Belt trainmaster, the Chicago division dispatcher, and the superintendent. I said you was out in the yards lookin' things over, and every dam' one of 'em said to go an' get you."

"Happy Lord!" he yelled, and started for the office while I trailed.

V

THE King got on the throne, looked a little puzzled at all those bells ringing. I rolled me a cigarette and waited for the fun.

"Hey, you!" the King called. "Come in here."

I went. I took my time, but I went.

"Who do I talk to first, an' how do I get him?" the King wanted to know.

"Oh, it don't make much difference," said I; "but maybe you better talk to Mound first. Just put on the receiver set, push your foot on that button an' talk."

I beat it back and stilled the other phones while the King got Mound. I listened in, and the King's "hullah," boomed over the wire.

"What's wanted?" he said to the operator at Mound.

"Information," said Mound. "What the hell are you doin' down there?"

"Down where?" yelled the King. "An' what for are you 'what the hellin'' me? This is the yardmaster talkin' to you."

The operator muttered something nobody could get, then:

"The yardmaster. Thank God for the yardmaster! Tell me how this railroad is goin' to run. No. 68 has set out ten cars in No. 1 track up here on the hill, and his engine is standin' behind that yard cut your monkeys started off the hill with but didn't take any place. The engine can't get back to the train because they ain't no clear tracks for it to come through the yard, an' it can't get back to the main because the rear end of your bloomin' cut has the crossover from the wye blocked.

"An' behind 68 is an extry with thirty cars to set out, an' behind the extra is 24. In case you don't know it, 24 is a passenger train. An' then, behind 24, just to give you the lineup, is 2nd 24, which is a directors' special. An' you, you poor lard head, if that special's stuck on this division, somebody's gonna do plenty writing. What you gonna do to relieve this mess? Tell me somethin', and spit it quick."

"All right, I'll tell you somethin'," sputtered the King. "Go to hell!"

The King reckoned he had something else on his mind besides the St. Louis division and its troubles. His third trick engine was standing still at eight thirty, making overtime. The

perishable couldn't be moved. The lead was now blocked. To the King the St. Louis division didn't mean a thing. And a mere operator had called him a lard head!

Meanwhile the operator at Mound called the dispatcher and told about his conversation with the yardmaster. This dispatcher advised the op to stay put in the tower and not go down and kill the King, as he intended doing. It wasn't the dispatcher's fault, nor was it the fault of the op if the 24's were stuck.

"Say," I cut in as the King started out, "ain't you goin' to talk to these other fellers?"

"Tell 'em all to go to hell," the King snapped. "Can't you see I'm busy runnin' this yard?"

Out on the lead he met Boyle, his first trick conductor, who introduced himself. It was Boyle who had the brains. He'd been figuring out the mess while the King had been consigning lesser railroad help to the abysmal pit. Boyle explained. He would go down to the east end of the yard. He would pull track nine and double all its cars into other tracks, which would allow Humpy to bring the coal into that channel. Of course that would clear the Belt crossing, the main lead, the main line and everything else, and right now that Belt railroad was plenty cluttered up with several freight trains wanting to move North and South.

The King thought it was a good idea, so he told Boyle to go ahead while he strutted down to his third trick crew to let them know that he had solved the problem. He expected to find his helpers all wide awake and discussing ways and means. Instead he found Horseface dozing on the pilot beam. The head helper and fireman were still dead to the world, and Hump was sleeping on his seat box. Time and a half for overtime, and on the spot! That crew wasn't particularly worried about anything right then.

"Hey, you guys!" shouted the King. "Get on the job. You're goin' some place in a minute."

The crew got on the job, but the minute was a danged long one. In fact it was better than half an hour when Horseface coupled the crossing near the yard office and the coal rolled down the lead into No. 9 track. No. 68's engine then was able to get back to its train. The crossovers and the wye were cleared, CX and the Belt got back to normal, signal arms went up, whistles shrieked, and trains on the Belt started to move.

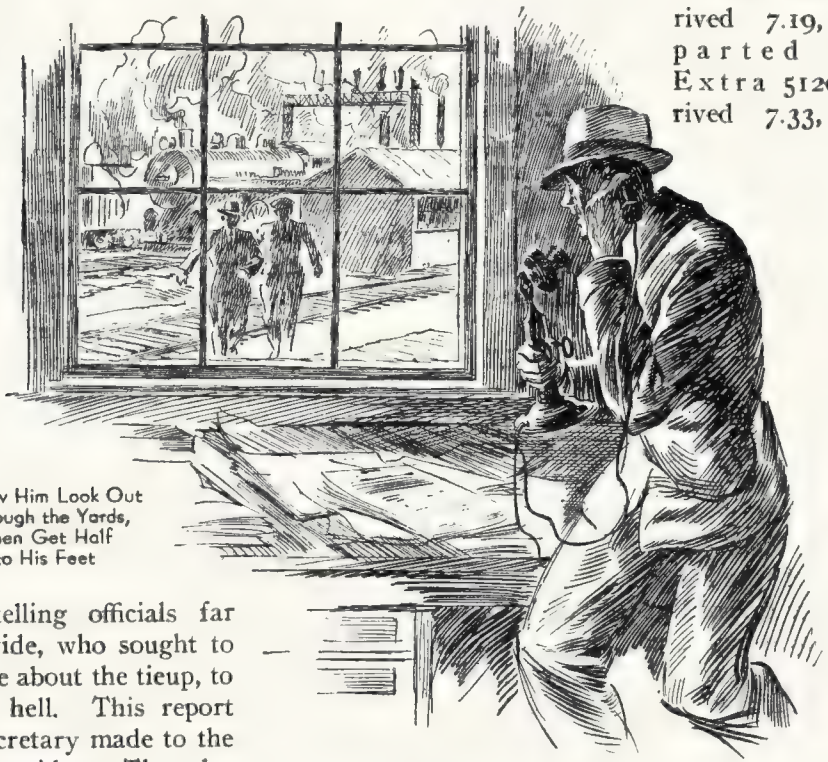
Slowly but surely the blockade broke up. But the process was slow, and its very slowness lent tragedy to the whole business—a tragedy of which Walter Quincy Wilson, King, and nephew of the GM, was blissfully ignorant.

And the burden of it fell on the St. Louis division. That this pike had caused the blockade was bad enough; but that a directors' special should run afoul of that blockade and come to rest behind 1st 24, looking into the observation car of an extra fare hotshot was awful to contemplate.

The directors, the trainmaster and the vice president in charge of operations, despite the luxury their private car afforded, spoke their feelings. They discussed the situation pro and con—and how!

The secretary to the vice president, during the delay, had walked to the caboose of the extra ahead of 1st 24 to find out why. The skipper on the extra, who had just returned from a conference with the brains of 68, stated that the yardmaster at Bayside was raving

drunk; that he had a long cut of cars blocking the Belt, 68's engine in the upper yard, and everything else East, West, North and South. Further, the secretary learned that the yardmaster



I Saw Him Look Out Through the Yards, Then Get Half to His Feet

was telling officials far and wide, who sought to inquire about the tieup, to go to hell. This report the secretary made to the vice president. The vice president dictated a message to the general yardmaster of the terminal, and requested that it be thrown off at Mound tower.

Over in town Ted Beeman leaned over the shoulder of the first trick dispatcher and little drops of sweat fell on the train sheet. The GYM and his dispatcher knew all about it. They had expected a little trouble from Bayside this A.M., but nothing like what had happened.

I had kept Ted Beeman informed. He hadn't talked to the King. Beeman ordered the extra to follow 68 onto the Belt without setting out his cars, which enabled the two 24's to move along without another half hour's delay. In a little while the operator at Mound reported to the main line dispatcher:

"No. 68 arrived 7.19, departed 9.40. Extra 5120 arrived 7.33, departed 9.46. 1st 24 arrived 7.55, departed 9.48. Second 24 arrived 8.00, departed 9.50."

Then followed the message to Ted Beeman and signed by Vice President Moody. Tom, Beeman's chief clerk, told me about it after. Beeman sent for Tom and showed him the wire.

"Soon's you can get your friend, the King, on the phone," said Beeman to Tom, "give him this as the rest of that dope he told you to phone him yesterday."

Meanwhile the King, accompanying his two crews to the lower end of the yards, worked with them laboriously

until the third trick engine maneuvered into position to couple onto the perishable in No. 6 track.

At 10.02 Horseface climbed up behind Humpy and started to town with the icers, following 2nd 24. The King watched the cut drift out, not entirely proud of his morning's yardmastering, but no whit ashamed of it. If anybody made a crack about it, said cracker would be run off the company's property in no time.

When the King came back to his throne I told him all the various people that had wanted to speak with him earlier still were trying to get in touch with him. I explained that I had followed orders, and had told each to go to hell, but it didn't seem to satisfy 'em.

"That 'll be enough," shouted the King. "You're just an ignorant fool, an' you won't be chief clerk here very long. See?"

"I follered instructions," said I, with some heat.

"You're a liar," he bellowed, and I had just got up to sock him one when the phone rang. It was Tom, Beeman's chief clerk. I handed the receiver to Wilson.

"Hullah!" yelled Wilson. "This is the yardmaster. What's wanted?"

It seemed that plenty was wanted. Tom read the message from the vice president to the reddening ears of His Majesty.

"Relieve without formality of investigation drunken or depraved idiot now in charge of Bayside yards. I personally request his immediate removal from the company property, preferably by force."

The King gulped, his eyes became glazed.

"An' lissen," Tom went on; "you better make yourself scarce and beat it quick, before the two company bulls the boss has ordered get over here to club you off the right of way. There's your dope."

The King went from purple to red, and from red to ash. I saw him look out through the yards, then get half to his feet. His breath caught. His eyes stared. Two husky gents were crossing the lead.

The King hissed something unintelligible. Then he bounded out and headed across the tracks at a fairly good trot.

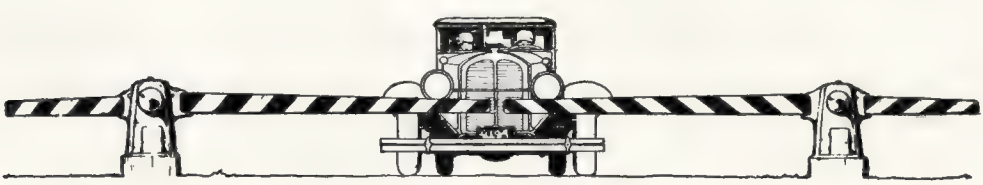
The two gents paused in the doorway. I hadn't got it all in my mind yet. They looked after the King, then turned to me.

"We're from the claim department," said one in a minute. "Wanna look up some records. Maybe you can give us a lift."

And in all that day of cleaning up a sorry mess, neither Barney, who came back on the job at noon, nor I, ever saw a company bull.

The man who'd spoken of pull swung in his chair.

"And so," said Slab, "here comes Barney now, and while you guys are pullin' the rip, just remember the case of the King, and figger out for yourselves whether ability is what counts."



How They Used to Put Them Over the Hump at Soldier's Summit on the D. & R. G. W.

The Juice Era

Excess Tonnage Feels the Mighty Tug of a Strange Master when the Electric Jack Couples On

By Earle W. Gage

THE gigantic tug-of-war between the two most powerful locomotives of the kind in the world bewildered the amazed spectators standing in the shadow of the towering plant at Erie. That morning a brand new champion had rolled into the American transportation arena, a shining armor-plated titan, an engine entirely different from the century-old steam jack that had pulled America out of the wilderness, linked a vast continent into a friendly community, and set the nation upon the high road to progress such as was undreamed of in the day of steam's creation.

Hooked end to end, on the straight, sanded track, the giant mikado, manned by a crack crew, was snailing the powerful electric jack down the rails, as easily as she would have pulled an empty freight car.

"Not much of a show," cracked one of the spectators, a veteran who was there to boost the steam jack to the last inch.

"Yeah, but wait until the electric gets the high ball," replied one of the General Electric engineers, standing near. "When he starts feeding the juice there's going to be real fireworks."

The mikado was throwing her 248.-

000 pounds into the tug-of-war. Booster, super-heater and everything were using the last ounce of steam to a fight to a finish. Suddenly the starter lifted his hand, giving the high ball to the electric engineer to start pulling. The turn of a lever and 308,000 pounds weight came into line against the mikado, slowed her down, with sparks flying in every direction. Then both locomotives came to a standstill, wheels spinning. Here was a real tug-of-war, the like of which had never before been staged in the entire history of railroading.

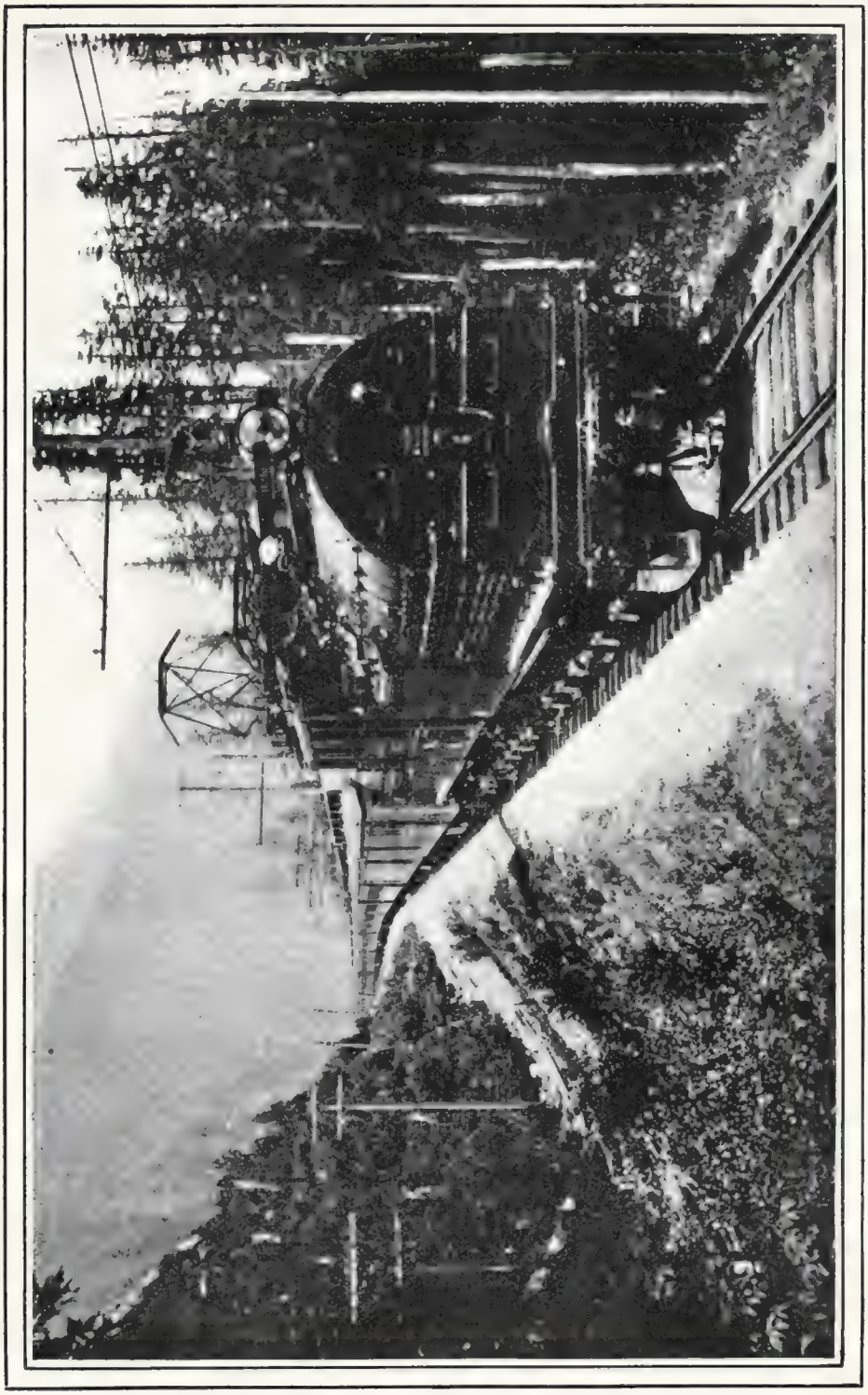
But the two engines did not stand still very long. After generative current had poured into the powerful motors until they were near to bursting, the electric took hold of the mikado and started dragging her down the track, wheels defiantly whirling in the opposite direction, until, like a licked champion, she was past the finish tape, her shoulders pinned to the mat.

Slowly, surely, railroading is changing from steam to electricity, and a great revolution is taking place. Civilization based upon steam power has broken down before electricity and is slowly crumbling to pieces. Electricity has literally backed up and hooked onto the world's burden. The same unknown energy that lights our lamps now hurls trains across the land.

Between the birth of the steam locomotive, early in the nineteenth century, and 1879, no thinker had created a new type of motive power. The same year Thomas A. Edison perfected the electric lamp in the United States, Siemens and Halske exhibited at the Berlin industrial exposition the first electric railway in the world. The following year Mr. Edison constructed and put into operation his first electric locomotive.

Although the crude affair that ran so strangely about Menlo Park, in New Jersey, appeared insignificant compared to the modern electric, yet it was destined to become the father of them all. Out of the pioneer work came the luxurious and standardized electric motive power of to-day, even to the stepless car, electrically warmed, and doors opened and closed by the mere pushing of a button, and the powerful electric locomotive that trails long trains so easily over our heaviest mountain grades.

The Mike and the Electric in a Tug of War. The Electric Engine Was the Winner



The Olympian, Crack Shot of the C. M. St. P. & P. Whirling Over the Rockies on the Tail of a 260-Ton Electric Battleship

Edison conceived the idea of throwing electric lines out from the main steam lines in the western country, to act as feeders to the trans-continental lines, and to replace cumbersome wagon trains of the prairies with a more efficient transport. Henry Villard, president of the Northern Pacific, a pioneer builder of the west and a progressive executive, became interested in the idea, but nothing definite resulted, due to lack of electrical energy in sufficient quantities to drive the motors. Thus it was that the city street cars were first to adopt electrical energy, and to become the forerunners of the present electrical transport age.

Handicaps in Transmitting a Current

Back in those early days it was impossible to generate and transmit electric current any great distance. The method used meant that most of the current would actually evaporate into the air and be wasted before it had been sent far. Likewise, the machinery which generated, transformed and energized, was crude, compared with that of our time.

Charles P. Steinmetz made the discoveries upon which were based the method whereby current was transmitted not one or two miles, but hundreds of miles, with a minimum of wastage. Likewise, he designed and perfected wonderful machines which captured mysterious juice out of the atmosphere and transmitted it to the place most needed. Overnight this young man remade the world and ushered in the electric age.

Popped-eyed spectators at the Chicago's World Fair, in 1893, gazed upon a strange looking engine, the first electric locomotive built by General Electric engineers.

The original patent rights on electric tractive power were secured by such pioneers as Edison, Van Depoele, Bentley, Knight, Thomson and Sprague. These, in 1892, were assigned to General Electric, which became the great locomotive builder of the electrics, and with Westinghouse Electric, at East Pittsburgh, now hold the monopoly on this enterprise.

The history and development of light and heavy electric traction is so closely interwoven with the engineering skill of B. G. Lamme, Westinghouse engineer, that its story would not be complete without mention of the man whose genius solved many of the perplexing problems, thus putting electric power at the disposal of transportation.

Mr. Lamme was the designer of the earliest types of railway motors, forerunners of motors of this day. Later on he gave us the synchronous converter or, as he almost invariably called it, the rotary converter. Later he devoted much of his engineering and inventive genius to the development of the single phase system.

Ever since the birth of light electric traction, the problem of heavy traction was a difficult nut to crack. In the early days, the greatest problem was thought to be the inability of the builder to produce sufficiently powerful equipment. A little investigation soon proved that more serious difficulties, many of them existing to this hour, needed to be overcome.

Two Outstanding Barriers

First of all, with direct current generation and distribution at 550 to 600 volts, the accepted standard in the old days, the electric railway people were confronted with the problem of

transmitting large units of power for long distances. This called for closely spaced power stations and, with direct current generation, this meant subdivision of the power supply into several separate units, in direct opposition to the tendency to concentrate power generation into large central stations.

Secondly, there was the serious difficulty of supplying this power to a moving locomotive or train. With low voltage and large power the collection and handling of the current was then, and still is, a serious problem.

Thus it was that Mr. Lamme's perfected rotary converter came as a Godsend to the electrification of transportation; immediately this device was recognized as a boon to the heavy electric railway. Here at last was a solution of one of the paramount difficulties, for by means of polyphase alternating current generation and distribution at high voltage, and conversion to direct current through distributed substations along the lines, the problem of centralization of power stations was achieved. However, the problem of collection and handling of the low voltage current was still to be surmounted, so that the rotary converter only partially solved the problem of feeding the heavy duty railroad locomotive.

Then the third rail was developed, which permitted high amounts of current to be transmitted from the substation to the moving locomotives, and this blazed the way to solving the second problem. The heavier work went forward by leaps and bounds. But neither of these solved the problem where several miles of track were to be served, and the first installations were in subways, elevated and level street lines. The first cost was too steep to permit such a system profitable on railroads.

The Baltimore and Ohio Tunnel, the St. Clair Tunnel and the Pennsylvania and New York Central terminals, at New York, were the first to adopt electric power.

First General Electric Locomotive, Shown Hauling a Train Out of the B. & O. Tunnel in Baltimore

A Two-Unit Electrified Suburban Section of the Illinois Central

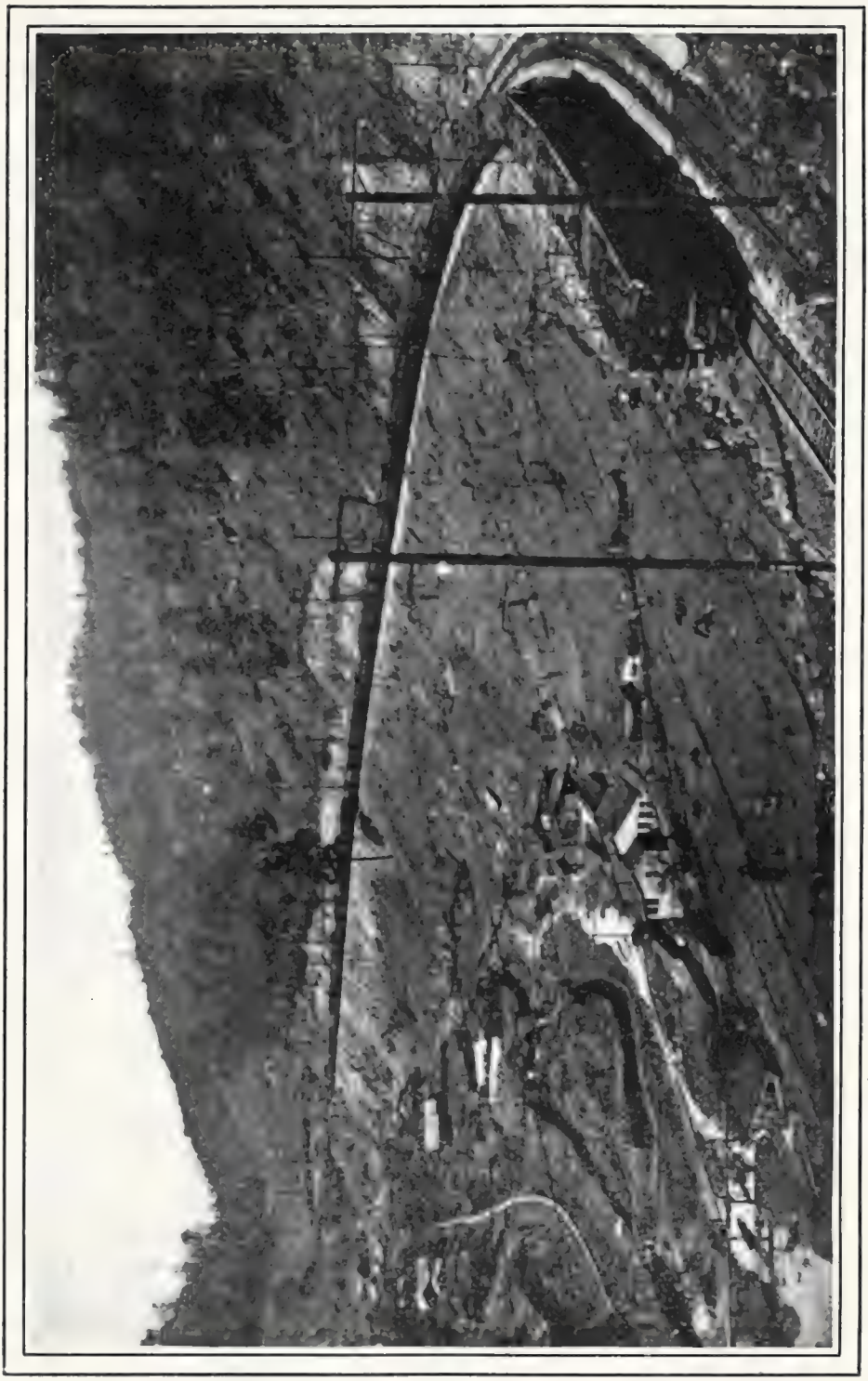
This adoption was largely due to the smoke nuisance and danger which ran hand in hand with the steam locomotion at these places. Now the terminals are free from that dingy appearance common in the days of coal and steam.

After exhaustive experiments, Mr. Lamme announced to the world, in 1902, that he had perfected a single phase railway motor, capable of high speed service. This was the true practical beginning of the present single phase railway system. It was a great spur to railroad electrification activities, both at home and abroad.

One of the first systems to adopt this new method was the St. Clair Tunnel under the Detroit River, which was initiated about 1906. This electrification was necessitated on account of the smoke problem, and the equipment consisted entirely of slow speed locomotives, and the first of these are still in use with a most remarkable record of reliability and low maintenance cost.

Asa F. Batchelder, General Electric engineer, became the real George Stephenson of America, for it was he who designed and installed the largest electrification system for the New York Central's metropolitan district, in Grand Central Terminal. This attracted world-wide attention, and railroad engineers in all parts of the world were closely, eagerly, watching the most congested area on earth lift its burdens with a new, powerful lever.

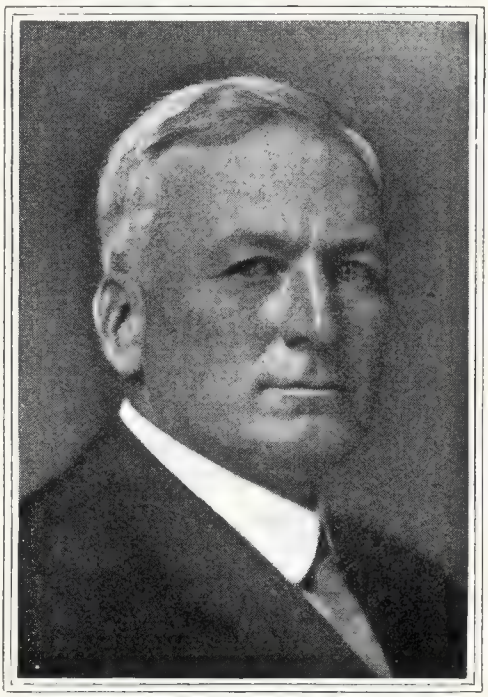
To this hour this system leads, despite extensive electrification work elsewhere. The normal week day passenger traffic movement in and out of the Grand Central Terminal, including both New York Central and New Haven systems, averages 500 trains



Wheeling 6,000 Tons in a Mile-Long Train Up the Two Per Cent Grades on the Virginian Railway

per day, of more than 4,000 cars. The maximum movement for a single day is 800 trains of 6,200 cars. The number of passengers handled in both directions by all trains totals about 135,000 per day, and more than 170,000 have been handled during the holiday rush.

In all the world there is no better example of twentieth century transportation problems than is found in New York City. Every minute of the day more than 2,000,000 horse power is being generated, half of it to feed traction motors. Transcontinental trains and suburban trains—upon the land, above the land and under the land—trains that run over the water on bridges and under the water in tunnels—all electrically propelled, lighted, and heated.



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A. F. Batchelder, Pioneer in Railroad Electrification Work. He Designed and Installed the System in Grand Central Terminal, New York

This greatest of systems has blazed the way to more than 5,000 miles of electrified railroads in the United States, and heralded an entirely new era in the mountain districts of Mexico, Spain, Brazil, Switzerland, Japan and France.

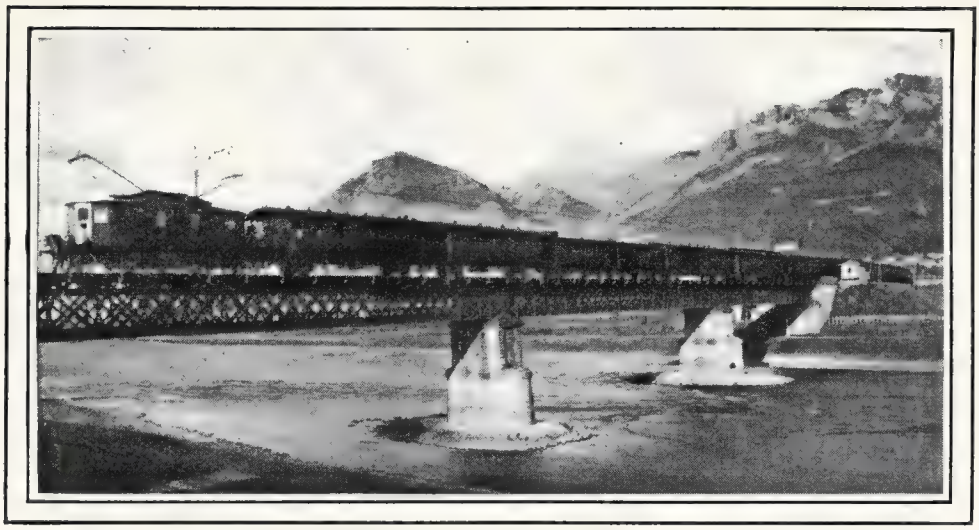
Spread of Electrification

As we contemplate the present extensive electric divisions, it seems difficult to step back to 1894 when the Baltimore and Ohio installed the first electric jack, and was showered with the bitter volley from critics everywhere; even to the extent of having some of their stockholders accuse the management of radical and socialistic tendencies which made them unsafe leaders.

No other project in railroading has been subject to such extreme criticism. The electric locomotive was obliged to penetrate and surmount the same century old prejudices which held back the progress of the steam locomotive, when certain New England towns refused admittance to the railroad, to avert what they termed "so great a calamity to our town as must be the location of any railroad through it."

Neither disparagement, ridicule nor prejudice could stay the working out of the principle which was to place mankind on a new plane, and to revolutionize railroading. Quietly but surely the electric locomotive rolled on, hauling heavier loads, at less cost, and has grown from the 96-ton Baltimore and Ohio jack into the huge Virginian Railway giant which hauls 6,000-ton, mile-long trains over the heavy mountain grades with ease and dispatch.

The higher slopes of the Rockies in Montana are barren wastes, and elec-



A Westinghouse Engine on the Italian State Railway

tric locomotives were not put to work here to eliminate smoke nor boost real estate values, for land is cheap. The Butte, Anaconda and Pacific electrified a 32-mile stretch between Butte and Anaconda, and saved a quarter of a million dollars a year. Some old steam railroaders were pessimistic when the work was started in 1912. But doubt and suspicion gradually melted to open admiration when, in 1913, it was seen that one electric locomotive could haul 200 cars instead of 96 the steam engine pulled. Three electrics did more than four steam engines. The electric pulled a 55-car train up a heavy grade at 16 miles per hour, whereas the steam jack could make but 7 miles an hour.

The success of this venture of electrification spread rapidly. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul were pioneers in extensive adoption of electric motive power in the West.

"Our upgrade trains in the Rockies use seven times as much fuel per mile as is needed for the same train on the level tracks," declared officials. "Why can't we electrify the mountain divisions and eliminate this waste? Much of our coal is hauled several hundred miles from the mines before it is burned. Millions of horse power of electricity are running to waste in the heart of the mountains we so laboriously climb. Why not generate that and make it do the trick?"

Thus, in December, 1915, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul inaugurated electric service over the first of the Rocky Mountain divisions between Three Forks and Deer Lodge, Montana. As additional equipment was received, electrical operations were extended eastward to Harlowton, and westward on the Missoula division to Alberton, and then to Avery.

The motive power on the 440-mile stretch of electrified road included a fleet of thirty 288-ton freight locomotives, twelve 301-ton geared passenger jacks, and two 70-ton switchers. These replaced 112 steam locomotives, including several of the powerful mallet and mikado type. All these were put to work elsewhere on the lines.

Although it cost $12,500,000 to electrify those 440 miles, the one-third

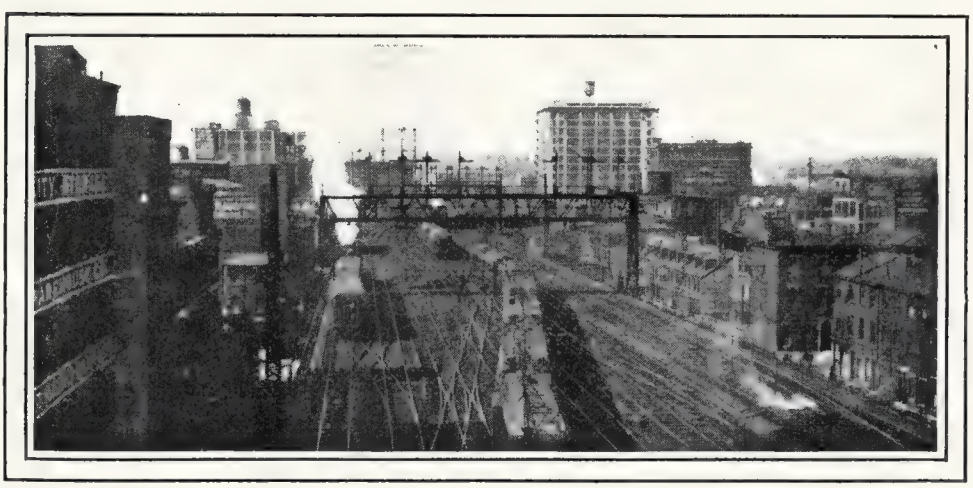
electric fleet hauled more pay loads, in less time, at less expense. And the investment paid a handsome profit from the outset, not counting the 112 steam locomotives released for other work.

So successful was the initial installation that the road in 1919 electrified 217 miles more of its lines, extending over the Cascade Range from Othello in Washington to the coast cities of Seattle and Tacoma. The saving between steam and electric locomotives showed a decrease of 46.6 per cent per year. It cost $5,637,070 to operate the fleet of steam jacks, which hauled 2,178,613,000 ton miles, and $3,008,003 to operate electrics, which hauled 2,247,102,000 ton miles. The total net cost of the electrification of 648 miles was $15,625,000, but the annual saving amounted to $1,900,000, or $19,000,000 at the end of the ten-year period. This not only repaid the cost of adopting electric power, but paid a handsome annual dividend to the stockholders.

When a steam locomotive is going down grade it continues to consume coal and cost money to operate, even though running under its own power. This is not true of the electric. "Regeneration" is a word coined since the creation of the modern electric. It means to recover energy on descending grades, by reversing the function of the electric motors, which reduces the cost of operation and furnishes a ready solution of the difficulty of the braking problem. On the long sustained grades encountered in crossing the mountain ranges, greatest skill is needed to handle either the heavy and varied freight or the high speed passenger trains with the usual braking system. The entire energy of the fast descending train must be dissipated by the friction of the brake shoes on the wheels, thus explaining why brake shoes often become red-hot and compel the crews to hold up trains while they cool off.

A New Kind of Brakes

These hazards are not known to electric locomotion, since they have been eliminated, brake shoes not being used. Incidentally, the wear on the wheels from this cause has disappeared and the "flat wheel" on both passenger



A Westinghouse Equipped Single Phase, Multiple Unit Train Entering Broad Street Station, Philadelphia

and freight trains is a curiosity on electrified lines.

Once the train heads down the slope, the electric locomotive becomes a traveling electric power plant. The electric motors become generators which absorb the energy of the descending train and convert it into electricity, thus restricting the train to a safe speed down grade and at the same time returning electric power to the trolley for use by other trains. The electric braking mechanism automatically controls the speed by regulating the amount of energy fed back to the line.

"The day is not far off when the electricity generated by the descending trains down the Rockies will be sufficient to supply a city of 100,000 people," confided a General Electric engineer, who has had a large part in spanning the western ranges with electric motive power. "The same amount of power from a steam plant would need about 100,000 tons of coal annually, which, delivered to that section of the country, would cost close to a half million dollars."

The steam locomotive, of which three and four were used on each train crossing the mountains, needed inspection and cleaning up every 110 miles. The electrics require a rest only after a 2,500-mile run. As far as repairs are concerned, the machine would make 2,500-mile non-stop runs regularly.

The modern electric requires no coal, and therefore emits no smoke, cinders or ashes; it has no water to freeze. It can work 24 hours a day and is in readiness for instant call, regardless of weather conditions. In every way it is an ideal mountain climbing outfit.

On one road electrics handled the same freight at a reduction of 22.5 per cent in number of trains, 24.5 per cent in average time per train, and improved operating conditions so that nearly 30 per cent more tonnage was handled in 80 per cent of the time required with steam locomotives.

These facts heralded in the era of electrification, and explain in part the present extensive plans. The Pennsylvania is working on a program for electrification between Washington and New York, involving almost 1,000 miles of track. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western has commenced work on its New York suburban lines. The Reading is making plans for its Philadelphia suburban belt, and the New York Central has a plan to electrify its four-track system between New York and Buffalo, involving some 3,000 miles of track.

The position taken by Agnew T. Dice, president of Reading, is typical of that of most railroad executives. Mr. Dice is not ready to consign the steam locomotive to the junk heap; in fact, he doubts whether it ever will be wholly eliminated from American railroading. But he is thoroughly sold on electrification and is a leader in the electrification program, which calls for complete electric service between New York and Philadelphia.

Trains capable of maintaining a uniform speed up to seventy miles an hour will emphasize the progress in railroading since that historic December day, back in 1839, when a little dinky steam locomotive puffed the 58 miles between Reading and Philadelphia with the first train to operate on the Reading line. The sixty thrilled passengers on that train were near the bursting point when the engineer succeeded in pushing his iron horse up to the then amazing speed of 12 miles an hour.

Thus it is that the mother of railroad

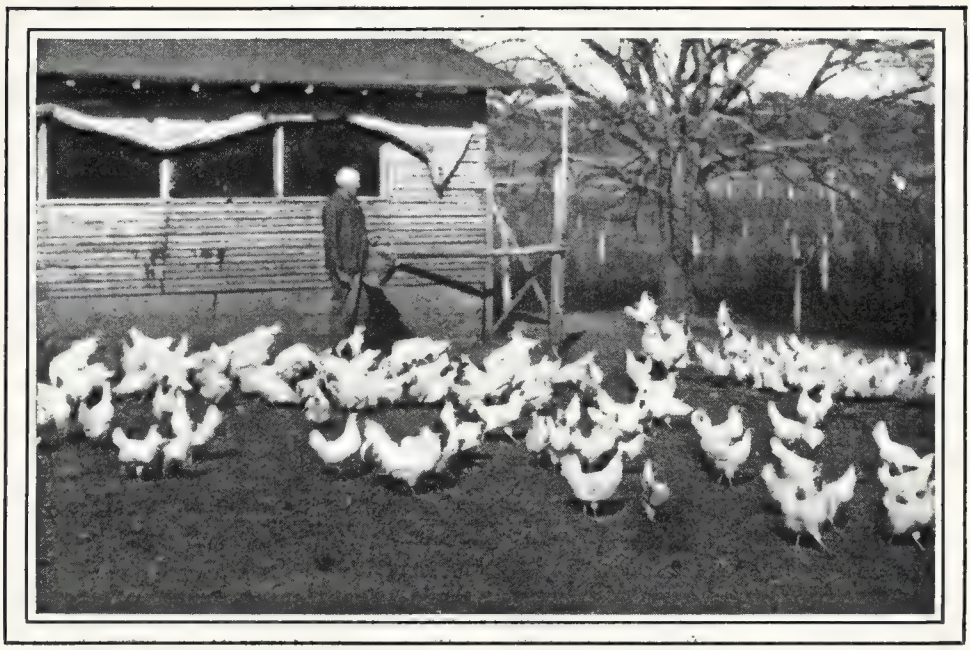
electrification is the same old necessity which has been responsible for most of the progress of mankind during the past twenty centuries, the climax of which has occurred in our own time. And what a romance has been written by the bold engineering pioneers who have blazed the trail to this achievement! There's the story, for instance, of George Westinghouse accepting the contract to electrify the New Haven line, turning to his engineering staff and remarking: "Now I have dropped you into the middle of the pond and it is up to you to swim out!"

And that just about described the situation many electrical engineers were confronted with. On every hand were pinnacled peaked problems to be surmounted; the trail blazers of the new era in transportation were not only obliged to electrify the railroad lines, but to perfect new and powerful locomotives, capable of meeting the demand of continuous day and night service.

George Westinghouse, who had provided the safe air braking system, was at the forefront of the struggle. A similar battle was going on among the ranks of General Electric's staff, and all the technical experience of Baldwin laboratories were marshaled to free railroads of inefficient steam motive power. Soon the 1,000 horse power boiler was surpassed in power, efficiency and economy by an electric jack, the touch of whose little throttle caused mysterious electric current to surge through the power generating machinery to haul longer trains in quicker time, at less expense.

A Pennsylvania Passenger Train at Manhattan Transfer, Where the Electrification Begins for Penn Station

In the electrician we witness a new magical worker, who is fast conquering the world's problems with weapons so subtle and forceful that he outstrips the old fire user at every point. He provides us energy in the one phase which may instantly and fully pass into any other phase. A touch and electricity spins the massive locomotive. Turn a switch and desire becomes enacted law. It's just as easy as that!



Through the Efforts of the Railroad, Mr. Moore, Shown Here With His Flock, Has Profited Well

Frisco's Rural Booster

Mrs. Temple Carries the Banner of Railroad Benefaction to Domestic Life Along the Main Line

By Martha C. Moore

THERE is, on the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company, a woman whose duty is solely that of contact work with friends and patrons along the Frisco's right of way from Menard, Texas, to St. Louis, and from Birmingham, Alabama, to Ellsworth, Kansas, and it would be safe to estimate that she comes in personal contact with more potential patrons of Frisco Lines than any woman in its employ. It is probable that her record equals that of the best contact men.

Mrs. Elizabeth Temple, of Springfield, Missouri, is titled Home Economics Supervisor, a designation as unique as the work she undertakes.

Her message is to the farm women in the interest of their poultry flocks, their homes and their environs. During 1928 she held a total of six hundred meetings in various communities, and rough figures have it that these meetings were attended by approximately fifty thousand men and women, who have developed the land in the Frisco's nine-State territory into the

most productive farm lands to be found in the United States. Not only does she cull the flocks, but she teaches the housewife to can her own commodities, to make her own rugs, to improve the arrangement of her kitchen, and, if there is time, attention is turned toward landscaping the yards and grounds adjacent to the farmhouse.

Mrs. Elizabeth Temple, of Springfield, Mo., Who Has One of the Most Unusual Jobs in the Great Game of Railroading

Her training came from practical experience. During 1917 she served as Home Demonstration Agent at Van Buren, Arkansas. She was later made a district agent, and finally a County Home Demonstration Agent in Benton County, Arkansas. She came with Frisco Lines on February 1, 1925.

One of her first tasks was to check up on the poultry conditions along the route, as to the origin of the shipments and growth of the industry. To report diseased conditions of flocks, and to decide where the most work was to be done. It was also necessary that she check up with both the dealers and producers, and to establish a market for higher quality and better eggs—according to United States standard grading. This standard designates correct color, size, and shape of eggs, with good shell quality, guarantee that the eggs are infertile, and that they are packed well for shipping.

Good eggs come from good, healthy flocks, and so Mrs. Temple began her series of meetings in communities. One hundred and two meetings were sponsored by civic community clubs such as the Lions, Kiwanis and Rotary, and also by the chambers of commerce of various towns. At these meetings Mrs. Temple discussed the questions which were of interest to every owner of a flock. To obtain high production at less cost and less labor was a paramount issue. Nonproductive hens must be culled from the flock, diseased conditions must be corrected, proper feed, sanitary houses — all these questions were touched and stressed. Hens would be brought to the meeting, and Mrs. Temple not only taught each farmer and wife how to cull their own flock, but she advised the proper feeding to produce greater production.

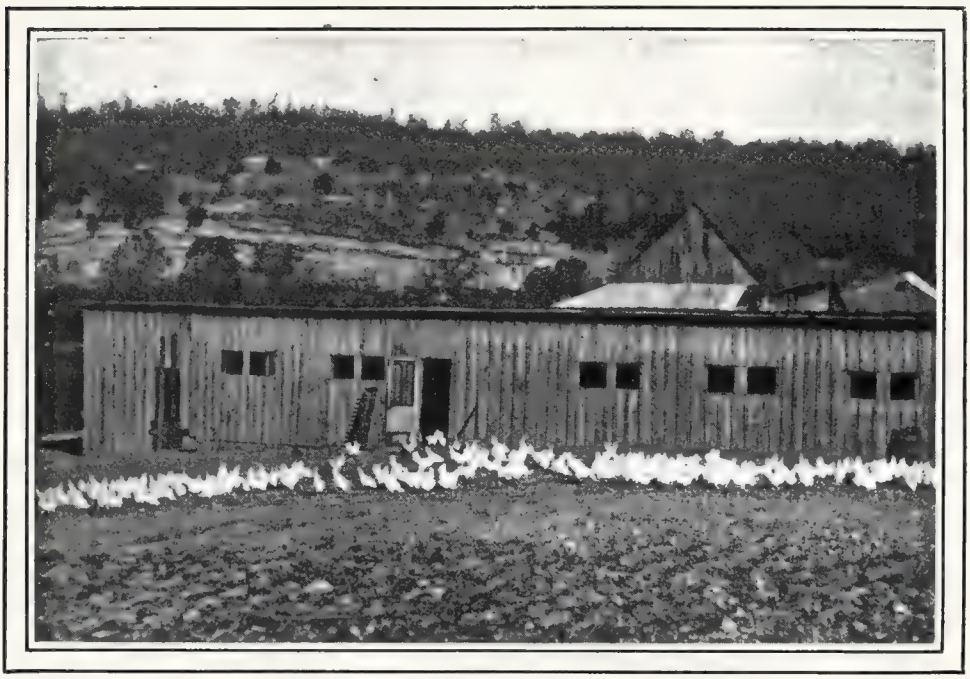
One unique phase of the poultry work which Mrs. Temple sponsors is the poultry school. Twelve of these were held during 1928 in county seats where some local organization or person arranged a meeting, and farmers and their wives came in for a two or three day meeting. On each day different phases of the poultry and turkey problems were discussed, such as breeding, feeding, culling, reducing

cost and increasing profits and marketing.

Six poultry campaigns were sponsored which meant that, taking the county seat as a center, ten to fifteen farms were visited during the week and the conditions checked.

" When we first started the work on this record system they can find the productive or nonproductive part of the poultry line on their farm, and naturally the farmers who have kept this record show a nice profit."

For a time there was an increase in the white flocks, but this year the industry took a turn back to the produc-



Bill McNeil's Flock on His Place at Rogers, Arkansas, Shows the Result of Scientific Work

Frisco Lines, it was difficult to find out whether the flock of a certain farm was a credit or loss," Mrs. Temple said. " There were no books or records kept. We could not find out if too much was paid for feed or housing, and we did not know where to cut down.

" In the last five years there has been a great change in that direction. On nearly all the farms where there are as many as two hundred hens, an accurate record is kept of daily egg production, cost of feed and sales. The farmers are growing businesslike, and through tion of the heavier breeds and brown-shelled eggs, bringing a real help to market conditions. There is always a good demand for brown-shelled eggs for local dealers. While there are more White Leghorn flocks, during 1929 the Rocks, Reds, Wyandottes, and Orpingtons swung back into increased popularity.

While more attention is turned toward the poultry line, the steam pressure canner for home use has been introduced by Mrs. Temple. This canning device saves time and money for the housewife. If the price of the

farm commodity is down, she may can enough to last the family during the winter months instead of selling at a loss.

Less Kitchen Work

"The canning of beef is an interesting phase of the work," Mrs. Temple explained. "The animal is killed one day and the meat allowed to cool overnight. The next day it is cut into portions and cooked slightly before being placed into the cans. Suppose Mary or John are fond of Swiss steak. The housewife prepares the steak in the usual way, except she does not cook it until it is entirely done. It is then rolled and placed in the can and then in the steam pressure canner for a short time and sealed. When, during the winter they suggest Swiss steak for dinner, the can is taken from the shelf, boiled in hot water for fifteen minutes, and it is ready to be served. Besides the beef, whole chickens are canned.

"Very few people like the neck or the flank, but the housewife may make these parts of the beef into chili and hash. It enables her to save every usable bit of the beef, which reduces her grocery bill by many dollars."

From the scraps of goods and materials around the house, Mrs. Temple has taught housewives to make beautiful braided rugs and carpets, and she has found a market for them. This art of rug making has taken the country by storm, and besides pleasantly employing the time of the housewife, it puts dollars into the bank. During 1929 two of the rug makers on Frisco Lines reported to her that they had cleared one hundred and fifty dollars in the last year from their rugs, the largest price paid for an oval braided rug, three feet by five feet, being eighteen dollars.

The kitchen, where the housewife spends many hours, is sometimes not arranged for the greatest amount of convenience. Mrs. Temple plans the kitchen to conserve steps and also gives suggestions on the rearrangement of the farm home to make it as attractive as possible.

The yard is not neglected, either, and she suggests the proper arrangement for landscaping which always adds to the beauty of the farmhouse.

"In this work," she said, "we lay particular emphasis on marketing our poultry, eggs, and other commodities. With the tenant farmer we stress marketing and his record with the bank, and that every tenant should own his own farm. Anything which is his, he is more interested in. By proper marketing of crops, the bank account is swelled, enabling the tenant farmer to make the first payment on a farm of his own. His interest, and the interest of his family will increase because they want to make the second payment and the following ones.

"All of the work is done with the object in mind of the permanent farming community, where the owners operate and live on their own farms and are interested in building up their farm conditions and a fine community spirit."

In referring to special cases, Mrs. Temple said: "I have in mind one woman, who in the first year raised sixty-six turkeys to market, kept eight at home, and cleared $225 above all expenses. She made $600 in her second year, built a beautiful new bungalow, and expects to make her turkeys finish the payments on it."

One finds her traveling the Frisco Lines constantly, and she is making a huge success of this new and most unique position.

"Wet Nursing a Lot of Scrap-heaps on a Stretch of Rust".

The Great American Boomer

He Nursed 'Em and Tied 'Em Down on Many Roads—but Hopped the Main Iron When War Promised New Adventure

By Charles W. Tyler

I SHALL call him "Shorty," because that was not his nickname, and he was six feet two inches tall. His last name does not matter. And there are those who would just like to remember him as they last saw him—in the uniform of the Royal Flying Corps.

Shorty was long legged and lanky, and a little stooped when I first knew him. He was clean cut, pink cheeked, with mild gray eyes and light hair. He was a boomer.

And now, because there are people who have discredited all wanderers in general and railroad boomers in particular, I wish to point out that but for the boomers, America would never have been discovered; the Pacific would have been unknown; the West would never have been settled; the jungles would have remained unexplored.

The urge to see what is around the bend is in most of us. And we pack up the old kit bag and shove off, or just sit back and shut our eyes and do it in our dreams.

But for the boomer instinct, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh would still be flying the air mail. The footsteps of the Franciscans, would have left their imprints no farther than the shores of their native Spain, and the missions of the Southwest would never have been established.

Conquest. It doesn't make so much difference whether the expedition starts out with a galleon or two hunks of shoe leather, the deep rooted urge is born of the same spirit.

Sad to relate, the railroad boomer appears to be forsaking his old haunts, like the dodo. Well, maybe the He-Haw Mikes and the Chaw-Chaws and the Soapy Wilsons and the Joneses have gone to selling pencils or walking the floor with twins or following the fruit, as the railroads, for efficiency and economic reasons, fall back on the home guard to keep the wheels rolling, but, nevertheless, their sons and daughters are carrying on very nicely. Just now most of them are squirting around the sky, looking for a place to land the old crate.

I shall attempt to record here the transition of Shorty. Shorty was no better and no worse than the rest of us, and he was more or less typical of his kind—happy-go-lucky, big hearted; quick to resent what he was pleased to consider an infringement of his inalienable rights, and totally without regard for the dignity of brass collars.

I met Shorty in Gardner, Massachusetts, in the winter of 1912-13. We were both firing out of Fitchburg. Motive power was at a premium, as the Boston and Maine was not at that time using any of their new 2600 class engines. Traffic was heavy, and the hog law was tying extras up all over the division. Shorty and I were dog catching, that is, we, in company with the hogheads, shacks and crummy grabbers, had been called to deadhead to Gardner and bring in a couple of freights that had been tied up there because of the sixteen-hour law.

Shorty's disposition was as porous as a leaky flue. In fact, he didn't have any disposition. He was just on the gnaw. His eight hours rest had not been up when the call boy poked the book at him, and he had a hangover—and he was sick of railroading in this neck of the woods anyhow.

Why a man would waste his fair young life wet nursing a lot of so-and-so and such-and-such of scrap heaps on a stretch of rust like this was a mystery to him. Surely there were greener, sweet pastures, where a guy could mark up, than this frozen, humped-up pike, and he would search them out directly and railroad a few in yon smiling clime.

Chisholm, O. C., now of the Bureau of Safety, Interstate Commerce Commission, was rooming with me at Mrs. Wallace's on Lunenburg Street, in Fitchburg, and Shorty had a room across the kitchen and down the hall. Shorty had a penchant toward cleanliness, in particular after he had likkered slightly, and it was his delight to spend a major portion of his hours off duty acquiring a beautiful jag.

Shorty carried his load well up in the bow, if one were to judge from appearances, and he would wend his joyous way homeward bent in the middle like a hairpin, with his hands practically dragging on the ground. He then disrobed, filled the bathtub and climbed in for a beautiful sleep.

And, in the course of time, the call boy would ferret him out to proclaim the glad tidings that Shorty was wanted to relieve the fireman on that Northampton job, No. 259. She was a cross-country rawhide that agitated itself between Lawrence, Massachusetts, and aforesaid Northampton. It was a third class freight, and its goings and comings convulsed the gods with mirth, I am sure, and the name by which the train was known is nobody's business.

Or, perhaps, Shorty was wanted to fire the Mickeyville job, or an extra to Bellows Falls.

Shorty, once aroused and acquainted with the desires of the Boston and

Maine in that quaint, demure way that call boys have, would sign the book; then kiss the caller, or curse him, as the mood moved him. Then having fulfilled his immediate moral obligations, he would return to the bosom of old man Morpheus.

And very probably that is where Shorty would still be about the time that certain choleric, not to say blood-mad, individuals would be telephoning here and yon and bouncing from crag to crag in the vicinity of the East Fitchburg roundhouse in search of "that worthless fireman."

In the course of time, Shorty's propensity to slumber in the bathtub, or elsewhere, after he had affixed his John Hancock to the call boy's album, irked the powers. And, at last, word was conveyed to Shorty that unless his latest explanation far surpassed those previously set forth in originality and accuracy, it was just a question whether they took him out and shot him in the cold, gray dawn, or implored him to confer upon them one active, good-order resignation, to take effect immediately, or slightly sooner than that.

Immediately Shorty raised his hands in shocked surprise that they should dare question his intentions and high purposes. Then he got up on his hind legs and let out a loud wail of anguish. If his personal habits and shortcomings so lacerated the sensibilities of the brass collars, he would quit the this-and-such of a job right now. He'd leave 'em flat, and they could struggle along as best they could without his valuable services. There he had gone and put himself out to keep some of their old teakettles hot, and otherwise make things function up and down the pike, and this was the way they showed their gratitude.

Oh, well! Adios!

Months passed.

A Strange and New Job

I heard of Shorty via the boomer telegraph now and then. A tallowpot had seen him down on the New Haven, or a shack had tried to drink him under the table in Rotterdam.

At last there was a hurriedly scrawled card from Newport, Virginia. Business had become bad on the railroads, and Shorty had gone into the Navy. He had hoisted a few, and then enlisted.

This was really the tragic point in Shorty's life. He got here his first severe touch of discipline. It dazed him. When a superior gave an order it was obeyed, or Shorty suffered the consequences. The Navy straight-armed him. There was no signing the book here, and then going to sleep again, while he explained later to a wrathy but big hearted roundhouse foreman that he had been stricken with a terrible illness.

When the Navy spoke, Shorty clicked his heels and snapped to attention. There was no drifting on when his feet itched, and itch they did. He couldn't tell the brass collars here to go to grass. In fact, Shorty didn't tell much of anything to anybody. Certain other worthies did all of the telling, and Shorty took it. Of course, there was shore leave—which he made the most of.

A letter came finally. It was dated at Tampico, Mexico, December 13, 1914. I am going to let you read it:

DEAR FRIEND:

Just a few lines from a lonesome tallowpot. I was transferred to this ship as soon as I got back to Norfolk, and we sailed for this dump the next day. Dog-gone, such a life. We have been

down here three months and haven't had any liberty since we left the States. We leave here Wednesday for Vera Cruz, where we will be the flagship of the fleet in Mexican waters. We'll get some liberty too.

As soon as I get a chance I'm going to buy out of this man's Navy. The call of the rails is darn strong. I wa'n't ever meant for a sailor. I boomed so long that it is stronger in me than anything else. Write and let me know how conditions are, and if there would be any chance of me getting a job on the road now. I hear that things are pretty slow. I have wished a hundred times that I was back on one of the good jobs I've held down. I was a fool to keep on booming. Well, old man, so long now.

SHORTY.

U. S. S. Rhode Island,
Care, Postmaster, New York.

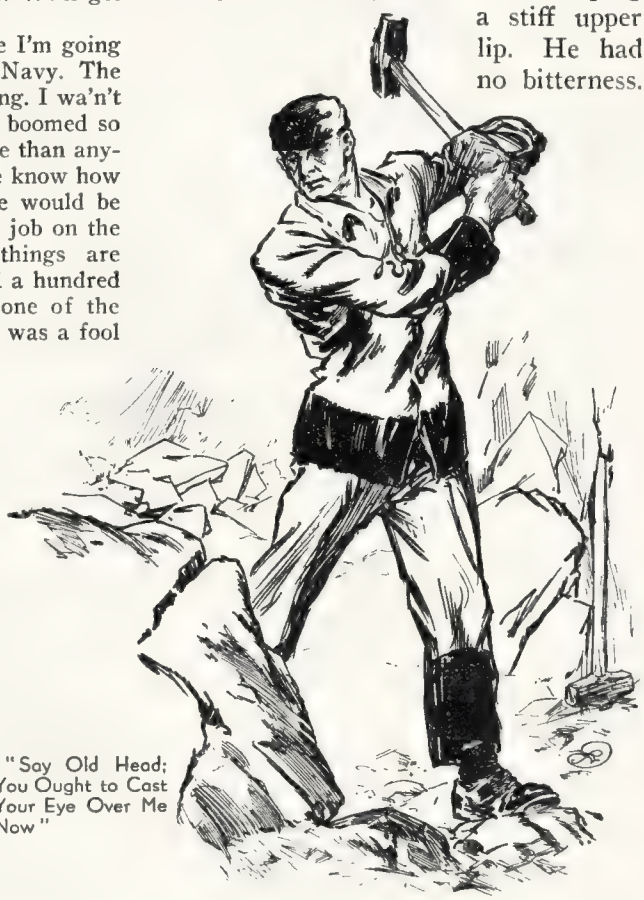
A little plaintive note there. Shorty missed the t h u n d e r i n g trains. Again there was a long time, and no word from Shorty. At last a letter came from New Orleans.

It appeared that our friend Shorty, after a fashion, resorted to his old trick of going to sleep in the bathtub. The Rhode Island put into New Orleans, and he had shore leave. He went on a beautiful bat and let the boat go off without him.

And then, having sobered up and shaved and thought up a fine excuse, he moseyed forth and reported to the commandant, who I shall refer to, in the language of Shorty, as the "Old Man."

Apparently Shorty told a most convincing story, for, as I remember it, they put him on probation at the naval station and everything was fine.

Came another letter, dated at the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, New Orleans. Things were breaking pretty tough for Shorty, but he was keeping a stiff upper lip. He had no bitterness.



"Say Old Head; You Ought to Cast Your Eye Over Me Now"

You couldn't have your cake and eat it in this man's war.

Well, Old Head, I'm in the Mill. Too much Fourth of July, I guess. I went on five days' liberty Saturday. It was a large celebration. Tuesday I dolled myself all up in civies and prowled over to the Recruiting Station and enlisted as an electrician, second class. I don't know just what the idea was. I guess I felt like they would ship me off somewhere, and I'd be traveling again. I got by with everything until they examined me. They spied that

tattooing on my arms of the Navy. They says have I ever been in the Navy? and I says no.

Finally they started looking up the records, and I fitted right in the description of a deserter. So they held me under guard, and sent me here. The Old Man looked me over, and it was all off. Good-by, Shorty. I was on probation in the first place, and now I think they are going to shoot me.

Oh, boy, don't I wish I was back on that work train on the C. & N. W. at Iron River.

Yours in sin,

SHORTY.

The School of Hard Knocks and the Academy of Experience. Shorty was working his way through, and what an education it was. Not alone Shorty, but thousands of others enroll at the grim portals there and pass on, each working out his own salvation according to the stuff he is made of.

This last letter from New Orleans was dated August 13, 1915:

Well, Old Pal, I'm booming again. I'm high balling North. I feel pretty tough.

I told you I got three months' pay and restriction on my court-martial, but they overlooked the fact that I was on probation. When the sentence recommended came up to be approved it was thrown out. I talked with the Old Man, and he asked me if I had any friends at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. When I says, "No, I ain't," he says I'd better write up there and get acquainted.

The court reconvened, and I got six months in the Naval Prison at Portsmouth. I'm starting for there to-night. I go by train to Norfolk, and this is one ride I'm going to remember a long time, boy. From Norfolk we take the Merchants and Miners boat for Boston. I won't be dropping in on you this trip, Old Timer.

I sure got into something that I wa'n't looking for, and I will be out of the Navy sooner than I expected. Dishonorably discharged. I didn't want to get out like that.

Well, I don't know whether you want to get letters on prison stationery or not, but, my gosh, I'll appreciate hearing from you once in a while. The address is just—Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

SHORTY.

I received a letter from Shorty, dated at the United States Naval Prison, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in September. September 26, 1915. Here it is:

DEAR OLD MAN:

I received the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINES last week, and you don't know how much I'm enjoying them. It makes me feel like times of old when I was booming this great land of ours. Oh, boy, when I hear those whistles at night. Somewhere a hoghead is calling in the flag, and they're going on, but I've got to stay here. Say, it hurts. But I'm not kicking. I had my chance, and this is what I made of it. I wish I could do it all over again.

To-day is the day of rest. I write, read, sleep a little, eat three times and go to the movies to-night. Five reels of 'em.

To-morrow I go back to the rock pile again. Believe me, I'm getting to like that rock pile. When I get done making little ones out of big ones, me for Whitefish, Montana, and the Big G's Mallets. I bet I can keep all of them sixteen drivers turning all right.

Are you going to take in any of the world series? I sure would like to, but I guess I won't this year.

Well, old timer, I guess I will have to pull the pin and get my rest. See you next Sunday.

Yours,

SHORTY.

There were letters from Shorty every week. Like a fighter in training, he was getting himself in shape to swing a scoop when he got out of prison. To quote an expression of his:

"All I want is to get two hands full of train and go."

On November 21, he wrote:

Well, Old Man, I am working with the drill gang now. I like that better. We drill and blast the rock out of the stockade. They are building a playground for the prisoners. It is solid rock, and the wall twelve foot. It's going to take some time to finish, and I won't be here to get the benefit of it.

Say, there isn't anything like good hard work to keep a fellow happy, is there? I plug away outside for eight hours and come in with an appetite like a horse. We have school three nights a week until seven-thirty P.M., and eight o'clock always finds me sound asleep. We turn out at five-thirty A.M., and are busy pretty near every minute until supper. A day comes and is gone before you have time to think about it.

I was up before the commanding officer yesterday to see if he couldn't give me a little good time. But nothing doing! Washington has done set out all of my good time and set a binder on it. I can see where Shorty's address is the Naval Prison, Portsmouth, until next May. Well, it's only five and a butt, so I should worry.

See you later,

SHORTY.

And on December 19:

Say, Old Head, you ought to cast your eye over me now. I look like a flock of semaphore arms. They have got me all decorated up. My trousers, from the knee to the bottom, are bright scarlet. There is a band of the same color six inches wide around the bottom of my coat. They call me Red Legs.

There are four classes of conduct, and Red Legs is the last one. We are a sort of special bad order outfit. I do just manage to get in wrong about every so often.

And then December 26, 1915:

I think I may be restored to duty if things break right. They restore a lot of fellows when they have got in half of their time. I'll have half of mine in soon. Believe me, if I ever do get a chance, things are going to be different than they have. In all of the time that I worked railroading and the time that I was in the service, I don't believe I ever tried to do anything that was right. I sure made things howl some, but I can't see where it ever got me anywhere. My folks ditched me long ago, as just plumb no account. I've got to make good before I can go home again. They don't know where I am now, and I'm awful glad of that. Some time I'll try and make up. They'd like to be proud of me, but they can't.

We had a fine Christmas here, with turkey and all the fixings. There was a minstrel show, given by the prisoners, and it was very good. To-night there are movies; so take it all around it wa'n't such a bad old Xmas. Next year I may be shoveling coal into some old hog, and cussing because I can't get time to jump off and grab a cup of Java. Oh, well, that's only a dream of the dim and distant future.

SHORTY.

Time slips by, and spring comes, and new hope springs eternal in the bosom of the boomer at Portsmouth who was rapidly becoming a new man.

"I am getting to be a 'short timer'," he writes exultantly. And goes on: "The sun is shining even in here. My feet are itching, and I can hardly wait. I heard business was good on the railroads. I hope there is a job left for me when I get out. There won't be any chance for me on the Boston and Maine and the New Haven, I know. I quit 'em under a cloud. But there are a lot of other roads I haven't drawn pay from yet."

Then, on April 16, 1916: "I'm getting so short I can sleep in a corner. Thirty-four days, and it will be shows, baseball—and freedom!" He didn't mention booze.

A little over a month later I met

"I'm a Regular Aviator Now, and Am Going to Continue as Such Until the Ground Comes Up and Busts Me"

Shorty in Boston. His hair was a trifle short, but he was clean and in splendid shape physically. He looked as hard as nails.

We went to a show, and had a feed, and talked over old times. Shorty said nothing about celebrating by getting lit. He seemed changed somehow. He wasn't the Shorty I had known in Fitchburg. He was quiet, thoughtful and older.

A few days later Shorty marked up at Allston, on the Boston and Albany. He was back again with his beloved railroad, on the spare board, of course, but supremely happy. He hinted that he might stick with the Boston and Albany. He liked the road.

On July 16, 1916, he wrote after this fashion:

DEAR TY:

This is to let you know that I'm the most disgusted smoke in this neck of the woods. You know that switch animal I wrote you about—the d i n k y thing where I have to stand on my head to look in the firebox? Well, I have s t i l l got the damned thing, and I guess I'll always have it.

A fireman bid it in, and now he won't take it. I caught it, and I've got to keep it. I have been d o w n to the roundhouse and fought with the whole works—the M. M., the Road Foreman of Engines, the engine dispatchers, and a few more. I raised true boomer hell. I marked up sick Friday and Saturday, and they put me on it Sunday and n o w I'm sicker. I asked 'em like a gentleman would they fire me, and they said no. So I guess I got to quit.

SHORTY.

At East Deerfield, Massachusetts, Shorty wrote as follows on July 21:

Well, Old Man, I just naturally climbed off that dinky switching engine in Boston—and here I am. I'm doing a stunt of braking under the name of Moran. I don't care much for East Deerfield. I'll be heading out soon.

A card from Conneaut, Ohio, on August 10 announced that Shorty was *en route*.

"Am going over to Albion to-day

and try the Bessemer," he wrote. "I worked one trip on the B. R. & P. out of Rochester, and we called it square. They work strict seniority there. I marked up first out, and in the morning I was four times out—nothing doing."

The next word of Shorty came from Forsythe, Montana, on September 25. He mentioned that, in passing, he had tried the Erie. He had been a hostler there, and one night started down the long lead toward the Hocking Valley crossing with a big engine. In some manner he managed to go through a derail, and thus terminated his job on the Erie.

On November 13, Shorty wrote to the old RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for my address. He was then in Miles City, Montana. He dropped me a line from there the first of December.

> I have just pulled the pin, and am on the tramp. I have been chucking about thirty tons of coal a day into the bellies of these Mallets, and I'm kind of sick of it. I made $176 in October and $184 in November, so you see business has not been so rotten here.
>
> They tell me the Big G is pretty badly off just now, and I guess I'll go up there and get them going. Everything is moving fine here, and I figure they can spare me for a while. But first I've got to get rid of about $200, but that won't take long.
>
> No. 17 is due pretty soon, and I'm going to wander up to the depot and interview the brothers regarding the chances of riding without the formality of buying a ticket.
>
> In haste,
>
> SHORTY.

A card from Havre, Montana, December 7, was as follows:

> The wind blows so hard in this country that when you lose your hat you don't chase it, but just wait for another one to come along in a minute. Leaving to-night.

He wrote from Butte on the twenty-fourth:

> Am doing a stunt of switching on the N. P. here. Ride everything and club brakes all day. I don't expect to stay long.

Shorty's next abode was at 220 West Second South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. He was working for the Denver and Rio Grande. He was a brakeman. This was in February, 1917. A short time later Shorty quit the D. & R. G. and went to work for the Oregon Short Line.

However, on March 10 he was at Helper, Utah, again in the employ of the Denver and Rio Grande. He was still working out of Helper on July 14. Shorty evidently rather liked the D. & R. G., and got quite a thrill out of riding 'em through the mountains. Now he was doing a job of braking, and now he was firing, and now he was snaking in the yards. It worried him that he had considerable pay piling up, and he was wondering what he had better do about it.

"I expect any day to be called on to take the super's job," he wrote, "or the president's. Up to the present I have been brakeman on both divisions, hostled two days, fired three trips, was assistant yardmaster a couple of nights and am switching just now. But it won't be long."

On the fourteenth of July he concluded his letter with: "They are playing 'Where is my Boomer Boy To-night,' and I am on my way. You'll hear from me when I get somewhere."

I am not sure, but I am under the impression that he next worked a few days on the Iron Range at Duluth. When Shorty moved, he moved fast.

It was on August 5, 1917, that he dated a letter at Long Branch, On-

tario. Shorty was a cadet in the Royal Flying Corps! He wrote:

Well, Old Boy, I have taken sides in this man's war, and have marked up here for a job as hogger on an air buggy. You know I sort of left Uncle Sam's service with a pretty big black mark against me. I always hoped I could make up for that somehow. It hurt, the way I came out of the Navy. It was the biggest licking I ever got. This time I'm going to try and make good.

I'll be here another week, and then I get my first flying. I will get two hours in the air to see if I still want to be a pilot. It is pretty strenuous in camp—all work and not much play. We're getting whipped into shape for war, and they put everybody through just as quick as they can. It takes about four months to get through. We get instruction, besides, in airplanes, in automobiles, motor cycles, machine guns, wireless and photography.

This is the summer school. The winter school will be in Texas. I don't know how I'm going to make out, but I'm trying anyhow.

Best regards,

SHORTY.

R. F. C., Cadet Wing 74407,
Long Branch, Ontario, Canada.

And from Toronto, Ontario, dated September 23, 1917:

DEAR OLD TIMER:

I am getting to be very well pleased with this man's war. I have been at North Toronto for the past week under instruction in flying, and go to Deseronto to-morrow for my solo flying. I am a reg'lar aviator now, and am going to continue as such until the ground come up and busts me. I'll be in Deseronto for about two weeks, and then we go to Camp Borden or Texas.

I am still a railroad boomer in my dreams.

So long,

SHORTY.

The next letter was on the stationery of the Royal Flying Corps. It was dated at Deseronto, Ontario, October 3, 1917:

Well, Old Man, I have been trying to figure out for the past ten days how many hands a guy is supposed to have in this outfit. Between flying a ship, you've got a machine gun and a wireless outfit, and maybe a camera and perhaps a few light bombs, and a whatsis and a gadget until a man's head is all wound up.

I have been here about ten days. The first day seven planes cracked up, but none of the pilots were badly hurt. One fellow has crashed six or seven planes and is still going strong. It's a good thing he ain't working for the Boston and Maine or the Great Northern. They don't know when they're lucky. Well, it's time to feed.

Best wishes,

SHORTY.

85th Squadron,
Camp Rathbern,
Deseronto, Ontario.

And again on November 1:

Well, thank God, my session with the training wing is 'most over. Less than a month now. It has been pretty hard going sometimes, but I'm mighty near over the hump, and I guess I've got just about steam to make it without stalling on the grade, and won't have to stop and blow the old goat hot.

I don't know, but I sort of figure it out that my actual railroading days are over. Honest, it kind of gets under my hide. I miss the old freights booming through, and the high iron rattlers fanning by with a whoosh and a screech. I miss the boys, and even the run-ins with the brass collars. Say, they wa'n't a bad bunch at that. Made a lot of noise, but their hearts were right.

Do you remember Morgan, who used to be at East Fitchburg? Him and I got along just like two tomcats, but if I could see him now I'd run up and kiss him. I was an awful sap way back there, all right. This being hoghead on a crate in the air is good enough, but I miss the trains.

I have reached the stage of aerobatics. You know—looping and dives and spins and such capers.

Sincerely,

SHORTY.

91st Squadron, R. F. C.,
Leaside, North Toronto.

Came a day in December when I had a telegram from Shorty. "Meet me at the Adams House Friday noon," it read.

Let me say right here that one of the biggest thrills I ever got was in seeing Shorty, great American Boomer, in the uniform of the Royal Flying Corps. The nifty little hat perched on the side of his head, the trim uniform, with its insignia of the Royal Flying Corps—Shorty's wings—the Sam Browne belt, the high, stiff-legged boots, the shoulder straps and the cane.

It was a long step from the fretful Shorty who had climbed into the cab of that grimy old freight hauler at Gardner that winter night of 1912-13 to the tall, clean-cut second lieutenant I saw before me. It was a long step from the Shorty who went to Portsmouth to this officer of the Royal Flying Corps. A man had been made.

Shorty was graduating, with honors, from the School of Life. The University of Hard Knocks had taught him much that a man must know. And he had learned his lesson well.

"I'm going home to see the folks," he told me. He smiled a little wistfully. "They never knew about that stunt of rock busting I did at Portsmouth."

We had dinner together, shook hands and said good-by. Shorty went home, and I know they were very, very proud of him. For he had grown into a man. He was no longer the reckless, tough, devil-may-care youth who had gone away years before. The world had rubbed the rough edges off.

He was tall and straight and good to look at, was Shorty the soldier. No hint here of the boomer of old, in this officer of the Royal Flying Corps. It was only when you talked with him that you found him the same old Shorty.

As I took leave of him, I stopped once to look back, and found others watching after him. And I was mighty proud to have known him. The crowd on Washington Street, Boston, closed about him, and he was gone. I never saw him again after he passed through that crowd of admirers.

At last there came a letter from Shotwick, Queen's Ferry, Chester, England. It was dated February 8, 1918:

DEAR CHARLES:

Will drop you a line to let you know where I am. This camp is just in the making, so we are a little up against it for conveniences. There are about five hundred German prisoners doing the work, and they are slowly getting everything in shape.

This squadron is expected to go to—(Here the censor's shears had neatly done their work, and the name was gone.) We are training for fast scout machines. I am glad that they did not put me on a bombing or observation ship. This work looks more adventuresome and active. The planes we are using are very small and very fast. They carry just the pilot. The machines we will use in France are still faster. It's hard for an old boomer like me to realize that I'm in this game. I sort of feel that I'm somebody else. Well, I must close.

As ever,

SHORTY.

90th Squadron, R. F. C.

The next letter was the last. It was on the stationery of the Royal Flying Corps—the crown above, the wings flanking the letters RFC, and below

the phrase *per ardua ad astra.* Through difficulties to the stars.

DEAR OLD FRIEND:

I am still drilling away here, trying to get into shape so they'll trust me in France. I am now flying the very latest and fastest machines, and I get quite a kick out of them. They are wonderful, and I wish I could tell you something about them. I can't say much. A couple of my letters came back because I made a little too much black smoke.

An American squadron arrived here for training a little while ago. It was good to see them.

I am doing cross-country flying now, and I like that. It isn't much like cross-country booming. I got lost a couple of times, but found my way back finally.

I'll be a full lieutenant in a week or so, or a first lieutenant, as they would say back home. Tell me what is going on on the railroads, and all of the news. I wonder if they miss me?

I've got to say good-by for now. Your old pal,

SHORTY.

On April 25, 1918, Shorty was killed in a fall. He was a first lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps; a long step from a boomer, but he was still a boomer in his heart, because his letters have told us so.

Lots of times when I hear the whistles of the trains at night I think of Shorty. And I wonder if he hears them, too, as they wail their requiem to the souls of those railroad men who are wandering through those worlds across the Great Divide.

A MECHANICAL COMPLEX

BUT a short while after Jimmy Collins, engineman, married the country school-teacher, Betty Growe, the newlyweds stopped in a confectioner's one evening for refreshments.

About the time the blissful ones had been seated and served, along came a gentleman acquaintance, who paused on his way out to exchange greetings with the beaming husband. And, in due course, the conversational trend led promptly to its most natural complex:

"I see you brought old Bettsie in for another blowout to-night, Jimmy," observed the gentleman, casually fixing his gaze upon the soda fizz the blushing bride was sipping at the time. "What seems to be the trouble with the old girl, anyway? Can't she carry her suds any more?"

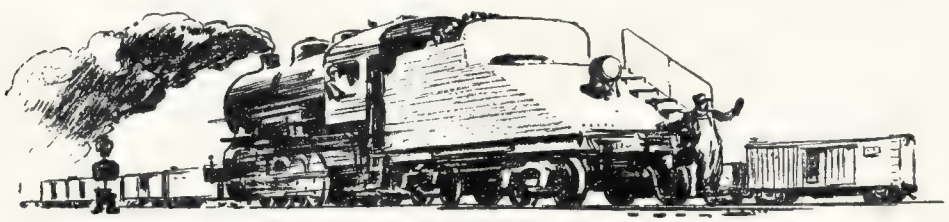
"Why, that's just the trouble, old-timer," returned Jimmy, immediately concerned. "Reckon she's plenty dirty on the inside—spews something terrible of late. Been trying a soda drench on her, Joe, but it's no go. Reckon you'll have to give her a bath. But, say, let me introduce you to my w— Why, where is she, Joe?"

Betty's chair was empty.

"Probably heading for Reno," smiled Joe, and wisely moved on.

A moment later Jimmy came upon his sweet at the cloak room, wildly demanding her wraps between sobs: "Old Bettsie! Can't carry my suds, eh? Dirty, am I? Give me a bath, will he? Oh! You, you—and that, that terrible man!" she flashed at him.

"But, darling—my sweet!" wailed Jimmy. "Please let me explain! Bettsie is only the locomotive I drive. And that terrible man was only big-hearted Joe McCann, roundhouse foreman, asking about my work report."



"How Am I to Come into Money? I Am Scratching My Head, and Dandruff Covers My Shoulders Like a Winter's Snow"

Observations of a Country Station Agent

Luther Sees Money—the Woman Sees a Railroad President, and Cupid Takes Aim With His Ever-Ready Bow

By J. E. Smith

LUTHER LEGHORN, the bachelor agent of the X. Y. Z. Railway at Lone Oak, has many human qualities, even as you and I. Luther will look twice at a woman. He has had from time to time the vagrant thought that some day he may meet a princess and marry her. Perhaps he is less romantic than that. I do not want to state anything wrong. In reality, Luther has no picture of rank and fortune of the superior or privileged class. His thoughts are that some day he may find a dainty, frugal damsel who can keep house and cook and on whom he may lay legal claims. To this Luther has a money hunger. This is the back-kick of a remote Scotch ancestry. Leghorn—heft that a bit. Sounds like hills and heather.

I will not accuse Luther of being close fisted and sordid. I will say that he is prudent. With this he has many thoughts on matrimony and money. At the moment of this narrative he was thinking hard of money, how to add something from the outside to his bi-

monthly railroad stipend. Luther cast about to find some avenue of profit, some outside job to do, or some business venture that would yield him gain. A vagrant necromancer told him he would come into money. This aroused his cupidity and stimulated his curiosity. He invoked his wits to find the way. Thereupon "Op." knocked at his door and he thought he saw the way to solve the dual problem of matrimony and money at one stroke. Brilliant idea. Let him tell it in his own words, just as he told it to me.

Luther Leghorn speaking.

"I see money."

I had these magic words straight from one of the supernaturals as she conjured with the secret forces of nature. It was this way. Some time ago I had my fortune told by Abulala, a dark-eyed, swarthy mystic of the Orient. She told me a woman would cross my path. One did. Then she saw money from an unexpected source. Abulala got it straight from the signs and symbols of the zodiac. Lucre, filthy as it is, is coming to me. She has aroused my interest and I am casting about in surmise and speculation.

I inventoried all my relatives who are within hailing distance of Saint Peter's voice. Alas, I cannot tag one whose demise betokens anything for Luther Leghorn.

It is most unfortunate and discouraging to have a bunch of uncles and aunts and not a prospect, not one single expectation from any of them.

It makes me bitter. I yearn to be proud of my ancestors. I want to think of them, some of them at least, as affluent, and that I, Luther Leghorn, am a favorite nephew. That is the feeling I crave to have for my progenitors. I would worship any forefather who possesses abundance, whose storehouse is overflowing, and who looks upon me as one blood bound and worthy of recompense.

Peculiar and exceptional as it may sound, I want easy money. I want to be the hero in some reading of a last will and testament. There is not one chance. Uncle Obediah is the best of the lot. When we met last he borrowed ten dollars of me. The family drift is outward not inward.

The whole related outfit speak of me with pride because I have a regular job. They think every one with a pay check every two weeks is a Wall Street gangster. Bearing the honored name of Leghorn, I appear to be the only Plute.

Out of my job what have I saved?

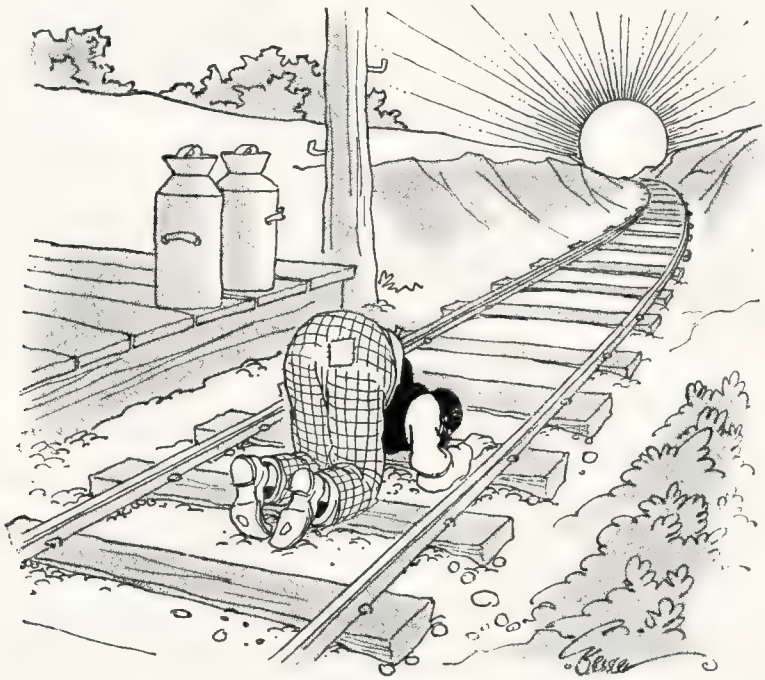
I am figuring it out by the art of computation, using all four of the fundamental principles of arithmetic. Naught add naught, take away naught, multiply by naught, divide by naught and the answer is naught. There is the deducible mathematical result. Naught.

Heritage naught, savings naught. Where lieth hope? Where is there promise? How am I to come into money? I am scratching my head, and dandruff covers my shoulders like a winter snow, but the answer is not yet.

I wish the soothsayer had been a little more explicit. Why did she not penetrate far enough to cast some details? How did she see the money? Was it in bank notes baled up like hay, or were there bean bags full of coin? Peering ahead, why did she not say: "I see money, stocks and bonds, real estate, trade, manufacture, mining or invention"? This hint of how the money is coming would be my signal how to proceed. In all my future horoscoping I want the returns put to me a little more minutely and distinctly. Just seeing money does not tell me

a thing. Seeing money in connection with some activity or substance would be like a pointing sign-board directing my bunioned feet to the proper pathway.

point with pride in my own case to any accumulated surplus. I am quick to speak up to say that a wage earner in regular employment should save something. I read the Banker and Trust



" Every Morning I Begin the Day by Saluting the East at Sunrise Like the Mohammedan praying to Allah, Allah "

So here I am, money and no clew where, nor when.

It has set me thinking. I have eliminated ancestry. I next turned my stimulated thought ganglia on savings.

We railroad workers, whether we are engaged in adding two and two, lining track, or running trains, do not get excessive remuneration. The general public infer that we are a highly paid, plutocratic bunch of workers. We are, I shall admit, steady workers, because the wheels of transportation never stop. But our rate per mile per hour, day or month, is not in any way excessive.

Personally at this time I cannot

Company Ads., which almost shriek to us small salaried workers to practice thrift and leave our surplus with them to grow and grow.

I have developed sales resistance. I have reached this sarcastic view. One of the most exhilarating and exciting things a small salaried man can witness, is the growth of his meager savings at the banker's three or four per cent compounded semi-annually. Every seventeen years the amount doubles. After the fourth seventeen year period he begins to see the fine results of all his frugality and privations. I shall admit this has not the action of the hounds chasing the mechanical hare. It is more

like sitting around to see a century plant bloom. So in this state of mind and in a dull way, I have reached the conclusion that saving is too slow and that no money is coming through inheritance. Still I want quick results. I feel greedy and grasping.

She saw money.

That sounded so good to me that I repeated it over and over. Every morning I began the day saluting the east at sunrise like the Mohammedan praying to Allah, Allah. Only my ritual of magic spoken and incanted is money, money.

There must be a rainbow end and a pot of gold. She had said so. My task was to find it. Not so simple a proposition. Again I took stock:

Money from inheritance, nix.

Money from systematic savings, nix.

Commercial and industrial prospects, nix.

Mining and manufacture, nix.

Highway robbery and bootlegging, two nixes.

I have no genius for invention. I cannot detect one sound nor sign. I cannot sprout one bloomin' idea. How is that for a financial wizard in the embryo?

"Joe," said I to Conductor Baker, when he had settled into my best chair, "what can a man do working every day as you and I are, to make some extra money on the side?"

"Beg, steal or borrow," returned Joe flippantly.

There you are. That is as deeply as the average wage earner thinks of his financial welfare.

"It seems to me," I went on with Andy Mellon deliberation, "that there should be some avenues, some lines that such men as you and I could engage in on the side that would bring us a nice income."

"Well," said Joe, "What I would like to have is a five acre chicken ranch."

A chicken ranch, think of that. There is no other outside activity that appeals to a steady working railroad man like the chicken ranch. I do not know why this is, but one-half of all railroad workers think of outdoors and independence in terms of poultry farms. I have never been able to detect it, but maybe there is some kindredship between the toot toot of an o-8-o switcher and the inspiring signals of the chanticleer. Let the college professors figure that one out.

"Why don't you try the stock market?" continued Joe. "Take Goose Neck common, for instance. Three months ago it was sixteen. If you had bought a truck load of it then, where would you be to-day? It's gone up to sixty. Two weeks from now it will be a hundred. Yardmaster Henning has an uncle who crosses the Brooklyn Bridge twice every day and he is buying Goose Neck. I have been watching it ever since Henning told me about it. It's been going up and up. Trouble with me and you, Luther, we are pikers. We don't know nothin'. When we get a hunch we haven't the interior push to back it up. Short word, intestinal stamina, you know what I mean. Here comes 66. Clear block. Good-by, Luther, don't get hooked."

There you have the financial ideas of Conductor Baker.

II

THEN who should follow into the office but Lemuel Saxon. He came in with tentative step and in a manner a little uncertain and apologetic. Lem is one of our representative farmers. He should be on the agricultural commission. We do not understand in Lone

Oak how President Hoover came to miss him. We all said he should have been selected, and we all said small wonder our government gropes in farm-relief darkness and has no solution. Let it grope.

" Come in, Lem, come in and sit down," I called out in buoyant greetings. I was glad to see Lem. Maybe he had for me some hint from the soil. " You are just the man I want to see. I have been wondering if there was anything in agriculture I could get into to make some ready cash. I have been wanting to have a talk with you, and here you are. That is luck to begin with."

Lem sideswiped me with a woebegone, calamitous look.

" Anything - in - agriculture - to - make-some-ready-cash."

Lem repeated these words like tolling a bell in the funeral of a departed. Then he he-hawed in coarse derision and bitter enmity.

" Boy, that's the funniest thing I've heard since Josh Billings quit writing for the papers."

Then Lem told me all about quick money agricultural prospects. We would have to have asbestos paper for his words. I got one thing from him very clearly, that if I kept trying to see ready money in agriculture, I would soon have myopia, strabismus and other optic strains.

Becoming more tranquil at last, Lem gave me this explanation of his visit.

" Luther, I came to see you on a personal matter. My niece, Estella Hooker, of Larrup, Illinois, is visiting us and will be at our house for a month or more. I am afraid she will get lonesome and homesick. I want her to meet some of you young people. I have known you a long time, Luther, and I thought of you right away. We think it would be nice if you would drop in, say to-morrow evening, and spend the evening. We will pop corn and have a little music, you play the harmonicon, you know, and Estella, she plays the organ. It would cheer her up. See? But I want you to know all about her, Luther. I am telling you but you need not tell others. People like to gossip, you know.

" I do not want Estella talked about. She has had troubles enough. She has been married, but is now separated from her man. She has sued him for divorce. Her lawyer assures her she will have no trouble getting her freedom. It will take a few weeks. You see, Luther, her man ran away with one of them painted flippers."

" Flappers."

" Yes, flappers, that's it, flapper. She vamped him. That's what they called it, vamped him. Maybe you understand. I do not get it myself. Well, anyway, they skipped out and it has upset Estella very much. You can imagine. That is why she is staying at my house for a time, and a little downcast, you can see. I thought some of you young folks comin' in might cheer her up a bit. They have no children. I do not mind letting you know, you are a good friend of mine. Estella is well-to-do. Her father left her a good deal of money. But it's tied up in a trust company, and she gets the income twice a year. That's not so bad, eh, Luther?"

Trust fund, annual income, not so bad Luther?

Luther, thus appealed to, repeated the words, " Trust fund, annual income," getting by tongue touch the full fine smack and tang, relish and flavor. Luther then replied further in the tone of ponder and reflection becoming a genius of finance.

" Not so bad, not so bad, only it ties up the principal."

" That's just it," responded Lem. " It ties up the principal. That is one thing that made her husband sore. He could see where he could do great things if he could only have got hold of her money. It made him mean. Estella's father was my brother. He knew his oats."

"Trust Fund, Annual Income, Not so Bad, Luther"

Lem arose to go. I begged him not to rush off. I liked to hear him tell of Estella. I learned she was under thirty, and that by nature she was kind and amiable. Some allowance was made by me on those dear words. The same has been said of shrews and termagants forever and ever the world over.

I assured Lem that I would be his honored guest, together with all the magic and wiles I possessed. I would do what I could to dispel the cloud of gloom now enshrouding the fair Estella.

Then Lem, with final word that the wheat crop was turning out poorly, that the corn was injured by the wet weather, and that there would be no oats, took his departure.

Left alone I thought of Estella, sad and forsaken and with nothing but money tied to her for the balance of her days. All at once a great light dawned on me. Why had I never thought of it before? Why grub and toil and experiment for money when by one grab— Half dazed I repeated the fortune teller's words:

" I see money."

III

I TAKE it I have friends who have that delicacy of feeling, that sense of refinement and that conception of fitness, that they will be shocked by such

a selfish and sordid adventure in romance. This need not be. Never was truth so naked as to-day. There are without name and number every known fictitious and fantastic impulse leading men and women into matrimony. Every one on the side line winks knowingly. Yet it all passes under the banner of love.

I feel I have the capacity to adore a woman even if she has a fixed allowance. No handicap of this nature shall stand in my way. I shall not cast her out and put her from me because she has an annual income. Let all take note. That is the real nobility of my nature.

I spent the afternoon with my best dress-up suit, one gallon of naphtha and a stiff brush. The hang-over smell of this crude oil derivative persists for one full day. I figured sufficient clearage. In such emprises togs play their part.

Then I had my hair trimmed. The brush and comb artist pasted it down and parted it on top and fluffed it on the sides. I had him apply the mixture in the green bottle which gave body, and from the purple bottle which gave perfume like a jasmine garden. He grubbed the wild hairs out of my ears extra. I paid him all he asked and tipped him ten cents. What do I care? When I got a look at myself in the glass I thought I was paying out for a stranger. I hardly knew the bird scrutinizing me in return.

Mose Hokum's wife at the boarding house took instant notice.

"Stepping out to-night, are you, Luther?" she quizzed. "Well, you are old enough, I'll say that. My, you look handsome. I do wish Mose would dress up once in a while. Men just let themselves go until they get to looking mighty tough, I tell you. For three years I have been after Mose to buy a new suit. He thinks he cannot afford it, and makin' a hundred and thirty a month. If you get to lookin' poverty, you soon think it, then act it."

With this quaint observation on domestic economy, she brushed a trespassing bit of lint from my coat, and adjusted my four-in-hand to a neater fold. A woman likes to give these finishing touches. It completes the work of ornamentation, and she has had her part in it.

I could have retorted that in the retrograde order better to worse, fair women were also victims. I felt too nice and trim for any offending words. So I agreed with Mrs. Hokum that adornment and decoration of the masculine units would add charm and elegance to any gathering or any view in this rather drab old world.

To me all this was a new experience. Never before had I been interested in womankind. Some of them were pleasing and attractive enough, but I had never allowed myself to be wheedled or tempted into following them about in admiration and devotion. I think I have boasted that I was no lady's man.

But here I was all day long wondering about the unseen Estella. I fancied her a marvel among women, a miracle of her sex. I liked the name. I had the thought that all pretty little girls should be named Estella, and that bells, vines and blossoms went with one so heavenly christened.

It was all a novelty to me and I overflowed with excited emotion. Then there was the annual income. In visions of song and color I was not forgetting that. How well they blend, beauty and income. Small wonder I hastened to Lem Saxon's house at the very minute of the appointed time.

At the threshold I was met by Lem, who welcomed me most cordially.

"I am glad you got out, Luther," said he. "A bunch of neighbors are dropping in. It ain't any society affair. Just a bunch of old friends. Estella! Estella!" Lem called out lustily. Then to me: "I want you to meet Estella."

A voice responded from the kitchen.

"Yes, Uncle Lem, coming."

Thereupon Estella waddled in. 180 Toledo Springless.

"This," said Lem beaming, "is Mr. Luther Leghorn. I have been telling you about him, and who runs the X. Y. Z. Railroad, and Mrs. Estella Hooker, my niece from Illinois," he added, shifting his glance to me.

Estella smiled on me and said:

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Leghorn. How wonderful it must be to run a railroad."

"Wonderful is no name for it," I thought, but did not utter.

I take it Emily Post's etiquette book has blue print diagrams of the proper technic of such introductions. I do not know what they are. I just took Estella's plump hand and shook it firmly up and down, and right and left. Such is the approved and ratified usage of the Lone Oak community since the day of the first family. Finishing the arm gymnastics I assured her it was a pleasure to meet her. Then there was a brief pause, a sense of gawkiness and stiffness, but with rare cleverness I took up the slack by observing:

"We are having some fine weather, right now."

I was always quick-witted like that.

She returned brief confirmation. She had noticed that the days were bright and sunshiny, but she did not dilate nor elaborate on heat, moisture, winds, storms or other midsummer offerings old sol was making. A pause.

"How's everything over in Illinois?" I asked.

What a gift it is to have such conversational skill and resourcefulness. I had other things to tell and questions to ask, such is my many-sided genius. But a voice from the kitchen called her and she flitted—no, hopped—well, rather bounded away and I was left alone.

I wiped my moistened brow.

I had met and looked upon Estella. In the architectural lines of female pulchritude curves are displacing angles. Here was one of the newest models. So very modern, indeed, that there was not one anatomical nook or corner, a pattern for any artist. In rudeness I could have thought her nose a little short and her eyes a trifle heavy, but out of consideration of the "annual income" I banished for all time such impertinent observations.

"A good time was had by all."

Lone Oak items in the weekly *Clarion*.

My harmonicon renditions were well received, particularly the aria-opus 13 of Blowhardski, where the Prince of the pheasant family invades the oat stubble, or which in coarser title is known as "Turkey in the Straw." Estella's accompaniment on the old family organ, I must say, lacked a little in lucid conception, in clearness and finish and technical expression. She explained that every third note in Lem's old reed organ had lost its voice through age. That assertion I could readily believe.

I think Estella viewed me, well, if not with wonder, with satisfaction as the strong masculine type that can run a railroad, and as of the artist type knowing a little something of music. When I was about to depart I told her the evening had given me pleasure and that I hoped to meet her again.

She asked me right off the bat, what

was the matter with next Sunday evening?

I did not know anything that could possibly be the matter with next Sunday evening. The earth continued to turn and it was scheduled on the Roman calendar in regular order three revolutions hence. It had to come, so it was agreed that Sunday evening was an unblemished certainty and I was to return.

I wondered if I could learn from Lem the amount of the annual income. It seemed to me it should be larger.

Friday I got over to Seymour and bought a light, checkerboard suit and a flashy red tie.

Mose Hokum's wife took instant notice and keen interest in the manifestations. She recommended silk stockings, oxfords and a panama hat.

I bought them all.

IV

For Saturday evening I proposed a frolic, a real carousal. Lem and his wife and Estella and I drove over to Seymour. We had a round of ginger pop and lemon soda. Then we all went to a picture show where there were heart problems, but with dauntless and triumphant love in the fade out. Estella and I were deeply moved. It gave us much to talk about.

I paid for everything. I wanted to show them that a semi-monthly pay check had as much vitality as an annual income.

Sunday evening at the appointed minute I was at Lem's house. All railroad education is to the minute. Lem and his wife drove away, and left the farm and its surrounding solitude to Estella and me.

That was nice of them and well thought out.

As darkness came on Estella and I took a walk down the country road. We came to the crossing corner and there was Hickory Township District Schoolhouse No. 2.

We sat down on the steps and watched the moon come up over the distant hills and cast its soft light over the fields of stubble. There was that feel of summer air as sweet and soothing as the breath of a baby. I was touched with romantic fancies. Estella was dreamy and imaginative. She sat very close to me, leaving a free bleacher seat of ten feet beyond unoccupied.

Some rude country swains drove by and shouted:

"Cut the necking."

Estella shuddered a little closer.

"Did you hear that? Are they going to murder us? Cut our throats?"

I, strong and brave, Sir Knight, defender of the weak, assured her no harm was meant. It was only a slang term of the impudent and ribald which is hurled at youth and maiden wherever they are seen sitting, riding or walking together.

She was assured by these courageous words, but why crowd?

"And now," she said coyly, "tell me all about railroading. It is all so marvelous. Are you the president?"

"Not yet, little innocent," I replied. "I have local supervision."

"Some day you will be head man," she persisted.

"No doubt of it," I came back.

"Just how do you run a railroad?"

There was something about that guileless, simple one that urged me on.

"I am stationed out here mid-way so I can watch both directions," I elucidated rather expansively. "Now if a train comes along I can stop it or let it go by. Often I stop a long train. I write out on a green paper, a 31 order,

see, just what the train shall do, back up, go forward or stand still. The engineer and the conductor of the train have to do just as I write on that paper."

"Don't they have any say-so themselves?" she asked.

"Not a word," I returned. "I write it all down for them and they take it from me. And believe me what it says on that green tissue paper goes. There's their orders. I write it out and hand it to them. They act on it. That is the way we run the railroad. That means passenger trains as well as freight trains."

I stiffened up and expanded. It is a wonder that the hot air intake did not lift me and float me away like a toy balloon. It is well that I was anchored by one hundred and eighty pounds from Illinois.

"And you can ride anywhere free without paying any car fare?"

I produced my annual pass and she moonlighted it in full confirmation—not to mention admiration.

"Suppose you were married—now just suppose," she gave a little coquettish laugh at this possibility. "Could your wife ride free? Would she have an annual pass?"

"They all do and they all have," I answered her.

"Your wife, if you had one, could go anywhere or everywhere without paying car fare?"

"If I would let her," I said in grim humor.

That brought a tee-hee from Estella.

Finally we strolled back to the house and Lem and his wife returned from the community service they had attended. We had a little music and light conversation. It was so light that at last I floated out in it, bidding them all good night.

In my room that faithful mechanism of torment, the alarm clock, said twelve midnight.

V

ALL the next day in the office in super authority I permitted trains to go by, to stop or to head in, while I thought deeply. While there was much cupid buzzing and wing noise, I clung to one central idea. Before going farther I would learn the amount of Estella's annual income. There are circumlocution and subterfuge for the adroit in getting at such basic facts. I could not employ these means. I would ask Uncle Lemuel direct. I would tell him what I earned and I would ask him the extent of Estella's income. Square dealing all around. I ask you, is it not?

Two days later, when I was thinking that I must arrange a talk with Lem, he came to my office.

"Tell me one thing, Lem," I said to him. "You told me about Estella having an income. Do you happen to know how much, say by the year?"

"Why, yes," replied Uncle Lem with a little nervous hesitancy, I thought, "she's getting something like three hundred dollars every six months. That is what I am here for, Luther, to talk to you some more about Estella. I told you about her man and her being separated. Well, yesterday who should blow in but Hooker himself. In an hour's time they had talked everything over and patched up their troubles. This morning they left for Chicago. So she is gone. She's gone. She left a letter for you. I told her I would see that you got it, so here it is."

He handed me the letter.

"I must be on my way. Good-by, Luther, come out and see us when you can."

With that friendly invitation, Lem departed.

I did not go stone blind and reel. I did not clutch nor cry out. I gave a forced whistle, and then in dramatic voice I sang out: "Good-by, good-by, one sad farewell to one hundred and eighty pounds, and three hundred dollars every six months, and a crazy paternal will. Good-by."

With unblurred eyes I tore open the envelope and read:

> Luther Leghorn, Railroad Magnate —Jim has come back and I am going away for good. You did what you could to show me a good time, and you spent some money. I want to pay that back, so that you will not be out anything. Good-by. ESTELLA.

A ten dollar bill was enclosed. I smoothed it out on the telegraph table. My total expenditures for her entertainment had not been more than five dollars. Net gain one hundred per cent.

Heigh ho! Once more the words of the fortune teller came back to me:

"I see money."

A UNIQUE RAILROAD SHRINKAGE

THE ENGINEERING staff of the Canadian National Railways recently discovered that the crews did not need to travel as far in winter to cover their runs. A train operating between Vancouver, B. C., and Halifax, N. S., would travel 3,786.5 miles of transcontinental line, over the same roadbed summer and winter alike; but the length of steel used to span that wide gap was found to be less by 2.6 miles in winter than in summer!

This apparent paradox has an obvious explanation. Whatever some railroaders may think, as time drags, miles are constant. A mile in winter is just as long as a mile in summer. But the same is not true of the steel ribbons on which we run.

"The coefficient of expansion of the steel rail is .0000065," explained a C. N. R. motive power engineer. "This means that for every change of one degree Fahrenheit in the temperature, the length of the rail will vary 65/10,000,000ths from what it was at the original temperature. One rail, which is 33 feet long, will vary that much from the original 33 feet; a mile of rail will vary that much from the original mile.

"Now, this being true, if the temperature goes up the steel will expand; if it goes down, the steel will contract, and we thus have the interesting fact that, in winter, trains actually must travel a shorter distance than in summer."

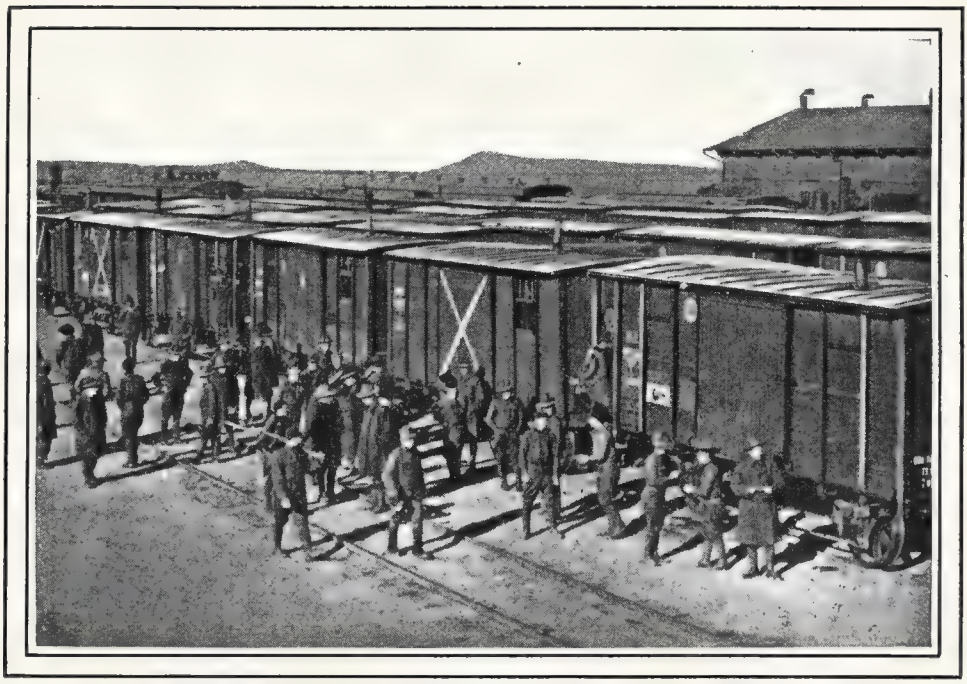
For the purpose of this interesting experiment, the engineers made a computation of the C. N. R. main line from Vancouver to Halifax, two steel ribbons, each 3,786.5 miles long. The variation in these rails, if the temperature all across Canada changed only one degree, would be 2 x 3,786.5 x .0000065 miles. After you have figured that one out you'll be bound to have a headache!

But a fair average of the temperature fluctuation between the two months of July and August and the two winter months of January and February, according to the mean of thermometer readings, was found to be 53.4 degrees, taking 61 for the summer average and 7.6 for winter.

Therefore, the figures above are multiplied by 53, which gives us a result equal to 2.6 miles of the total trackage between Atlantic and Pacific terminals, which represents the mileage of shrinkage between summer and winter.

"The shrinkage, of course, as is the case with summer expansion," explained the pencil-marvel, "takes place between the rail joints. In building a road, the trackmen never join the rail butts tightly together, but allow for this factor. Otherwise, the tightly butted rails would buckle and wreck trains. In winter the cracks between the rail ends are wider than in summer. It is the sum total of these differences which accounts for the disparity between railage and mileage in winter time."

If there should be an ideal summer day, with the temperature just right, the rail butts would precisely meet, at which time the railage would be just as great as the mileage. But Utopia has not been discovered in anything, much less railroading, so it is safe to say that on any length railroad, these sums are never quite equal.



This Type of Car Is Used in Siberia for the Movement of Troops. This Shows Railroad Yards at Kajbarovski

Russian Exile Special

How Cargoes of Derelict Humanity Were Highballed to the Vast Spaces of Siberia in the Reign of the Czar

By James W. Davis

DURING the reign of Czar Nicholas the Trans-Siberian Express covered the six-thousand-mile journey between Moscow and Vladivostok in eight days and seventeen hours. The third-class trains carrying immigrants, convicts, exiles, and peasants made the trip in twelve days. This gave the traveler quite a variety of choice in the matter of services desired.

In addition to this choice was the fact that the Russia of pre-war days was the home of unbridled graft. And the Trans-Siberian Railway system was the apparent center of this vast whirlpool of corruption — a fact that caused the foreign traveler to gasp with amazement. The most outstanding form of graft was the tipping of railway conductors by passengers who traveled without tickets. These free riders, known as deadbeats in straightforward American parlance, were called hares or blind men.

On the first-class trains of Russia they were so numerous that paying passengers were compelled to stand in the corridors of the trains, while the hares occupied the compartments and smoked to their hearts' content. When the controllers of the trains—officials corresponding roughly to the auditors who unexpectedly board some of our western trains at some God-forsaken place in the mountains or far out on the desert—were on their rounds, the hares would be warned by the members of the train crew. They would hurriedly secrete themselves as best they could. If the train was approaching a station the compartment door would suddenly open and a hasty exit would be made as the speed slackened.

The conductor would fix the price which each hare was expected to pay, and pocketed the kopecks without shame or attempt to conceal the facts. Meanwhile the regular passengers who had paid for their tickets were treated as though they and not the others were the deadbeats.

They were compelled to stand in line at some stations for five or six hours before the ticket sellers would condescend to attend to their wants. I was informed that at one place prospective travelers waited for three days, sleeping in the open air or begging shelter of the railway employees because an insufficient number of cars were provided to take care of the heavy travel. It might be mentioned incidentally that the Russian railways struggled with an enormous deficit.

Several months before the outbreak of the World War, I found myself in Moscow with an uncontrollable desire to be in Vladivostok. Having no objection to taking advantage of a familiar method of travel, I decided on the slower method; that is, I would take the Exile Special, which was made up largely of box cars.

The officious looking porter, no doubt taking me for the proverbially rich American, flung my traps into the corner of the box car and hurried away with unconcealed disgust. I immediately took possession of a lower shelf that was to be my couch and home for several days.

The Moscow station platform was

String of Soviet Cars at A. R. A. Warehouses

jammed with the usual crowd found around any station the world over. A bell boomed. The crowd fell back in awe. Last minute arriving travelers hurriedly boarded the train. A man looking every inch the part of a Russian general strode with dignity from the other end of the station platform. He was the station master, and carried a bar notched with brass rings.

Dressed in a gorgeous uniform closely resembling that of the station master, the conductor humbly saluted and took possession of the bar, after which he presented it to the engineer. The station master gave a signal and another bell rang. We were off—down the Trans-Siberian Route.

Thus commenced our long journey across the waste lands of Russia and Siberia, some headed for Vladivostok to sail for more hospitable lands; some making the trip to new homes in the interior of Siberia; others—those melancholy creatures gazing from barred windows—being transported to a hideous and debasing form of slavery.

The ceremonious presentation of the key from the station master to the conductor would take place at each station throughout the entire journey; and we stopped at each station, too. I later learned that the key had to be inserted in the mechanism of the locomotive before the engineer could move the throttle.

The stations were the scenes of extended conversations between the conductor and the station master—the latter conversing with befitting pomp and circumstance. The countenances of some resembled those of ministers of the gospel; however, from snatches of their conversation drifting into the car, I concluded that their inspiration came from a source that was spirituous rather than spiritual.

The scene was about similar when departing from each station—always amidst a gesticulating crowd of humanity composed of station loafers and railway officials.

The names of all the stations along the Trans-Siberian Railway were not called out by the trainmen. No doubt their dread of becoming a victim of lockjaw prevented them from enlightening the traveler in this respect. In lieu of this curse—or blessing—each station was provided with a large sign giving the name of the town, the distances to Moscow and Vladivostok, and such other information intelligible to only the Russian or Russian scholar.

All Kinds of Passengers

Although it was in the dead of winter, many American hoboes were traveling over the road. They could be seen scattered out along the line all the way to Vladivostok. Just how they withstood the ill smelling and vermin infected native hoboes huddled beneath the tarpaulin covers of the cars was beyond my understanding.

The Russians are noted for their hospitality and seldom refuse to give a meal or even lodging within their own dwelling to any foreign outcast. Some of the larger towns maintained lodging houses where they provided the down-and-outer with supper, bed and breakfast. In very cold weather a man could stay for five or six days.

Although nothing more than a miasmatic box car, the interior of the third-class cars were more like a suite of rooms than the compartments of the palatial Trans-Siberian Express. Folding back-rests pulled down or let up from the walls of the car into comfortable sleeping quarters. Each passenger —or hare—was provided with one of these; also a quilt, a camel's-hair

Boarding the Train at Station, Manchuria

blanket or two, and a large downy pillow. This formed a soothing couch by day and a bed by night that far surpassed the chair-car seats in which many travel across the American continent.

The Exile Special boasted no dining car; however, food could be purchased very cheaply from the buffets established at very frequent intervals along the route, or from booths scattered along the tracks—where many of the peasants congregated. Fresh rye bread —and good, too—could be obtained at three kopecks—one and a half cents—per pound; whole roast chicken for about fifteen cents; baked fish tarts at two cents each, and a big jam turnover for one cent. Milk was sold in discarded beer bottles.

A conspicuous sign-board with large cryptic Russian letters, "Keepatok," could be seen at each station. This informed the traveler that hot water could be obtained from the tap provided for that purpose by the Imperial Government. Passengers would make a grand rush at each station for the food booths or hot water. This made the journey one grand picnic from morning until night. Then your fellow travelers would always have a pot of tea brewing on the car-stove, and it was not resented if one would help himself; in fact it was invited.

This picnicking would commence to cease about dusk; however, a few would continue to munch cedar nuts, the peanut of Russia. The conductor would come through the car after dark

and place two candles in each room. Those wishing to read or play cards could buy the candle stubs left over from the previous evening. The brakeman had a large supply of these for sale, and they would be placed in a position not governed by government regulations, thus providing a much better light. The car had no other lights beyond these simple candles.

One can travel in the United States for a period of twenty-four hours with the knowledge that one will be disturbed not more than three times for the punching or collecting of tickets. On the Trans-Siberian Railway the conductor would punch the tickets at least twelve times each day. This was quite a ceremony, too. A tall dignified whiskerino with stone face and epitaph voice, flanked by two brakemen in swell uniform, would come through the train at all hours of the day and night. The reason for this was hidden behind an impenetrable veil of mystery; however, I surmised the conductors desired to keep a good tab on the hares and blind men and annoy those passengers who had been foolish enough to buy tickets, thus intimidating them into falling into line as hares if making another journey in the future. At least one fellow told me that his ticket had been punched eighty-seven times between Moscow and Vladivostok.

Their method of time was somewhat peculiar, too. All railroads throughout Russia ran on St. Petersburg time. All train schedules were printed in that time, and each station was provided with two clocks, thus adding to the confusion of the simple-minded peasants making a railway journey.

A new train was made up at Tcheliabinsk, the first city of any size east of the Ural Mountains. Here we took on several more carloads of exiles. Here one was given an opportunity to see the sordid side of the Russian under dog's lot in life; or how some people really went to Siberia.

The traveler aboard the Trans-Siberian Exile Special was permitted to observe what those aboard the higher class trains were denied—a class of humanity which appeared to be at its lowest ebb. But the American traveler who had obtained his pre-war glimpse of Siberia through such information as leaked through to the American press would have been unprepared for such a scene of low degradation.

The exile cars presented such a sinister aspect, and they were always placed immediately behind the engine. Their windows were barred and each was framed with the head of some dejected victim looking out with forlorn hope registered upon his face.

A Cossack with rifle, revolver and sword stood on each platform. From behind the exiles at the windows one could catch a glimpse of the other convicts behind those bars. The types found within would have made fitting subjects for the trained psychologist. They were young and old, good and bad, hopeful and hopeless. Some heads were shaved while others were only half shaved. All wore uniforms and some were burdened with chains clinking ghost-like as the men moved within the cars.

These cars were called arrestante wagons—a name given by the Imperial Government. All the nihilists and other undesirables were shipped within these cars to the wilds of Northern Asia. The traffic in convicts and exiles was staggering. On one day, February 4, 1914, the prisoners shifted on the Trans-Siberian Railway reached the enormous total of thirty-five thousand.

At least that was the conservative estimate of the Russian Secret Police, and must be accepted at face value.

Behind the arrestante wagons were the immigrant cars. Each was stenciled to the effect that their capacity was twenty-six men or six horses. They had cars for families and cars for single men. The family cars were nothing more than stables on wheels. Several generations would ride therein—grandparents, parents, children, and even the denizens of their little farmyard back in Russia.

A Russian peasant was possessed of few worldly goods, so his entire outfit would fit in the box car. This included the barnyard population that helped to swell his family.

Within one car I found four cows and five sheep sprawled in straw and filth, contentedly munching hay and other green stuff. Baled hay and straw were stacked almost to the ceiling, on top of which perched wandering fowl, turkeys and ducks—the latter making the night hideous with their discordant cries. Two dogs crouching in a corner wagged their tails and came to the door of the car when they detected me in the act of devouring a fifteen-cent roast chicken.

Toward the rear of the train was the hospital car, wherein a nurse patiently crocheted some feminine fancy work. This car would have compared favorably with any good hospital of the smaller American city.

Third-class trains rarely gathered a speed of more than fifteen miles an hour. The famous Trans-Siberian Express crept along at the dizzy rate of twenty-five, with an occasional spurt to thirty while running on exceptionally level track.

The watch maintained over the road could not be surpassed. A trackwalker was stationed at every two-thirds of a mile. There were over nine thousand of these station houses between Moscow and Vladivostok. Convicts were generally in charge, especially those who had served their time or were classed as good conduct men. They patrolled their track three times each day, and were required to salute all trains. In addition to this they would help the station guards in watching for tourists or spies attempting to photograph the railroad. Cameras were forbidden on the Trans-Siberian Railway; however, the grafting hand waiting to be greased was always in evidence.

The roadbed was in good condition —as good as that of the average American line. Some stretches were rock ballasted, the rails were heavy, and there were frequent sidings. At relatively unimportant stations it was not infrequent to see six or seven, and in larger towns, ten or twelve parallel tracks. Part of the system was double tracked, especially that portion crossing the Urals, for a distance of perhaps three hundred miles.

After traveling for days over the level monotonous plains of the western portion of this line, it was a great pleasure to reach the borders of the hill country which stretched from Krasniarsk some seven hundred miles eastward to Lake Baikal.

The thriving city of Irkutsk lies on the western shore of this lake. It is over three thousand miles from Moscow, a distance greater than that separating San Francisco from New York, yet it is an almost equal distance from Vladivostok.

The Trans-Siberian Railway was opened to traffic on November 3, 1901. There was only one break in the line at that time—that at Lake Baikal, where ferries were used to transport

the cars for a number of years. This gap was later closed by skirting the line around the southern shore of the lake.

The ferry-boat Baikal could be seen in the waters of the lake, and at that time was considered the largest car ferry in the world.

It was a vessel of four thousand tons, equipped with a special ice breaker for winter service which drew out the water from underneath the ice ahead of the boat by the suction of a bow-screw, leaving the ice to collapse of its own weight, after which the vessel forced its way through the mass of broken ice by its own impact. The lake is frozen over from the middle of December to about the end of April.

After passing through forty tunnels in skirting the rocky southern shore of Lake Baikal, the third great section of the old Russian Empire was reached. It is called Trans-Baikalia. Great herds of cattle and horses could be seen huddled together in the snow-covered fields along the river valleys, causing the American traveler's mind to wander to far-away scenes lying in the western part of America.

It is surprising to find such large towns in the interior of such a country. Omsk, Ob, Tomsk, Krasniarsk and Irkutsk all boasted a population ranging from twenty-five thousand to seventy-five thousand, although they still showed the crudeness of frontier life.

The wilderness of Siberia suffered no depredations from desperadoes such as were found in the western portion of this country during our early days of development; however, after arriving at the Manchurian frontier, the train was boarded by Cossacks. They were big, giant, strapping fellows, and carried veritable young arsenals. They knew how to swear too. At least their language was scriptural in sound if lacking in spirit; however, it ran mostly

Passengers Waiting at the Station for a Train Which May Come To-Day or May Come To-Morrow

Depot and Terminal of Trans-Siberian Railroad in Vladivostok, Siberia

to remarks about those Hoong-Hoose pigs.

After entering Manchuria the line became the Chinese Eastern Railway, the present theater of activities of Russo-Chinese contention.

The Hoong-Hooses were the brigands of Manchuria. They were a cross between our American Indian and the old time road agent. The Cossacks had many a skirmish with the Hoong-Hooses. A Chinese Eastern Railway train was held up at least once a month, and a station robbery occurred weekly.

The Trans-Siberian Railway should not be considered inefficient under the reign of the late Czar. Russia was slow to build railways. The imperial ukase of Alexander III stated the purpose of the road:

"To facilitate communication between Siberia and other countries of the empire, and to manifest my extreme anxiety to secure peaceful prosperity of the country."

Subsequent history recording the war between Russia and Japan proved the wisdom of Alexander III.

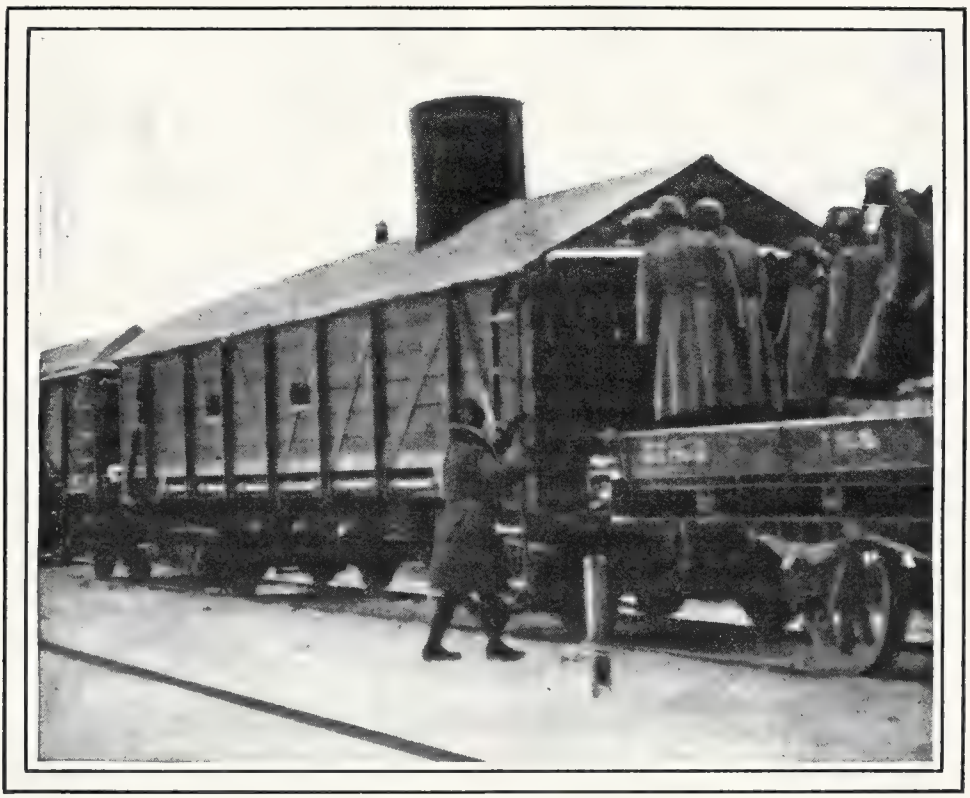
It has been said that the road cost four hundred million dollars to construct and a further hundred million for improvements. It contains five thousand eight hundred and forty-two miles of track—to be exact. The road was built at the rate of one and one-third miles per day. There were thirty miles of bridges, the longest, that of the Ob, was half a mile long.

With wonderful foresight, all Russian railways were built of five foot gauge. This insured against the invasion of any foreign foe along their

rails; also, no Russian rolling stock could be removed to the country of any foe or conqueror.

As an investment the Trans-Siberian Railway was a liability, although as a cold military proposition it proved its worth to Russia during the Russo-Japanese conflict of 1904-05, when Prince Hilkoff trained his troops and their stores across the continent of Asia to the defense of the beleaguered fortifications of Port Arthur, Manchuria, on that single line of narrow rails.

One could hear many tales of the good old days when Russia was fighting the Japanese. Traffic on the line was suspended with the exception of the movements of troop trains and their military stores. Draft after draft of box cars threaded their way across the steppes of Siberia, headed for Manchuria; however, not all of these cars reached their destination. Some were laden with champagne and other costly wines, which were shunted along the sidings at the barracks, finding a final refuge at the end of long storage sheds of the officers' mess, where a guard stood at each end to warn away all who should approach with a match. They were labeled powder, and were militant with luridly painted two-headed eagles and a picture of a bursting shell wreaking havoc among fantastically caricatured Russian soldiers. The railroaders



Russian Armored Train at Omsk Station, Siberia. This Train Was Hastened There to Quell the Bolshevik Uprising

told this with a sad far away look upon their faces.

The surrender of Port Arthur by General Stossel on January 1, 1905, and the ultimate defeat of the Russian arms throughout Manchuria has been laid to this wholesale drinking of liquors and general carousing all along the Trans-Siberian Railway.

The road was principally built with convict labor, but the technical engineers claimed that convict labor produced only a third the amount of efficiency that could be obtained from free labor.

No engineering feat ever offered such wonderful opportunities for graft as did that of the Trans-Siberian Railway. The evidence is plainly written for all who can see—and run. Travelers can observe that most of the cities are from three to five miles from the railroad. When the engineers approached a city, they would call upon the town authorities and proposition them; that is, for so much cash down, the railway line would run so near the city.

The majority of the towns could not meet the demands of the engineers, and were compelled to be content to have the line miles away. With characteristic resignation, the Siberians considered this as beneficial to them. They reasoned, cannily enough, that the towns would naturally expand toward the railroad.

Tomsk, the capital of western Siberia, was a town of about seventy-five thousand, and claimed that the city was too large for the engineers to ignore. They refused to contribute a single penny, and the engineers flagrantly pushed their tracks on eastward some forty odd miles below Tomsk; however, they condescended to connect them up with a branch line.

The opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway was delayed six months through the greediness of these same engineers. Everything was in readiness and the yards were filled with rolling stock. Omsk was holding a fair at the time and needed extra transportation facilities for the event. The engineers dropped around and reported their willingness to open the road; however, they suggested a few fiscal arrangements. To this the Omskians put down a stern foot, whereupon a document was drawn up to the effect that it was regretfully reported that the road could not possibly open up for another six months. This document was forwarded to St. Petersburg and the road did not open up for six months.

The most humorous of the hundred and one odd sights greeting the traveler while riding across Siberia is the daily comic opera—taking the mails aboard the post office coach, which was painted with quaint crossed post-horns. The town policeman, reënforced by two burly station guards armed to the teeth, would take charge of the situation. A ramshackle push cart or farm cart would arrive in charge of three post-clerks, who would march between the postal guards and deliver the mail to the post-coach in long, shabby, black leather sacks laced with highly polished steel chains. Any one arriving to mail a letter would be compelled to stand at a distance for about twenty minutes while the massive door to the car was being swung back, bolted, barred, and padlocked, after which they were permitted to drop their letter in the slot on the side of the coach.

Recent newspaper dispatches again show Russia playing a good hand by rushing her troops down these ramshackle, gone-to-seed tracks to the defense of interests in the Far East.

Pin-Grease Stepped Uncertainly Into the Superintendent's Office

Pin-Grease John

He Broke the Super's Law, But He Courted Death with a Blazer to Save His Division

By E. S. Dellinger

OLD John Leitwell — Pin-Grease John, the boys of the Warder Hill division called him — pulled off his blue serge cap, wet from a rain which, having begun the day before, continued this morning unabated. He ran an almost fingerless hand through the fringe of white hair above his right ear, then, opening the neatly varnished door, stepped uncertainly into the superintendent's office. The outer office was almost empty, but from behind the closed door marked "Private," issued the sound of low voices in earnest conversation.

"You've been warned before, Gregory," Superintendent Fox was saying in his low, musical tone. "This is the second time in thirty days we've caught you running signals. I'm going to fire you the next time, and I don't intend to reinstate you."

Old John hung his cap on a hook beside another blue serge cap, Charlie Gregory's cap, and dropped into a chair as far from the door as he could get. Still, he could hear the soft voice, every word clear as a bell.

"Those signals cost this company millions to install. They are put there to protect life and property. We expect you to obey them."

A chair scraped on the floor beyond the door. Another swung on its swivel. A sound of steps, and from the opening door came Charlie Gregory, engineer of the Dixie Land. He took his cap from its hook, nodded to John, and started out the door.

"Good day, Gregory," called the superintendent pleasantly. "And next time, remember the wife and kiddies."

"Yessir, Mr. Fox," returned the engineer. "There won't be no next time. Good day!"

The outer door closed. Fox nodded pleasantly to the waiting brakeman, looked at his watch.

"You're early, Mr. Leitwell," he greeted. "Be ready for your case in five minutes."

His case! Forty cents' worth of pin grease in a bucket in his locker! The oldest brakeman on the G. & P. blew through his nose. Then he rose, peered into the glass, adjusted his red silk tie more carefully about the neck of the black sateen shirt. He unbuttoned his blue serge vest, then buttoned the bottom button, then unbuttoned it once more. A banana train ran by the office calling for a clear track. He walked to the window to watch it. Away down the lead a switchman gave a high ball. The engineer of the banana train answered it and went tearing down through the yards. Forty cents' worth of pin grease!

Pin-Grease John dropped into his chair and stared gloomily around the old office. Same office where forty years ago he had hired out braking for the old G. & A. Same office where thirty-seven years ago he had taken his conductor's examination and failed—failed because he hadn't the education to make out reports and handle train orders. Still braking. Would have been passenger conductor long ago if he only could have passed that examination. Same office where he had come to plead his case the time he and Bull Warren, mistaking a spotter for an honest bum, had given the ornery devil two bits apiece to buy grub with and let him ride an empty into Essex. Same office where thirty years ago he had listened to words of praise from the general manager of the old S. & F. System when, carrying a broken jaw, he had gone three-quarters of a mile to flag No. 1, thereby saving her from running headlong into the freight smash which had maimed him for life. He rubbed his hand reminiscently over the knot on his jaw where the silver wire still remained embedded in the bone.

"A hundred thousand you have saved us, my man," the general manager had told him that day. "Perhaps half a million. The company will not forget it."

Now they were gone—the old bunch. General manager taken to another line when the old S. & F. was merged with the great G. & P. system. Pop Summers—good old scout, Pop was. Trainmaster then, superintendent later, dead now. And young Fox—alecky young Fox—efficiency expert, they called him, in old Pop Summers's chair.

The old brakeman glanced into the office where the broad back of the young super was toward him. Saw him tuck a gray envelope into a file—Gregory's service envelope that would be—Gregory's service envelope with some new brownies on it.

The superintendent spoke in a low tone to his clerk. The young lady brought a sheaf of papers which Fox began thumbing through. He removed one, handed the rest back to her. Then he took out another envelope from the file. That would be his service envelope. John M. Leitwell, oldest brakeman on the G. & P. Twenty brownies on it already for leaving a yard switch lined wrong. Pension due in six more months. Unless—

The superintendent swung around.

"All right, Mr. Leitwell," he called.

Old John shuffled uneasily into the office and sat down by the new desk.

"Mr. Leitwell, some time ago I put out a bulletin prohibiting the use of pin grease in car journal boxes. Did you read that bulletin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Day before yesterday I had all cabooses gone through to take out any excess equipment which might have accumulated. In your caboose, in one of the lockers, inspectors report finding a pail containing nearly forty pounds of pin grease. Did you know that pin grease was there?"

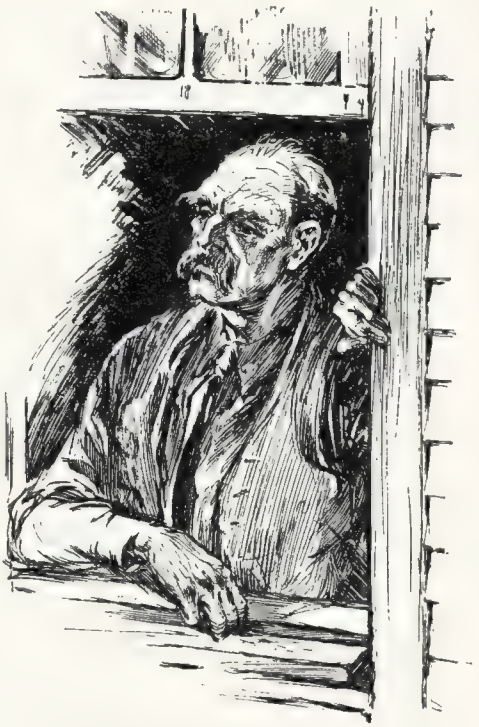
"Yes, sir. I put it there."

"Why did you keep the stuff there after the bulletin was posted, Leitwell?"

Old John looked out where some car knockers were going along lifting the lids on the boxes of a string of a hundred heavily loaded ballast cars, squirting box grease into the old waste therein. He twirled the brown end of his gray mustache. Ran his malled hand over his almost hairless head.

"Mr. Fox, there's times when yuh can't run a freight train without pin grease. Times when I've fetched in cars that we'd had to lose a half hour coolin' or else set out if I hadn't stuffed 'em full uh pin grease. I been c'llectin' pin grease — waste pin grease, mostly—off'n engines ever sence they's been pin grease furnished 'em. An' ef you'll check over the trains I've fetched in you'll see there ain't a man on the job what's set out fewer cars fer hot boxes 'n ole Pin-Grease John. I gotta have—"

"Listen, Mr. Leitwell. We've had experts figure the cost and effectiveness of various lubricants for cars and engines. The greased waste which we furnish train crews for packing journal boxes has been found most economical. Pin grease might be good for a hot journal, I am not questioning that. But when pin grease cools in a journal box it is dead packing, and



He Was Aroused by the Salvation Army Singing. Every Night for Twenty Years They Had Sung Under His Window

becomes a total loss. Little losses run into millions. They would pay stockholders dividends. My business is to cut down expenses. I am assessing you fifteen demerits for your disobedience in this matter. Another instance will mean immediate discharge."

The superintendent made a notation on the gray envelope and returned it to the file. Thirty-five brownies on it now. A chair scraped on the floor of the office. Another squeaked on its swivel. Old John Leitwell, Pin-Grease John, took his cap from its hook and started from the room.

"Good day, Mr. Leitwell," called

the superintendent kindly. "And next time remember the pension."

"Good day, Mr. Fox."

But old John Leitwell didn't add: "There'll be no next time."

II

A LITTLE after noon old John went to bed in the dingy room above the Club and Lantern restaurant. It was still raining. It rained all afternoon, and was raining yet when he was aroused at seven thirty by the Salvation Army singing in front of the restaurant where the awning gave them shelter. Every night for twenty years they had sung under this very window. It had angered him until sometimes he had half a notion to empty his wash bowl onto them. Yet, somehow, to-night, as he listened to Rock of Ages and the rest, he was glad they were there. He listened to them for a short time, then arose, put on his best black sateen shirt, his best red tie, his best blue serge vest and went down to supper. The Salvation Army woman was passing the plate as he started in at the door. He fumbled in his pocket, found four bits, dropped it into the plate.

"God bless you, brother," she murmured.

While he was eating, the call boy came in for a bowl of chili.

"Am I gittin' out right away, kid?" John asked him.

"I dunno, John. Ye're first out now."

"Ought tuh git the meat run then, huh?"

"I dunno. They ain't runnin' much to-night. They's water all over half uh Texas. Prob'ly call yuh fer a ballast train before mornin'."

John blew through his nostrils, took a big bite of tough steak. The kid continued.

"Expectin' a SOS from down the line any minute. Called a coupla gravel trains outa Essex at six o'clock to plug up a hole in the track at White River. Got section crews watchin' every bridge on the division to-night."

The call boy grabbed his lantern and started to pay his bill.

"G'long, kid," called John. "I'll pay it."

"Thanks, John."

The call boy dashed out of the door and back to the yard office.

It was midnight. Wind whipped rain across the Lodge City yards, whipped it over three trains of great rocks and sand bags which stood coupled and ready to go. Ninety cars ordered rushed to the far side of the Little Osage, where the angry flood waters were gnawing into the fill and tearing at the abutments of the bridge.

To the rear of one of them shone the green glow of a cleaned marker, whose glass old John Leitwell had spent hours in polishing. Ahead flashed torches and lanterns where car knockers and air inspectors and an impatient yardmaster fussed about, eager to get the ballast out of the yards without delay.

Pin-Grease John shuffled angrily and hurriedly alongside the train toward the moving cluster of lights twinkling through the rain. Here, Shorty Rozelle, having oiled round, stood talking with the yardmaster while he waited for his orders. As the old brakeman came even with the engine steps, and started swinging up into the cab, he called out:

"Hi, there, Pin-Grease! Where yuh goin'?"

Old John dropped to the ground and faced the engineer, eyes blazing with wrath.

"Dirty, low-down, thievin' skunks

got into my caboose an' stole all my pin grease the other day—every damn stick of it, Shorty. Never left me a smell. Got any on this sizzlin' engine?"

"None you can have, you old fingerless, brainless, hairless, toothless prune."

Shorty grinned and winked at the yardmaster. Old John snorted, spun on his heel and started climbing rheumatically into the cab of the 1339.

"Say, there, old top!" called the yardmaster. "Didn't you read that bulletin Fox put out about train crews not usin' pin grease to pack hot boxes with?"

"Yeah. I ain't blind. But who could git thirty cars uh gravel forty miles out uh this frowzy yard the way Shorty Rozelle wheels 'em without pin grease tuh run hot boxes on? Huh? You know they'll be hot boxes on them ballast cars before yuh git out uh the yard limit."

His Face Showed Years of Toil

Pin-Grease John climbed into the cab. A lantern bobbed out of the telegraph office, and Slewfoot McShane, conductor, came trotting toward the head end of the ballast train. While Shorty was reading his orders, old John slipped down the steps with an object which looked like a stick of giant powder in his hand.

"Yuh didn't have very much, Shorty," he called apologetically, "but I left yuh plenty to git in on."

The old brakeman hurried rheumatically away toward the caboose. Shorty made no reply. The yardmaster, with a shrug, stared at the lantern disappearing into the thickening rain. Out of the office came another figure—a tall figure clad in yellow oilskins—the figure of Superintendent Fox. He hurried across the track to the waiting 1339.

"All ready to go, Rozelle?" he inquired as he approached the group.

"Yes, sir. All ready."

"I'm going to run down with you."

"All right, Mr. Fox."

Shorty grinned. Fox went trotting back toward the caboose. Slewfoot remained at the engine to watch the train run by him and check it.

As the ballast train got under way, Pin-Grease John caught the rear platform of his caboose and swung a high ball. Conductor McShane's lantern passed it from the ground, the head brakeman repeated it from the gangway, and Shorty Rozelle answered it with his whistle. Old John looked carefully to see that his marker shone red to rear, adjusted the wick of the left one a trifle. Entering the caboose, he laid his precious stick of pin grease on the locker under the cupola, hung his slicker in his locker, and returned to the platform. Soon Fox, his yellow oilskins streaming water, swung up the steps and landed on the wet platform.

"Hello, Leitwell," he greeted pleasantly.

"Howdy, Mr. Fox," returned the brakeman.

The two men stood on the platform a half minute. The caboose jerked and snapped like the end of a whip crack, for Shorty Rozelle was getting under way. Fox went into the caboose and hung his oilskins on a nail in the corner. Old John, his pin grease forgotten, waited on the platform until Conductor McShane had caught the caboose and swung another high ball,

until the watching Shorty answered it once more with his whistle.

McShane had seated himself at his desk and was working on his reports.

Old John, coming inside, climbed into the cupola, hung his lantern on the nail outside under the window. Fox strode down the aisle, his handsome face streaked with soot, climbed to the other side. Almost before he was seated, the stick of pin grease, its wrapper glistening in the dim light, caught his eye. He picked it up—a cylinder of compound, an inch and a half in diameter by six or eight in length, and worth about a *cent*—and sat looking at it in amazement. His face became black as the clouds outside—clouds from which lightning was flashing and disaster was pouring upon the G. & P.

"Leitwell!"

The word was barely audible above the roar of the train. John turned, glanced at him, saw the pin grease, shrugged his shoulders.

"Leitwell, where did you get this pin grease?"

"I got it off the engine."

"Did Rozelle give it to you?"

"No, sir, nobody give it to me. I knowed I'd need it to-night, with thirty cars uh ballast been settin' in the yards fer months, an' I got it."

The ballast train was doing forty miles an hour. It picked up to sixty. Still Fox sat holding the stick of pin grease. Shorty Rozelle whistled for Horton. John looked at his watch and swung a high ball. Shorty answered. McShane was writing at the table down below.

"Leitwell, didn't I tell you this morning I'd fire you if we ever found pin grease in your possession again."

"Yessir."

"You can go to the office when you get back into Lodge City."

Fox tucked the stick of pin grease under the end of the seat cushion. Took two cigars from his pocket—good cigars. He lighted one, then turned again to the brakeman.

"Have a cigar, Leitwell?"

"Don't care if I do, Mr. Fox. Thanks."

The oldest brakeman reached across the space for the cigar proffered by the superintendent. While the silent fragrant smoke curled upward, John fell musing about other trips he had made over the G. & P. A long time he had been with it — forty years is a long time. But what did it matter?

Shorty whistled for Grady. John looked at his watch, swung a high ball, dropped the lantern back on its nail. Then he recalled the words of the general manager. "A hundred thousand, my man. Maybe half a million. The company will not forget."

They hadn't. A thousand they had paid him for his injuries, a thousand soon prodigally spent for poker lessons. Since then every pay day he had drawn his check. Some little, some—Ouch! There was that pesky rheumatiz in his shoulder. Pension due in six more months, though.

III

The rain beat down upon the tin roof of the caboose. It was coming harder now. And the lightning! How it ripped the sky with its lurid flare only to leave the gash closed black as ink.

He looked across the cupola at Fox smoking quietly. Queer duck, Fox was. Threaten to fire a man one minute, give him a cigar the next. Lots of things the boy didn't know about a railroad. Learn, though—maybe learn something to-night.

As they approached Doolan, where

the G. & P. crossed Cedar Creek, they ran into water up over the rails. The tail light reflected green from its surface. John could hear the splatter as they raced toward the scene of anticipated trouble—a race against flood. If they got that ballast train there in time—two thousand tons of rock to dump into the muddy swirl—they might save the bridge over Little Osage. "Maybe a hundred thousand." If they were a few minutes late—

Shorty Rozelle whistled for Doolan. John opened the window, leaned out, swung a high ball and dropped the lantern back on its nail. He sniffed the incoming air, threw away his half burned cigar, stuck his head out farther and sniffed again. The odor he caught was not cigar smoke.

Pin-Grease John closed his window, clambered down from the cupola, shuffled out to the rear platform. He did not need to sniff the air here. Strong odor forced itself into his nostrils. He recognized it. Ten thousand times he had smelled it. He knew its causes. Out in the rain ahead of him, two hundred and forty wheels were rolling almost nine hundred times a minute.

Protruding from each wheel into the closed metal box packed with greased waste was the journal, made of highly polished steel, on which rested the brass, or metal bearing cap, ten inches in length, machined to fit, and also highly polished. Each brass was pressing down upon its swiftly moving journal with a weight of nearly twenty thousand pounds. In some one of these two hundred and forty boxes, greased waste had dried. A journal was not getting oil. Friction, heating metal, had already started grease to burning, and within a few minutes the journal would burn off and wreck the train unless he found the ailing box and gave it grease.

Coming inside he closed the door.

"What's matter, John?" bellowed McShane without looking up.

"Got a hot 'un over there. Damn near blazin' a'ready. I knowed we'd have 'em on this ballast. Cars settin' in them yards months at a stretch allus runs hot. An' them lousy skunks stole all my pin grease. Jist got one stick."

While he talked the old man was getting into his oilskins. He took out the cooler can, filled it with water from the barrel beneath the cupola, climbed to the window and started fumbling with his lantern.

"Where are you going, Leitwell?" questioned the superintendent.

"Got a hot box over there on one uh them ballast cars. Got to hunt it up an' fix it."

He found his lantern, brought it inside, shook it, turned up the wick. Then he looked straight at the superintendent.

"Mr. Fox, I got to have that pin grease."

"Have you?"

The superintendent stared at him in the dim glow of the lantern, puffed silently on the cigar, and blew smoke above his head. Then he lifted the corner of the cushion.

With a low chuckle, old John Leitwell picked up the wrapped stick, broke it into four pieces, and stuffed them into his pocket. Fox opened his mouth as if to speak, then closed it.

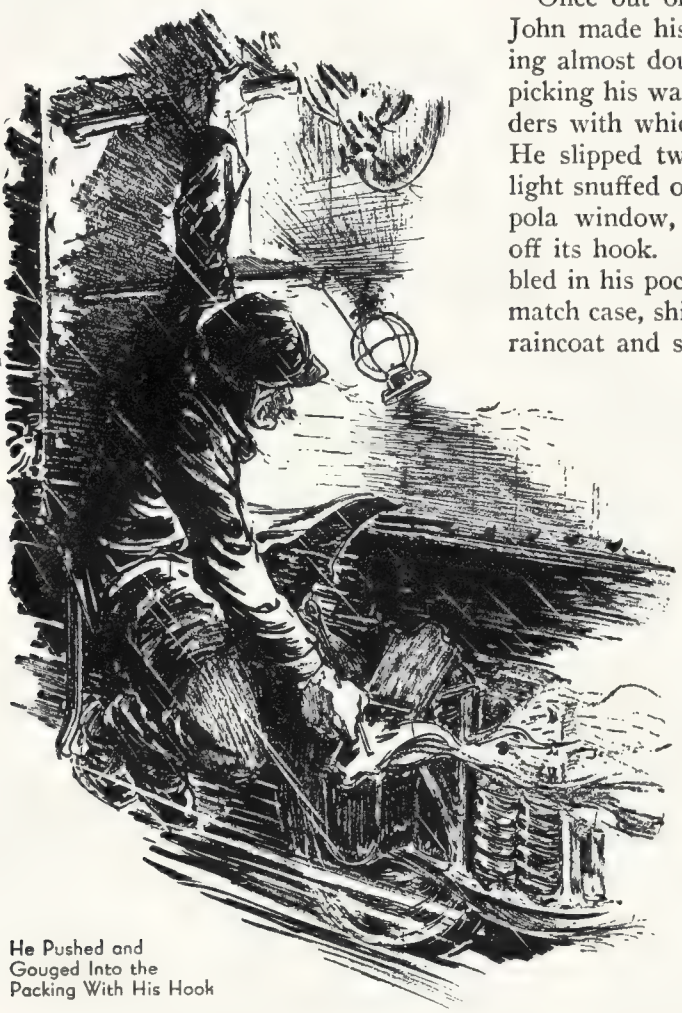
The old brakeman swung the cooler can over his stooping shoulder like a fish basket, took packing hook and lantern, and started out.

When he opened the door a gust of wind drove pouring rain into the caboose.

"You'll look out fer the hind end

ef I don't git back, will yuh, Slewfoot?" he called from the open door.

"Yeah. I allus do, don't I?" growled the conductor, still writing. "Shut that door."



He Pushed and Gouged Into the Packing With His Hook

The brakeman pulled the door to with a bang. Slewfoot McShane laid down his pencil, passed to the rear end of the caboose, and, climbing to the cupola, sat watching the spark of light which jostled and floated over the treacherous cars of ballast rocking and swaying and jamming back and forth as Shorty Rozelle snapped them around the Ozark curves—watching that light to see that it did not fly off to one side or go down between the lurching cars.

Once out on the rushing train, old John made his way cautiously, stooping almost double to hold his balance, picking his way among the huge bowlders with which the train was loaded. He slipped twice and fell. Once his light snuffed out. The light in the cupola window, McShane's light, came off its hook. Old John cursing, fumbled in his pocket, found a waterproof match case, shielded the flare under his raincoat and skillfully relighting, hurried on. McShane's lantern settled complacently back upon its hook.

As old John advanced, he heard, breaking into the bedlam when wind and thunder were stilled, a piteous, hungry squeal—squeal of metal crying, "Grease!" He stopped and listened.

"That's her!" he muttered, and hurried on.

The squealing grew louder. He could hear it now when the wind was blowing. He could feel it beneath the car he was riding, the twelfth car from the caboose. He listened again. It was on the left side, on the head end. He hurried to it and scrambled down the car ladder. The squeal was fairly deafening. Foul odor of burning grease boiled up with the smoke cloud from the axle housing.

He fumbled in his pocket for a

string, tied his lantern to the iron ladder. Then, taking a hammer and a nail from another pocket, he maneuvered to hold himself and drive the nail into the side of the wooden car. On it he hung the canvas cooler can. Then, with packing hook, he lifted the lid of the journal box. A spurt of flame met him as the heated waste, getting air, burst into blaze. It singed his mustache. He jerked back, almost lost his balance.

And the grab iron to which he was holding gave ever so little.

He squirted water from the can into the box to extinguish the blaze, and soon only smoke poured from it, dense, acrid, stifling smoke.

When he had fastened the cooler can so its hose would keep a thin trickle of water pouring upon the heated metal, he clung to the grab iron with his left hand, fumbled for pin grease with his right. Beneath him hard ballast or muddy water flew by at a mile a minute. Shorty Rozelle was sure wheelin' 'em to-night. The bolt of the grab iron slipped out a bit farther, still he did not notice. Hard work to hold on.

He chucked the pin grease into the box, smiled grimly at thought of the young super lifting the corner of that cushion for him to get it—learning, that boy was—all have to learn, though. He punched and gouged into the packing with his hook, and at every movement the bolt in the grab iron, nut gone from it, slipped out a hair's breadth farther. He fumbled for more pin grease, stuffed it into the box, packed it. The squealing ceased, as does the cry of a starving child when it is fed. He would show that damned efficiency expert how to run hot boxes.

Then, while he clung here in the storm, with wild lightning flashing about him, with rain beating upon him, with water pouring in streams from his oilskins, running into mouth, eyes, nostrils, old John's mind raced back to the song the Salvation Army folks had sung that night — something about a storm, and waters, and clinging— Yeah! This was it.

He shifted his position. The bolt holding the grab iron slipped. It was almost out now. A few more jerks, another, maybe, and old John Leitwell, Pin-Grease John, might need no pension from the G. & P.

Shorty Rozelle whistled for Brush Creek. A lantern on the rear swung a high ball. Old John moved to shove his stub of right hand—his old link hand—into his pocket for the last chunk of pin grease.

IV

BACK in the dimly lighted caboose, conductor and official sat watching the train, the light, the storm. McShane filled his old cob pipe. Fox lighted a new cigar. Old John's light still twinkled, a spark in the distance.

"If we have to stop and cool that box, McShane," the superintendent called uneasily, "Osage bridge 'll be gone before we get there. Roadmaster said he might hold it an hour with the stuff he had."

"John got any pin grease?"

"Ye-es," admitted the super. "He has a whole stick."

"Then don't you worry, Mr. Fox. Pin-Grease John will cool that box on the run."

"I didn't know it could be done," doubtfully.

"Old John's run a many a one that way, Mr. Fox."

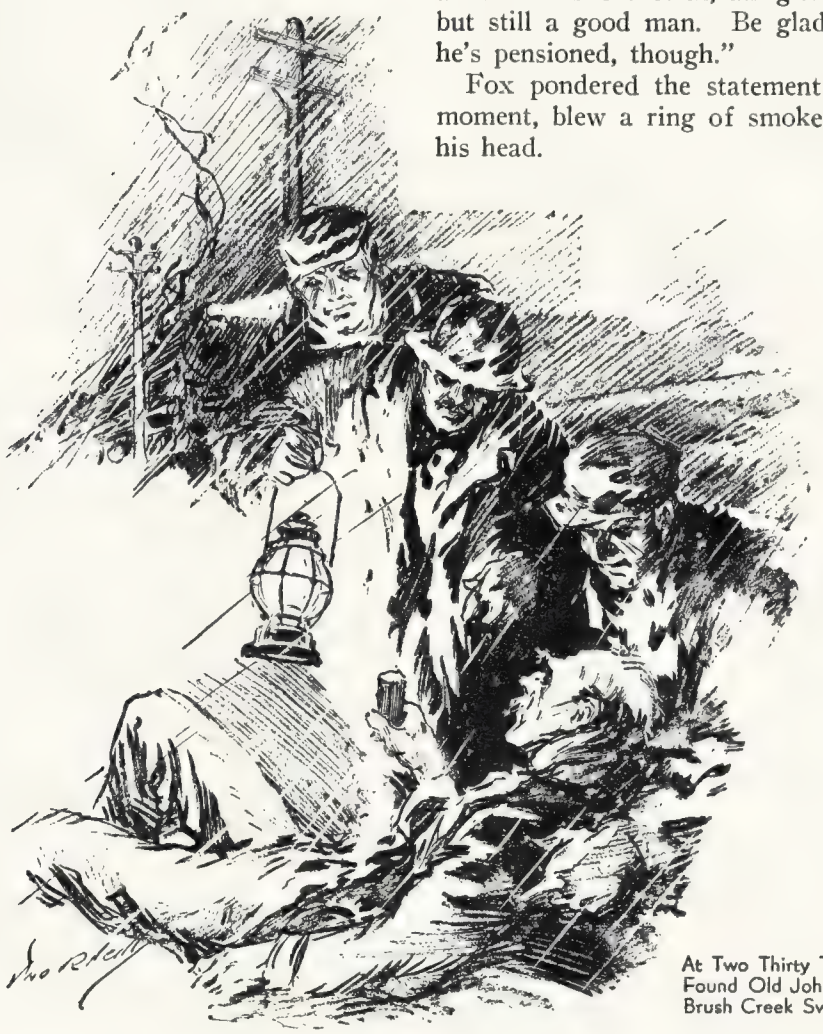
"That so?"

The official blew a smoke cloud over his head. Stared into it. Perhaps—

The light disappeared.

"See anything of John's light over on that side, Mr. Fox?" called the conductor.

The superintendent opened the window, peered ahead.



At Two Thirty They Found Old John at Brush Creek Switch

"Yes. Yes, I can still see it. Seems to be down on the side."

"Keep an eye on that light, will yuh, Mr. Fox. Old John's down fastenin' his cooler can on, an' stuffin' that box with pin grease."

"Takes a good brakeman to do that kind of a job, McShane," ventured the official, pulling his head inside the cupola for a minute.

"Leitwell is a good brakeman, Mr. Fox. Don't make 'em any better. Stubborn as Old Nick, an' gittin' old, but still a good man. Be glad when he's pensioned, though."

Fox pondered the statement for a moment, blew a ring of smoke above his head.

"Yes, McShane, the old devil's stubborn as a mule. When he started out of this caboose he was fired—making his last trip. Stole a stick of pin grease off the engine to-night after I just told him this morning I'd fire him

if I ever caught him with the stuff again."

McShane took the cob pipe out of his mouth and stared malignantly across at his superior. Fox continued:

"You can't fire a man like that, though. A man who'll get out and work his head off trying to run stuff, and risk his neck in the bargain. I think I'll pension him when he gets in and be done with it."

With a laugh the conductor swung down from the cupola and went to the rear platform. In a minute he returned, and climbing into his place, announced calmly:

"She'll run, Mr. Fox. Old John's got his pin grease workin'. I can smell it. We'll make it to Osage in the hour!"

Shorty Rozelle whistled for Brush Creek—five miles from Osage. McShane high balled. They crashed through the switches and on into the rain. The light up ahead wobbled violently, almost went out, then swung to rest.

Two miles beyond the siding McShane called out:

"John's light still there, Mr. Fox?"

"Yes. Still there."

McShane crossed the cupola, leaned over the official knee and stared out a long time, watching the light.

"Old wart ought to be gettin' back by this time. Must a had a bad case over there. No sense in his stayin' out all night in the rain, though. Be glad when yuh git his pension fer 'im."

The conductor returned to his seat. They were a mile from Little Osage, now. Backwaters piled about them, buried the rails they rode. Shorty had slowed down. They heard him answer a signal, felt the slack go out of the train as he moved forward. The lantern still hung to the side of the car. The superintendent moved uneasily, stared out when lightning blazed, trying to catch a glimpse of the brakeman. McShane looked at his watch a half dozen times within the mile.

"Leitwell should be coming in now, since we have slowed down," judged the official.

"Yeah. Ought to be. I'm goin' over there an' see about 'im."

McShane went out the front door. Fox, slipping into his slicker, followed. The train stopped where water surged against the abutments of Osage bridge, gnawed angrily at the earthen fill. Trackmen heaved great rocks in to feed the flood. Conductor and official hurried on until they came to the lantern, hanging where John had tied it. They saw the cooler can in place, read tragedy in the grab iron hanging loose at one end.

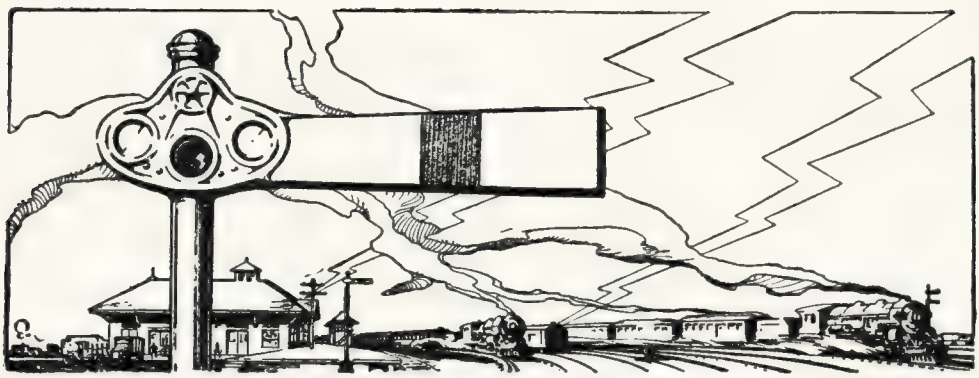
At two thirty they found old John beside the Brush Creek switch. They straightened a broken leg, and Fox, opening the almost fingerless right hand, removed from it what the hand had clutched in falling. He held it up to the light, and in an awed voice, whispered the one word:

"Pin grease!"

That was almost ten years ago. Sometimes, now when the day is sunny, Pin-Grease John, oldest pensioner of the G. & P., wearing his best black sateen shirt, his best red tie, and his best blue serge vest, will hobble out to the switch shanty. If, perchance, a long freight pulls in with a hot box smoking and a journal squealing for grease, the old man will remove the cob pipe from his mouth, point its stem at the hot box, and without turning to the student brakeman, say:

"Lissen tu that, will yuh? Lissen tu that box squeal. I never fetched one in like that when I was railroadin'."

My Greatest Thrill



A department where true experiences of railroad men are related. Prompt payment at good rates is offered for narratives of personal thrills. Each story must be verified.

Three Ladies and a 31

The Meet at Cedar Park Didn't Mean a Thing to the Brains When a Date with May Was at Stake

By A. C. McKinnon

NO doubt all you fellows have heard of that old saying, "Booze won't mix with steam," or "that booze and railroading just won't pull together." And to impress it more clearly, they put a paragraph in the book of rules to this effect, and they called it "Rule G," or we may say "G" for gin. But the wise guys who made up this book of rules overlooked one main feature, and in this case an additional rule would have caused a certain crew to think of the book before undertaking to do what they did on this famous trip. They never put anything in the book of rules prohibiting train crews from associating with females. If they had done so the career of my hogger, my conductor and myself would have been different.

It was clearly demonstrated to us that "women and rolling stock" won't mix any more than booze and live steam will, which I will endeavor to prove to you in this yarn.

There was Jim Blake, the hogger, Bill Howard, the brains, and myself. I was the rear-end shack decorating the crummy. We were on extra drags, in the chain gang, working first in, first out on a streak of single iron up in the State of Vermont. Then there were the three sisters, Stella, May and Lottie, who lived down at Cookville with their old man. Cookville was fourteen miles down the subdivision from Rockton, which was our division point.

These three ladies meant a lot to the three of us as, any time that we could get into Rockton and make the 9.40 A.M. local down to Cookville, we were sure of a good time. In fact, Bill was determined that he would do most anything to get a date with May, over whom he was pretty hard hit. Jim was already coo-coo over Stella, and as for me and Lottie, and what I thought about her—that's our own little business.

Jim and I had been down to Cookville for the day, and we had promised the girls that we would surely be down the day after to-morrow, which was the Fourth of July, and we were to bring Bill with us. There was to be a big day on the Fourth at the fair grounds at Cookville, with the field sports and all the trimmings. When we got back to Rockton that night, our buggy was ordered east, and Jim was our hogger. We got down to Benton, at the end of our division, and tied up.

There were a half dozen crews ahead of us. We were all itching to get back to Rockton and keep that date for the Fourth. It would have been impossible for any of us to lay off. We had to take the chance that the "little angels" would play luck into our hands, and get us back in time for that local the next morning. Bill was all excitement over the date with May.

Then luck came our way, we were ordered for 2 A.M. west for Rockton, with a drag on the morning of the Fourth. Excitement was running high over the entire crew, as we hardly had time to check our drag before Jim was coupled up and the air on. He had no need to tell us to "hump it." We were as eager to get out of town as he was. At 6.45 we were at Sherburne, in the hole for a meet and taking water. The crew on that eastbound drag told us that there were twelve crews tied up at Rockton, which meant that we were safe for the day and our big time at the fair.

Everything had gone "jake" up to now, and we had made good time. As I was afraid that something even yet might happen to put our plans on the scrap pile, I decided to take no chances on such a thing blocking us, so I told my mate to hike back to the buggy and I would ride the head end. I couldn't trust any one else to finish the job. I had to handle it myself.

We were humping it over to Millbrook to get into the hole to let No. 11 by us. No. 11 was the through local. As we drifted into Millbrook, we could see the order board was on, and we prayed that it was something for No. 11 and not for us. I dropped off the pilot and bent the rail for the hole as Jim drifted over the gate, then I went in to see what was on the board. The operator was taking a "31" for us.

As our buggy came over the switch, Bill blew in like a cyclone with a string of curses, and "raved on," when he heard that we had a meet with another eastbound drag. He cursed all the dispatchers on earth and elsewhere. Then the op got Bill to sign the order and got the complete. The 31 read:

"Engine 2618 run extra Rockton to Benton and meet Extra 2682 west at Cedar Park."

It seemed that our little game was all gone up the "flue," by the look of disgust that was on Bill's mug. We could not get over to Cedar Park and take the hole after following No. 11 and meet the 2618, and then get over to Rockton in time to get our local.

Bill danced and raved. He had planned on showing up some of the "rubes" at the fair in some of the races, such as the potato race and the

three-legged race for which he was a professional. He sat down to the dispatcher's phone to listen in.

In a few moments the expression on his mug changed. Now there was actually a smile coming into his face. Whatever he was hearing was sweet music to him.

Then he became all excited once again and made one jump to where I was standing, and in one breath hollered out a string of instruction to me.

"Hey, you," he said, "grab No. 11 and flag us over to Rockton."

He had just heard the dispatcher on the phone telling the east end of the yard at Rockton that he was going to hold the 2618 for two cars of stock that were coming in from the West, and that they would be ready to go after the arrival of No. 11 from the East.

Bill told me to drop off No. 11 at the switch shanty at the east end of the Rockton yard, and hold the 2618 there until they pulled in, otherwise the 2618 would follow No. 11 out and not wait for the block.

The Operator Was Taking a "31" for Us

As I got on the day coach of No. 11, it didn't occur to me that I was on the wrong end of that train. I should have been on the engine. I resolved that never again would I doubt that Bill had a wonderful set of brains to be able to work them so fast. There was no doubt, for a conductor, he *could* think fast. I thought that I had never known any one to be in a pinch like this and think a way out of it the way he did.

I was rolling along on that string of polished wagons when I began to wonder how the hell I was going to drop off No. 11 at the east end of the yard. This was a passenger train, and her stop was at the depot, which was nearly a mile west of the switch shanty where I was supposed to get down and hold the 2618. Even though No. 11 was a local, she didn't enter the yards any too gently. As she rattled over the first switches coming into the yards and whistled at the station board, I could see what a bum set of brains I had, and that I had made one nice bull of the whole job.

Then I heard the 2618 whistle off, and a moment later I was down on the steps waiting my chance to drop off. When I thought I could make it, I let go, and I made one of those fancy drops where you hit hard and the ground comes up and rattles your back teeth. I imagined that I could see those two drags meeting about a mile out, and a thousand other things ran through my thick head.

I started over the tops of the cars in the yard and made fast time to the drag that was now moving slowly toward the main line switch for his pull up the first grade. I had in mind to break him in two some way, but as I reached the ground I saw that his buggy was only a half dozen cars away from me, so I made for that and gently gave him the wind from the rear angle cock.

I told the parlor man to hold him there if he tried to move again. Then I started for the head end. I felt a lot easier now, although my rear end was mighty sore where I had made that fancy drop off No. 11. I was tapping myself for being one of such a smart crew who knew the railroad game from A to Z, and I had carried out the errand which my conductor had sent me out to do. I had not failed.

Now I heard my own drag coming down the hills, and I heard Jim whistle for the yard, switch, grade crossing, and the answers, all in a series of long-drawn-out shrieks, came back from the echoing hills. I can still hear the echo of those whistles now. I cursed Jim for being a fool and making all that noise, unless he wanted to let all the "brass collars" up at the depot know that he was coming and telling them that he had no business to be coming so soon. I could make out a gang around the door of the switch shanty, and as I got there my drag was hitting it over the switches into the yard on the other side of the main iron. The brains on the 2618 happened to be old man Stagg, the biggest crank on the whole road. He had been on the road so long that he owned it and wanted it run his way, and wherever he was concerned, why, you just had to live up to the book of rules or there would be skin and hair flying. He was known as "Tea Dust," as he was always chewing dried tea.

Without meaning any harm, I politely told him that it was O. K. to go. Well, I believe if he could have laid his hand on a knuckle pin, I'd have got it. My few words to him sounded to him as though I was running the road, and was telling him how to go. What he didn't say to me isn't worth mentioning. But he had already been on the phone and told the super that some one had made a bull and was trying to put him head-on into another fellow that had just come in from the East, and that he wanted the matter looked into and the guilty one severely punished.

The super told him to come up to the office at once. I started for my crum-

my, and found it deserted, so I went over to the yard office and met Bill just coming out. "Come on, kid," he says, "the old man wants us upstairs. And hurry up! We only got fifty-five minutes to get changed and back here to get that local."

The Old Man Came in with Fire in His Eye

Up the stairs we both climbed and saw the dispatcher, Tea Dust, and the super talking things over. Tea Dust was telling the old man what to do with us. In a few moments Jim and the fireboy came in. Old Tea Dust was given a new 31 and told to get going.

Each one of us was asked what part he had played in this new method of railroading, and why. Of course none of us cared to say just why, that is, we didn't want to say that three ladies were the cause of us ignoring that 31, but when it came Jim's turn to talk, he said that he just had to make that local over to Cookville, as he had an important engagement over there. Once again, Jim pulled the pin on the whole works. The old man looked us all over and said: "All right, boys, I want you all here at two thirty this afternoon; and be here, do you get me?"

By the tone of his voice we could see that he was by no means pleased with us.

It was the saddest, most downhearted looking gang that you would care to see that came down stairs. We looked as though we had all been sentenced to hang by the neck until dead. There was the local standing there, and none of us were to ride her that

trip. After our all-night run from Benton, full of anticipation and eagerness, we now were canned for our Fourth of July fair, the ladies and our good time. We decided to go over to the lunch wagon and eat and lay our plans on what we could tell the ladies, as everybody around the depot was giving us the razz for that good meet we made or didn't make.

" Say," says Bill, " is there an extra paper out about this, or is it already on the bulletin board?"

Then, to put the finishing touches to our happiness, we heard the local pull out while somebody else told Bill: " There goes the local for Cookville."

But the worst was yet to come our way, and I don't mean maybe.

At two thirty sharp we were all upstairs once more. We counted five chairs up against the wall, and a couple more beside the super's desk. The dispatcher came in and took one of these, while the stenographer took the other. The old man came in with fire in his eye. We all sat down and waited for the fireworks to start, as they should on the Fourth of July. We could see that the old man had come to a decision; in fact he had made up his mind before we came in. To our own way of thinking we had not done anything wrong, or had we caused any trouble. But the old man thought different; he objected to our trying any new ways of railroading and making new kinds of meets on his division. He said if we thought that the book of rules needed changing, that we should apply to the higher officials.

My mate and the fireboy were sent back to service. Bill and I got the limit — suspended for ninety-nine years. Jim got thirty days to loaf. The old man told Jim that he would give him enough time to go down to Cookville. And he did with a smile. Inside of fifteen days Stella was Mrs. Jim Blake.

I cursed myself for taking the head end away from my mate when I did. After four months Bill and I got our rights back. But we never flagged against a meet order again. We still get the razz, more so from the three ladies, who were the cause of our ignoring that 31.

The Zulu

The Immigrant's Car Hit the Scenery When They Made the Drop and the Farmer Yelled for Blood

By C. W. (Baldy) Deaton

IN the language of the Indian, meaning many moons ago, I was braking on a trunk line that rolled her trains over a steel highway in the Middle West. I was holding a run on a carded red ball train—head brakeman on this eventful morning in early spring.

The train was made up, headed due east, but we pulled around a long wye and, when on the northbound main, we were going northwest.

The switchman was making up our train as I was walking through the yards. On the first cut of cars that was set out they set two or three binders then kicked heck out of the rest against them. Just as I got opposite the first cut one was coming down by itself. It sure was rolling. Just after it hit I heard someone yell:

"Say, come here!"

I looked over and there was a heavy set, bald-headed man leaning out of this box car door over a grain door.

"What in the Sam Hill are you fellers trying to do? Kill me and bust up everything I have in this car?" he asked. Now this was an immigrant; what the railroad men call a zulu.

"I am not working with that crew," I said.

"No. I never did see any of you'uns work, anywhere between Texas and here."

Just then I heard the clickety-click of car wheels coming straight for the zulu's car.

I yelled, "Say, look out! Here comes another cut."

He said, "Another what?"

Bang!!!

The old man went out of sight. There was an awful racket in that car, stamping of horses, hogs squealing, a cow bellowing. I went up to the car. He had nailed some boards by the door for steps so as to get in and out. I got up and looked in. Everything was upside down and the old man was picking himself up from under some straw, bed slats and stove lids when he saw me. He commenced to rave.

"Why in heck don't you fools kill me and my stock outright? Jesse James was a credit to you fellows. He killed his victims. You-all cripple them up and let them suffer."

"Say, old man," says I, "I'm not switching; I am on this run as a brakeman."

"Yes," said the old zulu, "brakeman. The company sure named you right. Go to it and break up all you can."

I got down and left for the engine, and let the old man rave to himself. When I coupled the engine to the train I saw the conductor and the car inspector at the zulu's car and the old man was telling it to them. I walked back a little way and then I heard the old zulu say:

"Look at that!"

He was shaking a bloody cow horn at the conductor.

"That was knocked off a Jersey's head and the other one is knocked loose. You darn fools stood her on her head just a few minutes ago and somebody is going to pay for this. I was warned of the railroad before I left Texas."

The conductor held up his hand. I guess he thought the old man was going to hit him with the cow's horn. The conductor had a thumb and finger off. The zulu saw his crippled hand and said:

"If they had mashed your head when they mashed that hand this might not have happened."

The conductor gave the high ball and we were off. Thirty-five miles up the line was a water tank. The engineer oiled around and the fireman took water. We were looking the train over and I tried to get by the zulu's car without him seeing me, but not so.

"What in heck do you fellows wear the things on your caps for?" asked the aggravated zulu.

"You mean this badge?"

"Yes, that smart conductor got one that looks like a headlight."

"Well," I said, "it is so the public

can tell us from the immigrants and hoboes."

"Think you are damn' smart, don't you? Say, what direction are we going now?"

"Northwest."

sign. The old hogger pulled the throttle to the chain. There were skyrockets in the air. The old balded zulu had his head poked out of the door, taking it all in. The hogger gave the brakeman the slack and he pulled the

"Where Is That White-Livered Conductor?"

"You're a liar. The sun don't come up in the northwest."

I let him have his way and went on.

Well, about a hundred miles up the line at a junction point where we connected with another line we were to deliver the zulu. There was a long passing track on the left side of our train and a switch on the right side and this switch was where we set the zulu out. It was about 10 A.M. The conductor told the rear brakeman to go over and make a drop of the zulu. Now, all rails know a drop is a flying switch. He gave me the sign and I went to the switch, unlocked it, but did not try it. The zulu's car was eight or ten cars behind the engine. The brakeman hung himself on and gave a high pin. Here came Mr. Zulu. I yanked the switch half over and it stuck. I tried to get it back, but too late. The wheels hit the ties and bounced for about a car length, then started to turn over. The lead trucks hung to the edge of the rail and saved the car from turning clear over. She was hanging at an angle of about forty-five degrees, just ready to topple.

While I was standing there looking at the wreck I had caused and wondering what would happen, and if I had killed the zulu, just then I saw a big boot come up over the grain door. There sure was a lot of racket in that car. Following that boot was another, then the zulu with an ax in his hand and blood in his eye.

"By heck, I am going to kill every infernal Kansas grasshopper on this train. Where is that white-livered conductor? I want to sink this ax in his wooden head so deep they will have to send him to Chicago to get it out, and that smart brakeman is going to get his, trying to tell me the sun came up in the northwest. In the northwest is where he goes down. I'll murder him, that's all."

The old man had one foot on the board step and the other hung over the grain door. It was too far to the ground to jump and the way the car was leaning he could not get down. And up there like a woodpecker on a snag hung the zulu, yelling just what was going to happen to a certain train crew.

I was around the end of the car, out of his sight. It happened on the edge of town, and soon a lot of spectators were there. The old engineer came down to see the wreck, and as he came around the end of the car with his monkey wrench in his hand, Mr. Zulu saw him.

"Say, pot-belly, if you came here looking for trouble you can find plenty of it when I get down. I will make you eat that monkey wrench, handle and all."

The conductor and the agent and a lot more had come up to the wreck. The old zulu was trying to get his foot on the lower step of his homemade ladder.

"Drop that ax and we will help you," said the conductor.

"I expect to drop it on that fat head of yours," yelled the zulu, and in another minute I looked for him to froth.

Just then he lost his hold, one leg went under the car sill and the other on the outside of the step. He lost his ax, and when his weight was hanging by one leg, you should have heard the old killer yell for help!

The conductor, the agent and some more got under him, and in boosting him up someone grabbed hold of the step.

His weight and that of the old zulu's was too much for the homemade step; it loosened and all went down in a pile. The conductor was the under dog. When the zulu saw the captain, he yelled for his ax.

"I got one of them, where's my ax? And I hope they give him flowers that are smartweed and dog fennel for his grave."

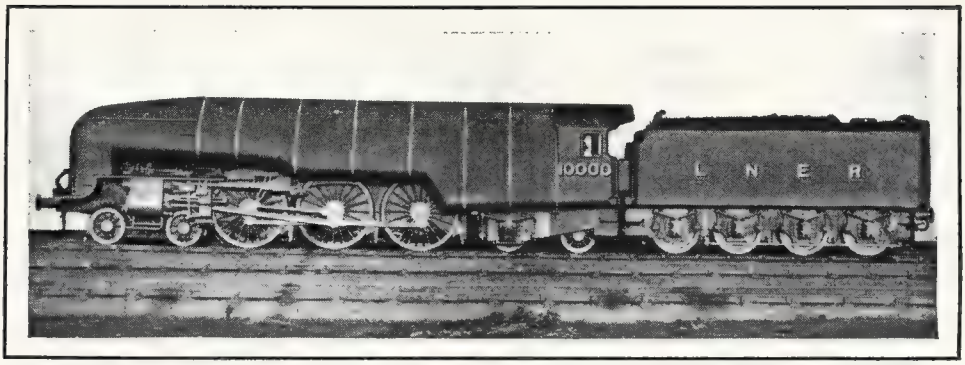
Well, the captain finally got to the station without the zulu killing him. The dispatcher gave him orders to get hold of his train and get out of there. We went up and backed down through the passing track, staked the rear of train by the switch and coupled into it and pulled through the passing track.

The dispatcher ordered the wrecker and told us they would clean up and leave the switches lined for the passing track.

We made the trip back the next day without mishap. When we arrived at the eastern terminal the caller handed me a message to call at the superintendent's office at once. We were all there.

The poor old conductor got thirty days and I got thirty, too, for not trying the switch and wrecking the zulu. The conductor's thirty days was for telling us to make a drop when we could have run around it, pushed it in ahead of us.

In three days I was repeating high balls from the hurricane deck of a fast westbound Frisco train. I guess the old conductor served his.



England's "Hush-Hush" Locomotive, Which Revolutionizes the Traditional Lines of Railway Engines. It Was Built by the London and North Eastern Railway for Express Passenger Service on the East Coast of England

That "Hush-Hush" Hog

They Built It On the Quiet in English Shops and They Expect Great Things in Performance

By Ralph Heinzen

VETERAN track workers, signal men, station employees stood aghast, staring with amazement, as they saw Britain's famous "hush-hush" locomotive, built with all the secrecy of a mystery warship, steam out of King's Cross on her first trial run.

The huge iron-gray mass, which looks like a whale on wheels, is a revolution in locomotive design. Nothing has ever been built like it, and no one knows yet of what great speed she is capable or what pulling power she can generate.

It is certain, however, when one takes a look at this peculiar offspring of general motive power, that it was never designed nor intended to hook into a string of freight cars. You only have to look at it to be sure that the speed is there, but as for tractive effort on heavy drags, it doesn't take an expert to determine that there is much wanting.

There is something of the battleship about the No. 10000, for she has high-pressure water tube boilers such as those used on warships, and her boiler pressure is four hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. So, like a warship, much mystery surrounded the building of this great bulk.

During its building, not a word escaped the factory in which it was being given form. Even when it was completed, its vast boiler squatted down over the wheels as though seeking to hide the secrets of construction within. Yet when the trials started, the London and North Eastern Railway

permitted me to stand on the deck as the locomotive steamed out of the famous old London station on its first run.

To be properly English I should have said that they allowed me to stand on the footplate, which, after all, is just about what the cab of this English locomotive amounts to. No one of the designers strained himself when it came to figuring out breathing space in the little shack that hangs on the rear end of the peculiar boiler, and it passes by the name of locomotive cab.

A novice in matters of engineering, and a railroader only as a back seat driver from the Pullman at the end of the string, yet I knew from the start that this snorting monster under my feet, before me, behind me and all around me, represented the greatest power that European railroad engineers have ever assembled.

The London and North Eastern built this unique locomotive in its own plant at Darlington, for use on its East Coast route expresses. In outward appearance this mill is an entire departure from previous practice in locomotive design, and many of the constructional details are extremely novel.

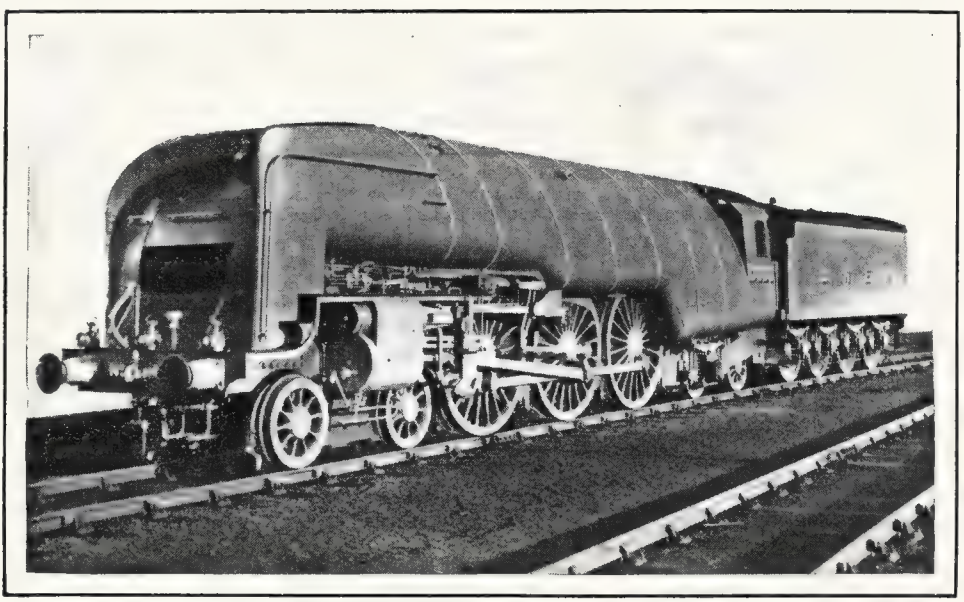
The Express Service

Although she is over seventy-five feet in length and weighs one hundred and sixty tons she moves with the smoothness of a limousine, and as soon as the preliminary tests are completed she will be put into service on the Flying Scotsman express between King's Cross and Edinburgh.

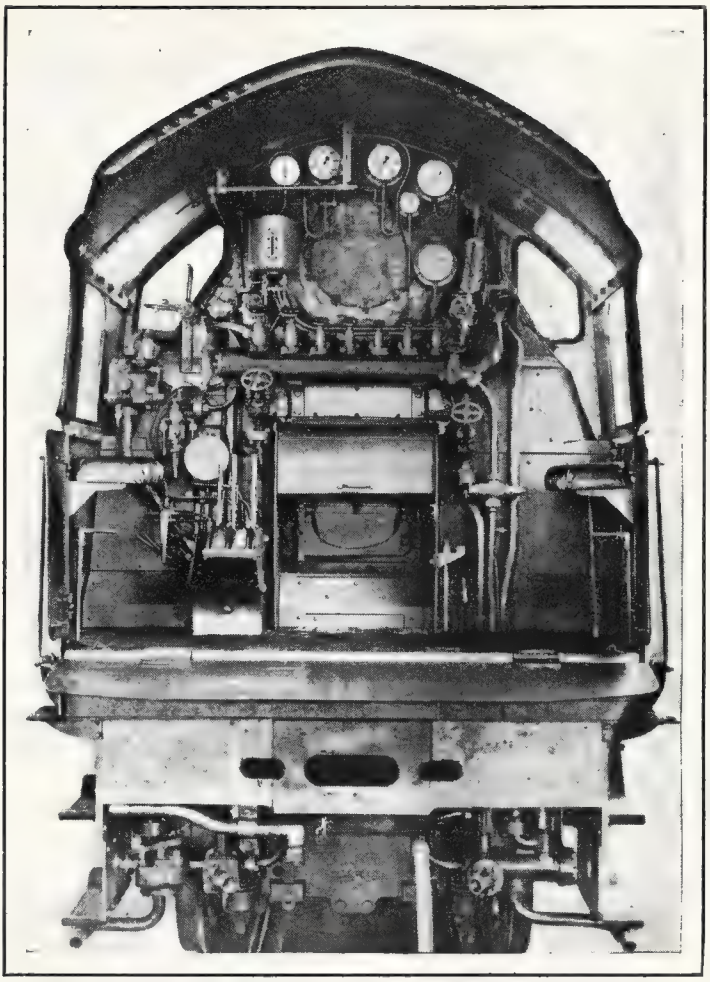
She is the first locomotive in England to which high pressure water tube boilers have been applied.

"I have been working on her for three years," the designer, Mr. H. N. Gressley, chief mechanical engineer of the L. & N. E. R., told me.

"First I had a model made which I tested in pipes and toy tunnels, and by



A Whale on Wheels Is This New British Engine. It Breathes in Its Draught from the Front, and Puffs Out Smoke Through Two Little Portholes. The Boiler Squats All Over the Machine



The Engineer and Fireman Change Sides in This Cab, but Then That Is the Way They Run Things in England. No Smoke Bothers the Crew, Because There Is No Belching Stack. This Hog Carries 450 lbs. on Its Steam Gauge

this means I found how to dispense with the funnel—or stack—which gave me extra room for the boilers.

"So far the engine has only been run at a quarter of her capacity, which produced a speed of sixty-one miles an hour, and although it is thought that she could easily break the world's railway engine record of one hundred and twenty miles an hour, that is not likely to be attempted.

"She has been built to consume twenty per cent less coal than the Pacific engines, which she will duly supersede."

It is because of its great fuel economy that engineers now are turning close attention to the Hush-Hush jack, and the tests on fuel consumption will be watched with a great deal of interest. English trains, of course, being of lighter weight and lesser length than American trains, they never had the extreme fuel problems which have for many years perplexed the railroads of the United States. However, as the tendency on the English roads is toward longer and heavier trains year after year, the engineers believe that the fuel problem is something to take up right now for consideration.

The boiler has been constructed to the extreme limits of the railway gauge and there is no room for a stack to project above the boiler. The stack has therefore been sunk within casing plates which are so arranged as to throw the smoke upward and clear of the driver's view from his position on the seat-box.

Considerable experimenting was undertaken, and the new outstanding design was arrived at by tests which

were made with a model of the locomotive in a wind flume with air currents of speeds up to fifty m. p. h. The results indicate a bold departure from the conventional appearance. The importance to the engine driver of a modern express train having a perfectly clear view ahead is a matter of safety.

They Call It Baltic Type

The new engine possesses a wheel arrangement of 4—6—4 known as the "Baltic" type. This is the first tender locomotive with this wheel arrangement to be constructed and operated in England. The six coupled driving wheels are six feet eight inches in diameter.

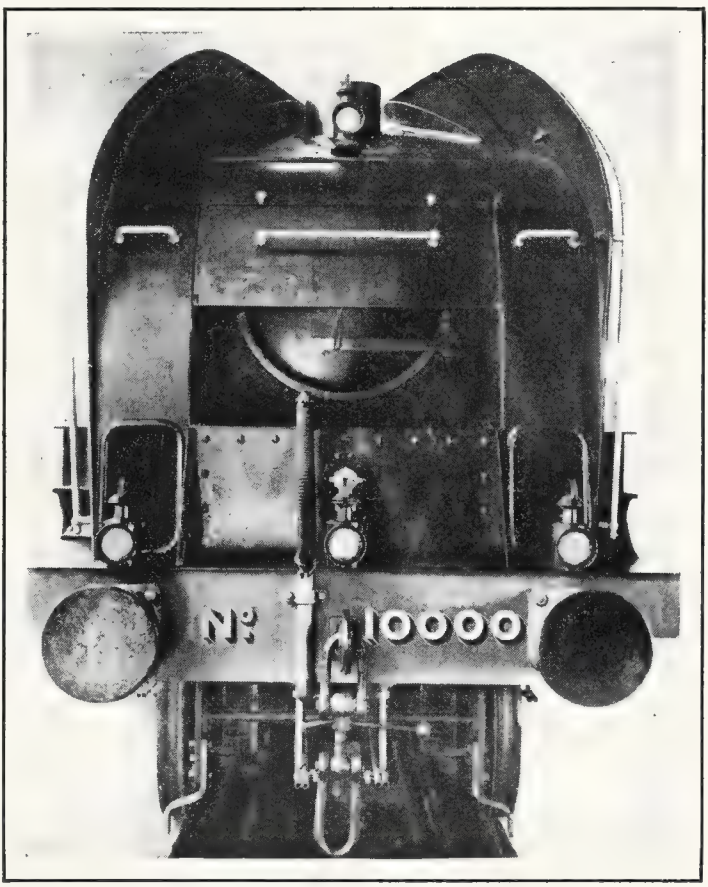
One of the most striking feasures is that the whole of the air supplied to the firebox is preheated. The supply is taken from the front of the smokebox and passes down a space between the boiler and the casings.

The engine is a four cylinder compound. The two high pressure cylinders, which are made of cast steel, are twelve inches in diameter and have a twenty-six inch stroke, driving onto the leading coupled wheels. The two low pressure cylinders are situated outside the frames and drive the intermediate pair of coupled wheels. These cylinders have a diameter of twenty inches and a stroke of twenty-six.

No name has yet been given to this "hush-hush" engine, which, after trials, will be tested in actual service between London, King's Cross, and Edinburgh, Waverley.

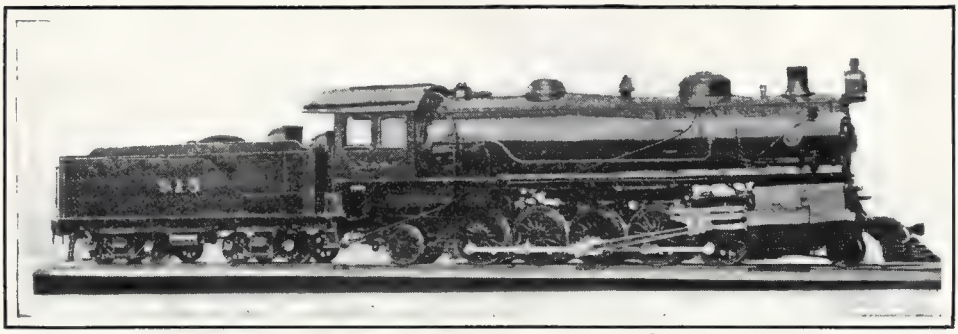
The driver of the jack is to be John G. Eltringham, of Gateshead, one of the crack hoggers of the Scotch expresses.

"I will tell you what I think of her when I have a really long run," Eagle-eye Eltringham said cautiously.

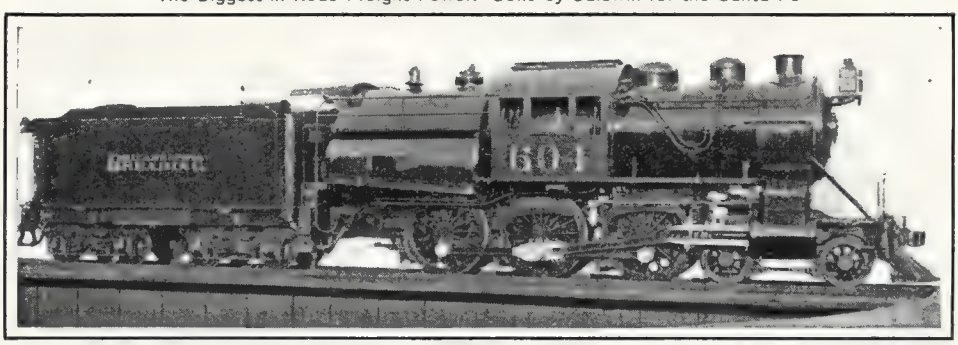


Great Secrecy Has Been Maintained During the Quiet Test Which Is Now Being Made in England. The Front End of This Hush-Hush Hog Looks Like a Snowplow

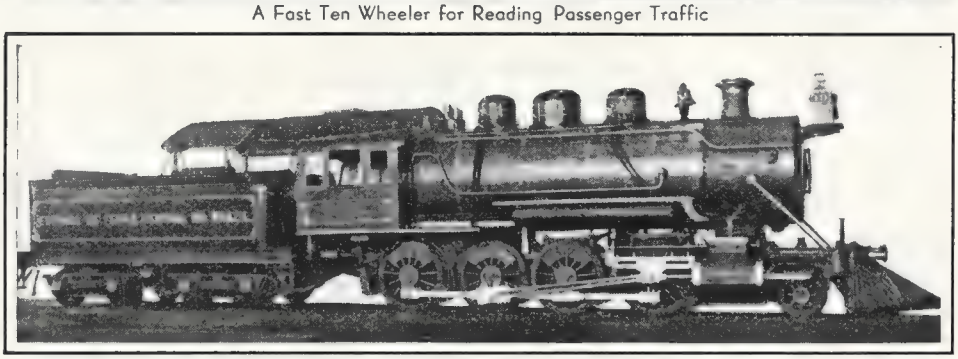
These Hogs Set Styles



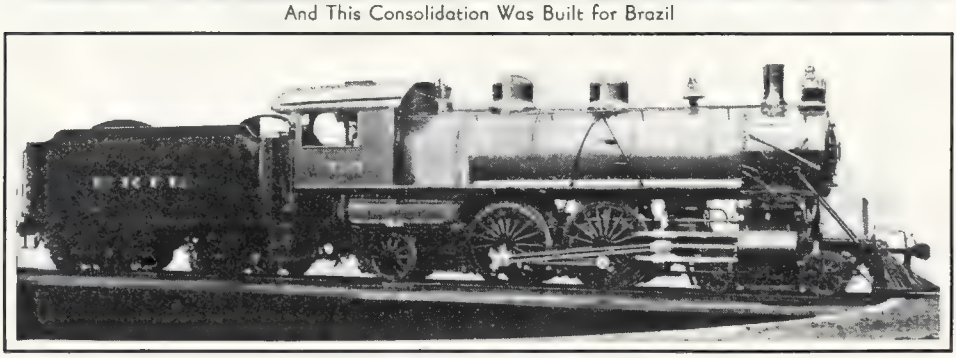
The Biggest in Road Freight Power. Built by Baldwin for the Santa Fe



A Fast Ten Wheeler for Reading Passenger Traffic

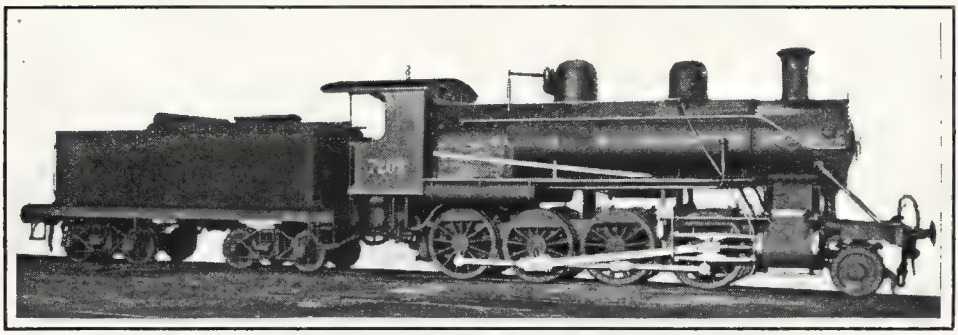


And This Consolidation Was Built for Brazil

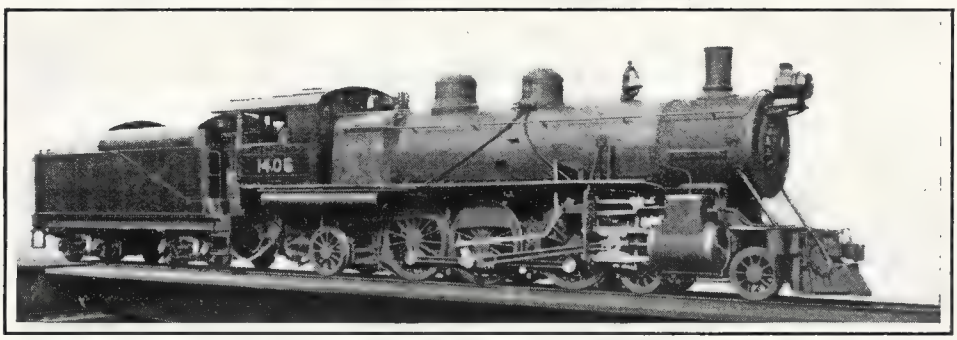


The Erie Wheeled Them with These Atlantics

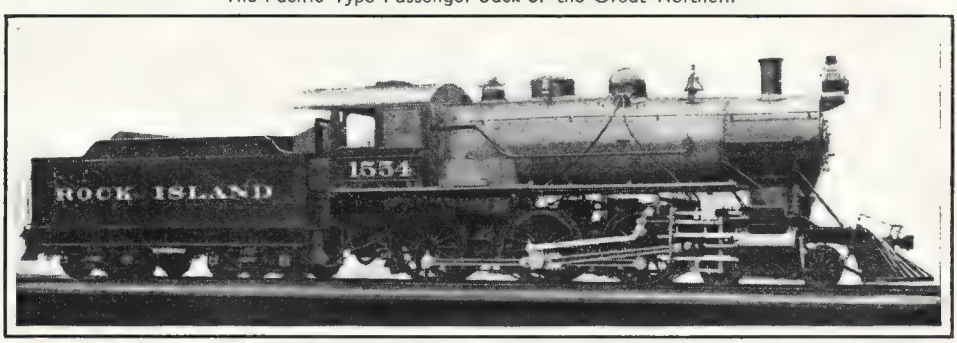
Twenty-Five Years Ago



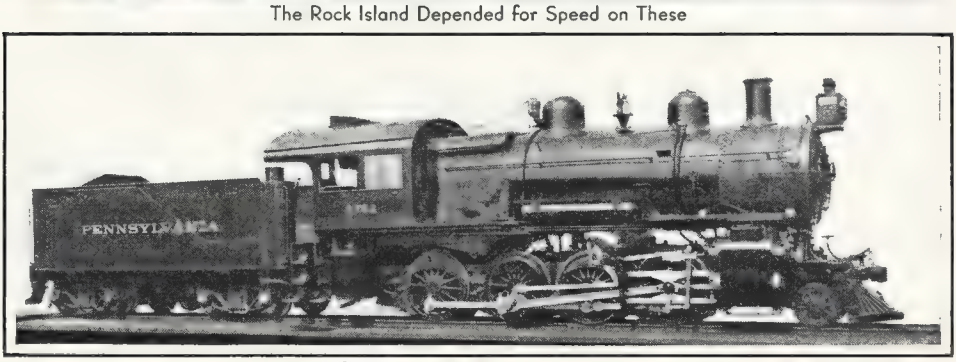
Another Consolidation. This One Went to Italy



The Pacific Type Passenger Jack of the Great Northern

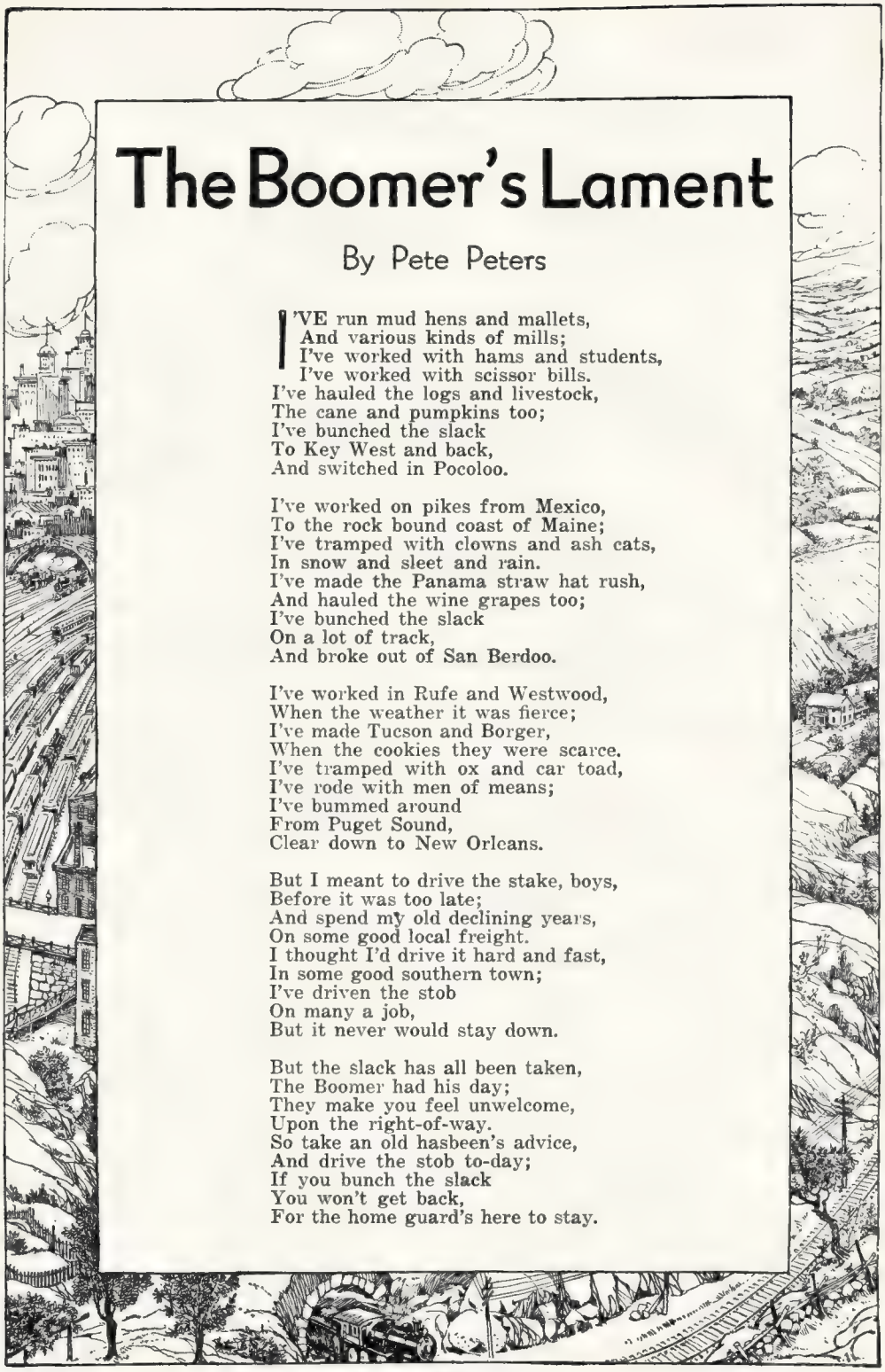


The Rock Island Depended for Speed on These



Freight Power for the P. R. R. Slow but Strong and Steady

All Photos by courtesy of
Baldwin Locomotive Works



The Boomer's Lament

By Pete Peters

I'VE run mud hens and mallets,
And various kinds of mills;
I've worked with hams and students,
I've worked with scissor bills.
I've hauled the logs and livestock,
The cane and pumpkins too;
I've bunched the slack
To Key West and back,
And switched in Pocoloo.

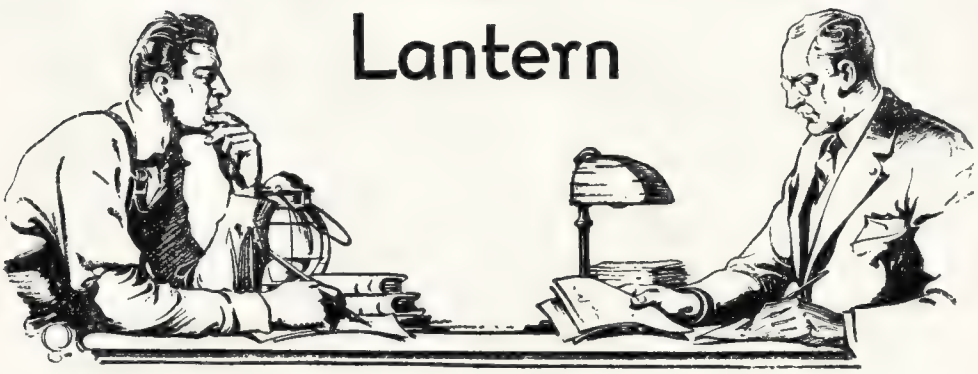
I've worked on pikes from Mexico,
To the rock bound coast of Maine;
I've tramped with clowns and ash cats,
In snow and sleet and rain.
I've made the Panama straw hat rush,
And hauled the wine grapes too;
I've bunched the slack
On a lot of track,
And broke out of San Berdoo.

I've worked in Rufe and Westwood,
When the weather it was fierce;
I've made Tucson and Borger,
When the cookies they were scarce.
I've tramped with ox and car toad,
I've rode with men of means;
I've bummed around
From Puget Sound,
Clear down to New Orleans.

But I meant to drive the stake, boys,
Before it was too late;
And spend my old declining years,
On some good local freight.
I thought I'd drive it hard and fast,
In some good southern town;
I've driven the stob
On many a job,
But it never would stay down.

But the slack has all been taken,
The Boomer had his day;
They make you feel unwelcome,
Upon the right-of-way.
So take an old hasbeen's advice,
And drive the stob to-day;
If you bunch the slack
You won't get back,
For the home guard's here to stay.

By the Light of the Lantern



WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected. Delays are often unavoidable for two reasons: the magazine is printed two months in advance of the date of issue, and it frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions.

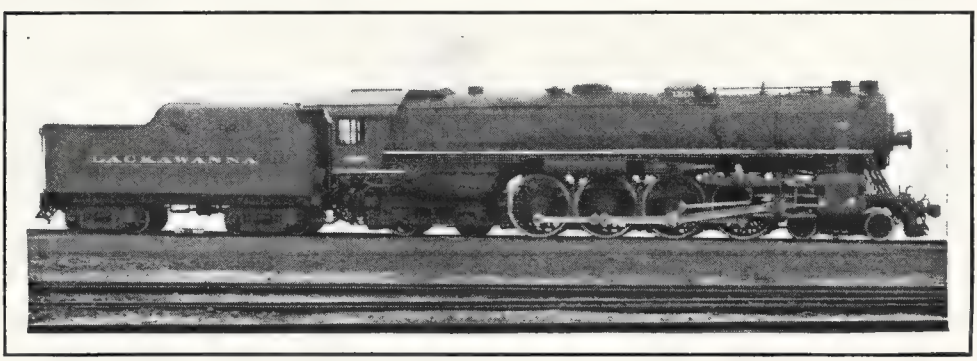
WILL you please explain what is meant by the 2-8-8-8-2 type locomotive?—R. M. H., Atlanta, Ga.

This type of locomotive was built by the Baldwin Locomotive Company for the Erie Railroad and it is known as a Triplex Mallet, a pair of cylinders and eight drivers being placed under the tender.

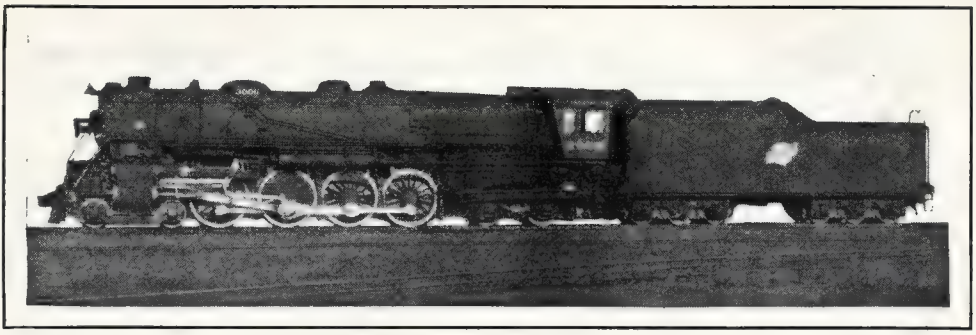
G. B., Clifton, N. J.—Please see the answer following to L. M. G., Gifford, Ia., for information as to the largest passenger locomotive. Since you ask specifically about the Lackawanna 1500 class engines we are reproducing herewith the 1501. This engine has 27-inch cylinder diameter and 32-inch stroke. Its driving wheels are 77 inches in diameter and it carries a boiler pressure of 250 pounds. The total wheel base of the engine and tender is 82 feet 2½ inches and the total weight on the drivers is 269,000 pounds. This engine develops a maximum tractive power of 64,500 pounds.

WHAT railroad in the United States or the world, has the largest passenger type steam locomotive in service at the present time? How do the new C. & N. W. 3000 series Class H engines rank in this respect?—L. M. G., Gifford, Iowa.

The largest and most powerful passenger locomotive in the world, which is designed



The Fast and Powerful D. L. & W. Passenger Jack



The World's Largest Passenger Locomotive on the C. & N. W.

for high speed and heavy hauling at the same time, is the Class H engine on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, Series 3000. A photograph of the 3000 is herewith reproduced. This engine and tender has a total wheel base of 91 feet 1 inch and a length over all of 103 feet 4 inches. Its working pressure is 250 pounds. Its cylinders are 27 inches by 32 inches and most of them are equipped with Walschaert's valve gear. The diameter of the driving wheels is 76 inches and the total tractive effort with the booster is 76,500 pounds. It was built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

A FRIEND of mine and I had an argument as to which has the better trains, Europe or America. I wish you would give me a few pointers as to relative speeds, most powerful, hauling power, etc.—C. W., Glendale, Cal.

A complete picture of what Europe is doing with its trains may be had by reading this magazine each month. We have arranged for a complete series to cover European railroading in all its phases, and one story each month will be presented hereafter.

Definitely to answer your question we can say that Europe perhaps has some trains more luxurious, and in a great many instances much faster than those of America. On the other hand, the crack trains of the United States and Canada are heavier, better balanced and undoubtedly have much more comfortable riding qualities. American locomotives are superior to European locomotives, not only in pulling power, but in weight and size. Many American locomotives are capable of greater speeds than the averages maintained by some of the foreign roads, but owing to a seventy-mile limit set by the Interstate Commerce Commission as a maximum speed for the safety of all concerned, there are few times when it is possible to run in this country as they do on the continent. American Pullman and passenger cars are very much heavier than those of European roads and an engine on any European road would do well to move eleven American cars in a solid train without straining itself beyond repair.

WHERE is the largest railroad yard located?—G. W., Wilton, Ct.

According to our best information the Altoona yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Altoona, Pa., has the largest standing car capacity of any yard in the world—about 24,000 cars.

I AM a railroader on a short line that has no rules or regulations. I would like you to publish in your next edition all the whistle signals and their meanings, and where they are to be used.—W. B., Bethlehem, Pa.

One long blast, signal on approaching station.

One short blast, stop and apply brakes.

Two long blasts, release brakes, proceed.

One long, three short blasts, brakeman to protect rear of train.

Four long blasts, calling flagman from south and west.

Five long blasts, calling flagman from north and east.

Three long blasts, train has parted.

Two short blasts, acknowledgment of any signal.

Three short blasts, back up when train is standing.

Three short blasts while running, aknowledgment of conductor's signal to stop at next passenger station.

Four short blasts, engineer's call for signals from switch tenders, watchmen, trainmen and others.

One long, two short blasts, signals displayed for following section.

Two long, two short blasts, signal for public crossings at grade.

Two long and one short blast, approaching meeting or waiting point as per rule 90.

One long, one short blast, inspect train line for leak or brake sticking.

Succession of short blasts of the whistle, an alarm for persons or cattle on the track.

PLEASE explain what makes a car brake go into an emergency position on a car called a "Dynamiter" or a "Kicker" with a service application of the air. I know that it is a defective triple valve, but is it the graduating valve or is it in the emergency part?—F. R., Chicago, Ill.

There are forty-one different reasons why a car will dynamite or kick under a service application of air, and we are sorry that this question is such to require an extremely exhaustive technical reply. The only full information that one can obtain in this matter is by a thorough study of the principle and application of the air brake.

S. P. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—All railroads have some speed restrictions. Of course, much depends upon the individual line. The Interstate Commerce Commission says that no train shall exceed a speed of seventy miles an hour to provide the very best in safety and comfort for passengers. On some roads freight trains are not allowed to exceed a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, while on others the speed limit on freight is forty and fifty miles an hour.

WHILE watching freight go by I noticed a car on which the brakes had in some way stuck and the wheels were locked when the train was moving. What should be done in a case like this?—S. B., Chicago, Ill.

The remedy for sticking brakes is to pull the bleed cock on the side which protrudes below the floor of the car from about the center portion. It looks like a long, heavy wire with a bent end to it. You undoubtedly have seen trainmen running alongside a car while the train was in motion, pulling this thing out, and you undoubtedly have heard the air escape at the same time.

HOW many locomotives has the Elwood, Anderson and Lapelle Railway of Elwood, Indiana; also how many locomotives has the New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois and the Indiana Northern Railway, both of South Bend, Indiana?

(2) Where could I get a guide listing all railroads in the United States with mileage, number of locomotives and names of officials?—H. D. B., Sheldon, Ill.

(1) The New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois Railroad Company has four coal burning locomotives, while the Indiana Northern Railway Company has three locomotives. The Elwood, Anderson and Lapelle Railroad owns two locomotives.

(2) The *Official Railway Equipment Register*, published by the Railway Equipment and Publication Company, 424 West 33rd Street, New York, has a complete record of all railroads, mileage, number of locomotives owned, number of cars owned and a list of principal officials.

L. L. R., Chicago, Ill.—The Pennsylvania Railroad owns a total of 6,192 locomotives. Of this number, 6,133 burn coal, 52 are electric and 7 are narrow gauge.

The largest type of locomotive on the Pennsylvania is the decapod in freight service and known as Class Hs. It develops a tractive power of 90,000 pounds. This locomotive with its tender weighs, in working order, 590,800 pounds.

The total number of locomotives in service on the New York Central Lines, including all its leased trackage, is 5,694.

TRAIN ORDERS AND RULES
(Answered by G. W. Plantz)

NO. 17 leaving A has orders to meet No. 94 opposing train at C, which is a closed station at night. The operator at B asks D for the block on No. 17. No. 94 has not yet passed E so No. 17 gets a clear block from B to D. Is it safe to let No. 17 go without a caution card even though it meets No. 94 between B and D? There are no automatic blocks on this stretch of track and the operators block the trains.—W. P., St. Louis, Mo.

With a meet order at C, No. 17 would be required to stay at C until the arrival of 94 at that station, regardless of the instructions as to the block signal received by them at B. The fact that C is a closed station at night makes no difference, as C is then considered and handled the same as any other intermediate block station. No. 17, however, should receive at B a caution card, part "B," although it would not be entirely unsafe to give them a clear block. The rule requires each train should receive caution card, part "B," when meeting at any intermediate siding on a meet order. Manual block rule 317 has been eliminated entirely from standard code and it is perhaps the most supplemented rule in the book, and such supplements are usually adopted by individual railroads as their officials think best suit their conditions.

C. M. B., Red Bank, N. J.—Form 20 pink train order, so far as we can learn, was in use thirty-five or forty years ago on the New York and Long Branch Railroad, but long since has been discontinued.

Who's Who in the Crew

Introducing Charles Anthony Roach, Boomer, and Once Known as Silent Slim, Whose Story Follows

CHARLES ANTHONY ROACH began life as a brakeman down in Missouri. He probably had no intention whatever of becoming a boomer the night that he answered his first call. He was a boomer by the following morning, however, because he tried to tell the super how to do the job at the wreck. The super sent him on his way, and since that eventful evening, back about the time of the assassination of President Garfield, Charles Anthony has been hired and fired by several superintendents. In fact, this old-timer wouldn't have felt natural had he been deprived of unpleasant association with his officials.

Charles Anthony Roach

Somewhere Charles Anthony picked up the tag of Silent Slim, a name which has followed him down the trail to now. So, a little too far past the age limit to lie about it any more, Slim has settled down in Oregon and has taken to his typewriter.

"If I can't hit the ball on the main line any more," Slim writes, "I can railroad plenty on this infernal mill and the only super I've got to answer to is the brass-hatted editor who, being a boomer, too, won't be so hard to get along with.

"I've seen a lot and lived a lot, and I've forgotten nothing. I've seen tragedy turned into laughter and horseplay when lives of whole crews hung on the quick move of a buddie. If I can set down these things in such a way that all rails, old and young, will get a kick out of them I shall feel that I have not nursed this writing bug in vain.

"You asked for a picture. The one I'm sending was taken in 1910 at El Paso. On the hummer, then. A lot of old-timers will remember the face that grinned from—and that figure that used to be draped on—the footboard of yard goats from one corner of the country to the other.

"About the 'Box Car Wedding.' Yes. It's true. Every line. I was working under a flag then—wasn't using my right name because I didn't want some bad dope to catch up with me. You know how it is. There are plenty down on the Louisville & Nashville who will remember."

"Parson, Dis Here Rascal Is Gwine to Be Marryed to My Gal, Right Here and Now"

A Box Car Wedding

Hambone Ames Was Going to Be Sure That He Had the Proper Witnesses, and the Local Crew Furnished the Marriage Place

By Charles Anthony Roach

IN eighteen and ninety-three I was braking on the "C" division of the L. & N. R. R. between Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Paris, Tennessee, with F. N. Fisher as trainmaster at the time.

It was there that I chanced to get acquainted with one of the strangest characters that ever walked on two feet, a negro whose name was "Hambone" Ames, and it was no other than that big, burly darky that pulled off the box car wedding, with the witnesses, the church, the altar, and all the lighting fixtures furnished by the railroad.

There were two towns on the division, Guthry and Clarksville, densely populated with negroes; the two were only a few miles apart, and there being no regular run that suited those colored travelers' convenience and when they desired to shift their smiling persons from one scene of action to another, or from one town to another, they simply climbed aboard some freight train and rode serenely to their destination, ignoring tickets, or even a tip.

Yes, those sons of Ham were sure troublesome between those stations. It was almost a cinch that they could make the trip as they figured, for on a fast freight there were no stops between, and if one got on before the brakeman could eject him as it pulled out of either place, the gent rode unmolested to his neighboring village, often giving us brakemen the horse-laugh when he dropped off out in the suburbs.

Naturally such a disregard for our attempts to detrain them caused an undercurrent of sly resolve on the part of all the brakemen on that division to exert extra effort between Guthry and Clarksville to rid the train of riders, and it was with that idea in mind that I met up with Hambone Ames the first time. He was a big overgrown hulk of a negro, weighing around two hundred and fifty pounds, black as coal, and with not an ounce of fat. He was mean, too, and, I learned later, had a reputation that would put to shame some of the bad men of to-day.

He'd slashed two men to death and served his time in the pen, and was out roaming around ready to kill again; his bloodshot eyes showed that killing was simply a pleasure to him. When I chanced to meet him the second time he was attempting to outwit another young negro who had stolen his daughter, intending to elope with her, and under the stress of the occasion I simply did what Hambone wished. His razor was a most persuasive element, added to the reputation he had.

However, I am ahead of my story.

My first meeting with him was rather a hair-raising experience of getting acquainted, as one might say, although I didn't know him and wasn't thinking of danger. It was night, but, with that cunning of all trainmen, I observed a shadowed form and legs making for a car door on the opposite side from where I stood as the train began to pull out of Guthry, and it was just a second's work to open the door on my side, leap up inside on my hands and knees, set my lantern by my side, and yell:

"Unload, big boy, and make it quick!"

Before I could realize just what action my command would cause, I had a strange feeling that all was not going to work out as I willed it—for I saw a foot set quickly down close to my lamp, and felt the presence of a form leaning over me, which was disconcerting, to say the least. My hands were still on the floor in a position as though I were going to crawl, and while I felt queer at the time simply over having a strange negro leaning over me in the semi-gloom, it was nothing to what I felt a second later as something cold and sharp was held against my windpipe with my neck stretched out like a turkey's ready to be decapitated, and a voice said easy-like:

"I got a pass, boss, fo' ridin' on dis train—feel it? Yes, suh, dis am Hambone Ames hisself, an' he always totes a pass—one dat you-all white folks can feel as well as see!" He chuckled and repeated: "Feel it?"

Did I feel it? I'll say I did! I acted with the acceleration of a piece of machinery and slipped out just as quickly as I had entered.

"You can ride, big boy, as far as you like with that pass," I said, and I heard him laugh like a gorilla, as I hit the ground running, and stumbled over an old tie that lay near the track which almost caused me to break my neck ere I regained my feet and climbed on a side ladder.

Incidentally, while having that introduction to Hambone, I was chewing tobacco; that is, I was when I entered the car, but I swallowed it in my excitement at the encounter, and, as every one knows, such a thing usually makes a fellow plenty sick. I didn't even taste that chew, possibly because the possibility of getting one's throat cut is such a rare thing that my subconscious mind exerted itself to make one more effort to use the old gastronomical machinery before it was disconnected. Anyway, the chew was gone, and I had no ill effect from it.

Big Ed Davis was braking on the head end at the time. We had to stop about five miles out of Guthry to cool a hot box on the engine tank truck. I was the swing man, and walked up along the train feeling for warm ones, and I heard Ed coming down on the other side.

He called over to me, "Hey, kid, did you see a negro get on back there about the middle of the train?" and waited for me to answer.

"Yes, I saw him; he's got a pass!" I stated with a half smile to myself, wondering what Ed would have done if the darky had stuck a razor under his neck as he had done to me.

"How long is old monkey-wrench going to work on that hot box?" I asked Ed.

"Aw, I don't know; he's thinkin' about puttin' in a new brass, but you can never tell what a hogger will do," he answered, stepping on toward the rear and the box car where Hambone was riding.

As we pulled into Clarksville, after the hot box was doctored, I walked over the train to the engine, and meeting Ed on top I asked him:

"Did you see the bird with the pass?"

Ed raised up his lantern, shining it full in my face as he eyed me closely and said:

"Damned cute of you to tell me about him and his pass!"

He didn't like it, but said nothing else, so I knew he had experienced the same dose I had, or nearly the same, which would be good on any train, I surmised, unless some one shot the negro.

Well, after that I knew Hambone on sight, and he rode when and where he wished between those two towns. He didn't attempt to try his pass racket anywhere else, and it was a good thing, probably, that he didn't, for the crew would have doubled up on him, and there would have been a sick darky. Probably a dead one, pitched off on his neck while the train was making thirty or forty per.

II

THEN came the night of our surprise, or, as we called it afterward, "the night of the box car wedding." We had arrived in Guthry on an extra south. Ed Hockersmith was conductor, Biddy Mason and Shorty Lee the other two brakemen. It was about 3.25 A.M. when the conductor handed me an order to pick up a "Penna" car at the stock loading platform—the swing man always handled the switch list—so I cut off three cars behind the engine, told Lee where to go, hung on the side ladder as the hogger jerked the three down the line to the stock loading platform, which was about a fourth of a mile from where our train stood, and Hockersmith went into the office to get orders to proceed.

I dropped off at the cars standing at the platform, and went walking along looking for the Penna and the number I wanted, while Lee got off at

the switch, lined it up and gave the signal to back up; I stepped up to the draw head, fixed the pin, and then I got a sudden whiff of gin on the air,

Hambone Took My Lantern and Waved a Signal to Lee

and stopped where I stood, feeling a menacing presence close by. Then—

"Yessah! Jis' what you-all gwine to do wid dis cayr, cap?" came from right behind my back and close up against me.

Without looking around, I said, "Goin' to take it out. Why do you ask?" There was something familiar in the tone of that voice which kept me from turning.

"Lissen, boss, my name is Hambone Ames, an' I does jis' what I wants 'bout dis road—git me?"

I felt his hot breath close behind my ear. What in the devil did he want now, I wondered?

"Well, what do you want?" I said, and waited, not attempting to turn, fearing he might think I was going to show fight and slash me with his razor, for I had an earful from various other negroes around there as to what kind of a bird Hambone was, and they all vouched he "was de mos' razor totin' nigger, de meanes', de bigges' fightin' nigger 'long de line," which all, of course, had its effect on how I treated him there.

"Lissen, boss," he went on, "I got a nigger in dat cayr, an' him got my gal in dere wid 'im. He thought he war a smart boy, too, 'case he gwine to run away wid my gal an' marry her some time, maybe, but I slip up on 'im while he waitin' heah fo' de train, an' slam de do' shet on 'im. I done sen' fo' de preacher an'—you not gwine to take dat cayr 'way frum heah 'fo' he is a full marryered man to my daughter, understan', boss?"

" Yes, I understand, Hambone, but, by cripes, we can't hold up a train for you to have a wedding," I replied, wondering what the trainmaster would say, or the dispatcher, if we left the car stand because a negro wedding was to be conducted in it.

However, my thoughts were quickly sent galley-west by the talk of approaching people who seemed to be coming from several directions, while at the same time Hambone spoke:

" Now, Mr. Brakeman, jis' gimme dat lantern ub you-alls an' git up in dat cayr!"

Several other frowning negroes assembled about me who all seemed to agree with Hambone's ideas about what I did, so he took my lantern and waved it across the track as a signal to Lee, who was on the rear car approaching. As the engine backed in on the string of cars, Lee caught the stop sign but walked on toward where we stood, after stopping the engine, and Hambone growled to those other negroes, " Git dis un, too," and Lee was captured.

Hambone ordered us to get inside the car; both of our lanterns were used to light the wedding, to which we were to be witnesses. It was simply a case of abducting two trainmen and their lanterns to carry out the whimsical notion of an angered father.

Judging from a casual view of the assembly about us, I would say there were twenty or more men in the crowd, and every one held a razor or knife in his hand, which was the best of reasons for Lee and myself to act quiet and agreeable.

III

I ENTERED the car and observed the two captured lovers, back in one corner of the car, their eyes shining like cats' eyes, and as big as saucers in the reflection of the lantern while they stood tensely close t o g e t h e r. The young man was quite stout, one might say fat, and the girl was no skeleton, by any means; the perspiration was trickling down their faces in streams, on account of the closeness of the closed car and their excitement.

Hambone shoved me forward, Lee close behind, while the preacher and all the others that could crowd in and about us did so, jamming the entrance and preventing any ventilation whatsoever. We stood there, getting warmer and warmer every minute, and the two wild-eyed lovers waited nervously — for what, they did not seem to know.

Then Hambone spoke:

" Parson, dis here rascal gwine to be marryed to my gal right here, all dese white folks an' colored folks gwine to witness hit. Dar am no license fo' dis weddin'; it am got to be done widout, so you-all jis' start right in an' give 'em a good tight bindin', so I can feel dat my gal am not runnin' round wif a nigger loose-like."

And he opened up his white-handled razor, looked at it closely, then put it behind him, and said: " Jis' start right along, parson. Ise gwine to stand 'tween you an' any harm!"

The parson got out a small Testament, opened it, looked about at every one, cleared his throat, and began the wedding ceremony; there was not a sound but the voice of the preacher, and it was in slow, solemn tones. All went well until he said, " I place upon your finger dis ring—"

He paused as he looked at the groom; every eye in the car was trained on that sweating, goggle-eyed groom who shook with a sudden fear; for he had no ring.

The parson turned slowly to Hambone and said:

"Dar mus' be a ring; it am de ring which binds, de circle ub lub is sho' evidences ub de ritulistic proceedin's ub dis grabe lifetime contrac'. Dat boy ain't got no ring; what yo' gwine-a-do?"

There were f u r r o w e d wrinkles across the parson's brow, as he waited. The superstition of the race stood out boldly; all eyes were popping with a worried look; it was a serious business not to have a ring, for no ring was a sure and grave omen of the worst possible luck. Razor hands trembled; eyes stared; "Huh!" came from my back; "Do tell!" was mumbled close by my side.

Above the drama being conducted there in that silent old box car, I heard the engine whistle, four short blasts. The hogger was uneasy, he wanted a signal; we had spent some five minutes in this strange affair already, and he was not aware of what was delaying the picking up of only one car.

Not getting the signal he sought, naturally he crawled down off the old Rogers and walked back to see—and got there just in time to be yanked nearly off his feet by two big bucks guarding the outside. He was lifted up and shoved inside to help witness the binding of two frightened souls into an eternal tie!

Matt O'Hearn was the hogger's name; he was Irish, and a real fighting, monkey-wrench engineer, but they had him helpless, without his wrench, though that did not stop his hash-trap, for he began to curse and snort at being abducted so unceremoniously, and even offered to fight any one single-handed in the other end of the car if they would lay down their razors. The negroes only laughed at him and held him well up front to witness the marriage.

Hambone was stumped over the ring business; he was also superstitious, as was every one of the negroes there, and the misfortune of the groom not having a ring weighed heavily upon him and threw the whole performance into a glum dilemma.

"Well, suh, I jis' got to hab a ring fo' dis rascal to put on my gal's finger 'fo' de weddin' can proceed, so I guess bes' thing to do is shut de do' ub de cayr to keep 'em in heah, den go out an' hunt me myself a ring fo' 'im," sadly explained Hambone.

He stirred to go, as one of his companions said loudly:

"Is you-all gwine to keep all dese folks in heah till yo' come back wid de ring, Hambone?"

"Co'se I is; I not gwine to let all dese witness' 'scape, sho' not!" he mumbled, moving toward the door.

"Good Lord, man, don't shut the door of this car with all of us in here!" yelled O'Hearn. "By crimeny, we will suffocate if you do; it is bad enough now, with the doors open!" he finished.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Hambone. "You-all is gittin' kinder hot, ain't you-all?" His white teeth showed as he watched us.

Then, with a sudden notion, like a slow thinker gets, his eyes drew to a half closed squint; he started toward the prospective bridegroom, saying:

"I got a new notion, we not gwine to need no ring; dis nigger done gone an' gimme a lot ub worryin' 'bout findin' 'im an' Lizbeth togedder, so now I jis' gwine to carve his ole fat head offen his shoulders, den take her back home to where she belong. Dat's de bes' fo' all ub us-ens." And as he talked he crept toward the goggle-eyed youth,

who was now squirming back in the corner of the car.

The girl stepped between him and her father, saying:

"Pappy, please don' hurt Eucalyptus; he am a good nigger; I lub 'im, an' we's sho' gwine to git married, hones' we are, pappy."

She put out a hand to ward off the blow of Hambone's razor, which looked as though it were going to strike at any moment.

Hambone reached out quickly, grasped her by the arm, jerked her clear of his prey, who was still crouching, and said:

"Uh-huh, chile, Ise gwine to carve dis niggah, sho' as de worl'; he fat 'nuff to kill anyhow, so heah is whar he gwine to die."

"Ise Gwine to Carve Dis Niggah Sho' as De Worl'"

Hambone made a dash at his victim, who ducked down under the girl's dress, whining and squalling like a wild cat, but Hambone seemed determined to carve him to pieces, and would have, only for the intervention of the preacher and two or three others who rushed to the rescue and held Hambone, while they tried to talk him out of killing the boy.

IV

Lee and myself were about to try for a stampede out of it all, when O'Hearn spoke above the loud squabbling and asked Hambone:

"Will any kind of a ring do?"

O'Hearn had learned what was holding up the wedding as well as the train.

Hambone looked at the parson for the answer.

"Yes, suh, jis' so it am a substantial one an' one dat will last all de life ub de contractin' couple," he answered.

"Well, here is one that might answer the purpose," said Matt, holding out a nut lock of polished steel.

"I 'spec' dis will answer de purpose, Mr. Hambone, ef you-all ain't got no 'jection," said the parson as he weighed the steel ring in his hand.

Hambone strode back into the center of activities and took the ring, look-

ing it over closely in the lantern light. Then he said:

"Well, suh, parson, it sho' do look like it might hold 'em fo' a long time. Co'se it am not a 'spensive ring, but it am strong. Under de condition we-all is assembled heah, I 'spec' it am bes' fo' you to marryer dem wid it, so jis' go right on wid de business in hand."

In the meantime we were slowly melting from the humid pressure of congested humanity, to say nothing of the odor.

The parson turned to the waiting couple, who had withstood the whole proceedings with resignation. And like all lovers are supposed to do, they looked ready to stand by each other until death and such. The parson said:

"Now, place de ring on de intended bride's finger, boy." And he passed over the ring as he eyed the groom suspiciously. Seeing it was done, he then held up his hand as he pronounced them man and wife.

There was a rush for air by all witnesses, while outside loud voices were heard; and I recognized our con's. He had walked up all the way from the depot to see what was the trouble, and on observing all the negroes climbing out of the car, and all the laughing and talking, and Lee and me with the hogger just climbing out, he growled:

"Danged if you fellers ever make another trip with me; you certainly got nerve to come up here and get into a crap game while the whole main line is tied up waiting on an extra supposed to be in the ditch. The dispatcher's been asking about us every few minutes; the wrecker is gettin' ready to make a run when they find out where we are. I got running orders when I sent you up here for the blinkin' car, thinking you could pick it up and we'd be over in Clarksville by this time."

He would have gone on further, but O'Hearn yelled:

"Close your danged trap, man; we were held in this car as prisoners." Then he roared: "Crap shootin', that's all some of you nuts think of; and he's a conductor!"

It took all of our persuasive powers to explain things to Hockersmith. Even Hambone was induced to tell it, and he was threatened with arrest for his acts; but nothing ever happened that I know of, only us smothering in that funk for all the time the parson and Hambone were arguing over the ring. Anyway that couple was well married, for if a steel ring couldn't hold them together, nothing would.

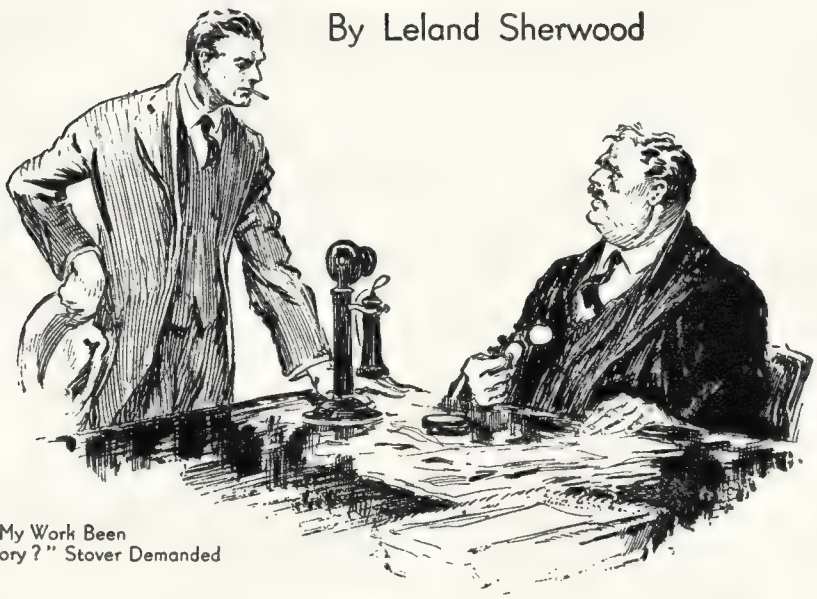
"I wish you had been up here and got stuck back inside that car, with all that skunk fog we had to stand while we were in there, then you wouldn't spout off so much!" said O'Hearn to the blustering skipper.

And by the way, Big Ed Davis, whom I mentioned, I met in Torreon, Mexico, two years later, back on the hummer again in Denver, then in Fort Worth, Texas, and last in Kansas City, where he was manager of a ten-cent flop house; and I was glad for his official welcome, too! Biddy Mason I worked with out of Van Buren, Arkansas, years later; while Jimmy Lee, usually called Shorty Lee, I met in Wilmer, Minnesota, five years after the wedding, braking on the Great Northern. Every one of them belonged to the Trainmen-no-Snakes, and not a one of us but remembered the Box Car Wedding.

It was laughed off in the office later, with a "grain of salt," as F. N. Fisher, the trainmaster stated, for he did not believe it. But I did; it was impressed upon me by the way of my eyes, nostrils, and pulse—and I'll never forget it.

Weight of Experience

By Leland Sherwood



"Hasn't My Work Been Satisfactory?" Stover Demanded

The City Dicks Laughed at Stover, but It Took the Brains of a Rail to Snare the Bandits

WHEN Stover, lieutenant in charge of the third-trick police force of the Central Division, got back to the office after an inspection trip about the yards, and found Cap Baldwin, divisional head of the department, awaiting his return, he prepared himself for bad news. Cap never appeared at that time of night unless something unusual had broken loose.

"What's wrong?" Stover asked his superior. "You look as if you'd lost your best friend."

"When Lieutenant Barnes was transferred from this division, I put you in his place," Cap answered, "before the appointment was sanctioned by higher authority; and to-day I got the dope that Harper, a sergeant on the city force, is going to get the job."

"But hasn't my work been satisfactory?" Stover remonstrated, his face flushing with chagrin. "Haven't I got things in better shape here than they ever were before? What kind of a—"

"Sure, your work's been more than satisfactory," Cap Baldwin interrupted, rising and placing a friendly hand on Stover's shoulder. "You're the man for the job, and it should be yours; but this Harper's got pull. He figured he was about to lose out on the city force and used his drag to worm in here. Believe me, I told the Old Man plenty. I tried to show him that

a man has to know railroading to hold down the job; but I couldn't make him see it. I know it's a dirty deal they're giving you, son, and don't think for a minute I didn't tell 'em what I thought."

Through eyes smarting with justified indignation, Stover saw the captain pull out his watch.

"Hell's fire!" the latter shouted, starting for the door. "I've got to go to Pittsburgh to-night, and I'll have to run to catch the train. I'll be gone two or three days, son, and I want you to take charge. There'll be no change made on the job for a week or two, and maybe we can think up some way to get around this thing when I get back. Well, so long, son, and remember I'm depending on you to keep the ball rolling."

Stover's hand trembled as he held a match to a cigarette. So that was the company's answer to a man who had given it years of faithful service! They would find outsiders with no experience whatever, and put them in any worth-while jobs that turned up, would they? Well, he had an answer for that one. They could take the job and go plumb to—

His thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of a telephone. He disregarded the noise and began pacing about the office. Let the damned thing ring! He was through with answering telephones. He was through with railroading. It was a bum job, anyway. A man was out all night in all kinds of weather. To hell with the railroad! He would tell the Old Man just where—

The telephone continued to ring, and the sound brought Stover back to his senses. No, that wouldn't do! Cap Baldwin expected him to look after things while the divisional head was gone, and a fellow couldn't walk out on a good head like the captain. He would have to stick it out till the boss got back.

Then he could tell the Old Man where he could go.

As he lifted the receiver from the hook, the rapid tattoo of telegraph sounders informed him that the call came from a tower.

"Hello, hello!" came an excited voice across the wire.

"Captain's office," Stover answered. "What is it?"

"Operator B. A. block station speaking. No. 2 has been held up out here at Berry's Crossing."

"What?" Stover ejaculated.

"No. 2 has been held up!" the operator yelled. "What's the matter? Can't you hear?"

"Yes," Stover replied, "I hear you. Go ahead!"

"They cut the mail car from the train, ran up the track a ways, got the mail clerk, and looted her. Then they derailed the engine and beat it. Happened about an hour ago. First chance I've had to call you. Everybody's crazy out here. Dispatcher's burning up the wire right now!"

There was a click, and the line was dead.

Stover manipulated the receiver hook with his forefinger as a mixed jumble of thoughts flooded his mind. No. 2 held up—bandits escaped with an hour's start—Berry's Crossing several miles from city, and twice as far by road as by rail—got to get out there quick—Cap Baldwin gone—Harper to get my job—telephone operator asleep on the job!

"Any arrangements been made to send a relief engine out to pick up No. 2?" he asked, when finally the yard dispatcher's office answered his call.

"Wait a minute! Yes, there's one ought to be out of the house now, ordered for a deadhead. We're sending her out."

Below, in the train sheds, Stover caught the rear end of a cut of sleepers headed for the coach yard. At the roundhouse switch tender's shanty he unloaded.

"Seen anything of a passenger engine ordered for deadhead equipment?" he asked the switch tender.

"Yeah," the man replied. "She's up on three. Guess they've changed the dope. She's going out light." He shouted a warning as Stover turned and started up the track: "If you've got to run, better stay on the cement walk, or you'll break your neck. They're grading the yard out here, and there's stakes sticking up out of all these tracks."

As Stover reached the engine he sought, the engineer came from the telegraph office with his orders.

"Don't know a thing about it," he said, in answer to Stover's questions. "We're going out to pick her up—that's all I know. What's he say over there, kid?"

"Yellow board," the fireman answered, giving the bell rope a pull; and the big locomotive crossed out on the main and headed toward the scene of the holdup.

The early morning air was sharp with a tinge of frost, giving the heat that radiated from the boiler a pleasant feel. Ahead, under the glare of the powerful headlight, the rails on the level roadbed stretched out into the night like finely drawn threads of molten metal. Stover thrust his head out into the driving wind. Harper, the city detective who was to have his job, was probably out at B. A. tower by this time. He fought off a rising hate for his rival. It wouldn't do, for if Harper were there the two would have to work together. Stover's personal grievance would have to be forgotten until Cap Baldwin returned.

At B. A. block station the engine crossed over to the east-bound track to run around the stranded train, which stood about a mile and a half west of the tower. When they had passed the train and covered the additional mile to Berry's Crossing, Stover requested the engineer to slow down, and swung to the ground. As the engineer of the derailed locomotive crawled from beneath the drivers, with a torch in his hand, the lieutenant questioned him as to what had happened.

"We got away on time," the engineer began, emptying his mouth of a wad of tobacco from which all the juice had been extracted. "Got through the yard in good shape, and had just about reached B. A. when I heard a noise like somebody was sliding down the coal pile. I looked around, and there on the deck stood two guys with masks on their faces, holding a couple of guns that looked like cannons. One of 'em made the fireboy hold up his hands, and fastened him up with a pair of handcuffs. The other says to me:

"'Buddy, you do as I say, or out you go like a wet match!'

"He said it sort of easy, like he meant business; so what could I do?

"Well, when we got about a mile and a half past B. A., this guy says:

"'Make a nice easy stop now, buddy, and no monkey business!'

"So I had to stop her; but when I reached up to whistle out a flag, he jabs his gat into my back and growls:

"'Just one more move like that and your wife 'll be collecting your insurance!'

"When we come to a stop, the other guy unloads, and this bird with the gentle voice says:

"'Back 'er up a little, buddy!'

"So I hooked her over; and when I give 'em a little slack somebody made the cut behind the letter car and the guy with the gun says:

"Buddy, Do as I Say, or Out You Go Like a Wet Match"

"'Now pull ahead to the siding switch at the crossing. We'll back in there; then you'll be done.'

"When we got to the crossover that leads into the siding, they opened one switch and made me run through the other one, so that when we pulled ahead we went all over the ground. Then they fastened me up with the fireboy; and pretty soon we heard a big noise, like they was blowing a door off the letter car, and a lot of shooting. Me and Steve just had to stand there and cuss each other till the conductor finally come and cut us loose with a chisel."

"How many men were there?" Stover asked.

"Two's all I saw close, but there was another one. Two of 'em worked on the ground and one in the cab. They made the cut before any of the train crew could get out and bother 'em. They must have rode the blind out from the station. Then there was probably another one waiting at the crossing with a car, so they could make a get-away. That's four altogether."

"Could you give a description of the ones you saw?"

"Not very well. They scared me so bad that I didn't know what it was all about till it was over."

"Have the city police been out here yet?"

"Yes. As soon as we got loose the fireboy went to the farmhouse above the crossing and called the police, while the conductor beat it back to B. A. They got out here pretty quick, too. There was a plain-clothes bull and five or six cops, and they brought an ambulance for the mail clerk. That

bull thinks he's a wise guy. Hopped on me like I was one of the crooks, and I told him to go to hell. Ought to have knocked his block off!"

Leaving the engineer, Stover walked to the rear of the mail car and threw the rays of his flash light upon the coupling. Dropping to his knees and crawling under the car, he found that the chain, which holds the hose when uncoupled, was wrapped around the rubber tube in such a manner that the hose coupling was held close to the floor of the car. Examination of this coupling showed it to be intact. Stover got to his feet, whistled softly, and scratched his head.

A rumbling sound from the west announced the return of the relief engine, which had gone to the next tower to cross back on the west-bound track. With the aid of his flash light Stover slowed the locomotive down and climbed into the cab. When they had returned to the stranded train, he slipped to the ground and spoke to the head brakeman, who was waiting to tie her on.

"Hold him up a minute until I see that steam hose," he requested.

"Did you have steam in the train when you left the station?" he asked the brakeman when he had finished.

"Sure we did. Why?"

"Just wanted to make sure," replied Stover. "Back him up now—I'm through."

"Why all the deep stuff, Stover?" a voice inquired from behind.

Stover turned, and his flash light illuminated the grinning features of Jim Cotter, a reporter on one of the dailies, and a good friend of Stover's.

"When did you get out here, Cotter?" Stover asked.

"Followed the cops out in my flivver."

"Who's in charge of the investigation?"

"Harper," the reporter replied. "He gave 'em all the third degree and went down to the tower to call in. Found anything?"

"Can't say. Haven't had time to get all the facts yet. Guess I'll go down there and see Harper."

As they walked back to B. A. tower, Stover picked up a few more details from the reporter. The mail clerk had been found unconscious, it was not yet known how badly he was hurt. No. 2 had carried a large shipment of money. Evidently the robbers had been aware of this, and the fact that their plans had been carried out without a hitch was convincing proof that whoever plotted the project was no novice.

II

"WELL, well!" Harper exclaimed, as Stover and Cotter entered the telegraph office. "If it ain't Hawkshaw himself, out here to catch the bandits an hour and a half after they've flew the coop! He's all over dirt. Must have crawled all over the tracks out there, looking for footprints with a spyglass!"

"Guess I am kind o' dirty," Stover replied; "but you get used to that around a railroad, and I did find a couple of footprints that you probably overlooked."

Harper's face wrinkled into a grimace that might, with tolerance, be described as a grin. He was a man of generous proportions, even unto his feet, one of which occupied a chair as its owner sat on the operator's table. His thumbs were linked airily in the armholes of his vest, and he maneuvered a black stogie from one side of his expansive mouth to the other, occasionally tilting its glowing tip to-

ward the slanted brim of his derby hat to emphasize the importance of a statement.

He winked knowingly at the operator and the two uniformed policemen who had accompanied him to the tower.

"Just What," the City Bull Inquired, "Did You Find Out That I Overlooked?"

"Just what," he inquired, "did you find that I've overlooked?"

"Oh, I'm not saying you don't know your stuff; but any one without a great deal of experience in railroad work would have overlooked it. I'm not much of a detective, myself—just a railroader, and that's why I saw it."

"Well, what is it you saw?"

"Just two things, and I think they're pretty important. First, I found out how the engine was derailed. They backed her through a switch, then pulled ahead, and that put her on the ground. After I learned that I went back and looked at the steam hose. The brakeman told me they had steam in the train, and—"

"Marvelous!" Harper interrupted, unable to restrain himself longer. "You've made two wonderful discoveries—found out that the engine is off the track and that they had steam in the train. That's what I call fast work. I don't see how you done it!"

He laughed heartily at his own joke and winked at his audience.

"You're all right in your way, Stover," he went on, "but you don't weigh enough." He paused here to let this witticism register, then continued: "That sleuth stuff works out fine in books, but it's no good in real life. Trouble with you is, you didn't go to correspondence school long enough; otherwise you might have found this.

I picked it up in the mail car, and I think it's worth while."

He tossed Stover an opened letter which, according to the postmark, had been mailed in Chicago a few days before. Inside, on a piece of common writing paper, the following note was written in pencil:

> DEAR PAL:
> Everything is all set here just like you wanted. Make strate shute here soon as you pull that job. I got everything fixed and will meet you at old hang-out. H. C.

"Well, what do you think of that?" Harper asked, as Stover returned the letter.

"I don't make much out of it," Stover replied.

"No," said Harper sarcastically. "Being a railroader, you wouldn't; so I'll try and explain it. This guy in Chi wrote one of the birds that pulled this job that he had fixed everything for a safe hide-out. That means these crooks have made a run for Chi. I've notified headquarters, and the police along every road leading to that city are on the lookout. They've probably got the gang by this time."

Having thus thoroughly covered the matter, Harper turned toward the door and motioned the two policemen to follow. Coming to where Cotter stood, he paused, and the stogie again came to attention.

"I'm going into the hospital now," he explained, jabbing his forefinger against the reporter's chest as he spoke. "I want to see if that mail clerk can talk yet; and I don't want you hanging around under my feet every time I turn around. You better stay here with Hawkshaw, and have him tell you how the engine got off the track. That ought to make a good story. As a detective," he continued, turning to Stover, "you make a darned good railroader!"

With this final thrust he artistically flicked the ash from his overworked stogie and walked out. Stover gritted his teeth in a desperate effort to refrain from helping the fellow along with the toe of his shoe.

"If egotism was horse power, that guy could travel around the world on his own steam," remarked Cotter. "What you got up your sleeve, Stover?"

"Can't tell yet," Stover replied; "but if they don't get those birds today, come over to the office about eleven thirty to-night, and maybe I'll have something for you. Let's get your car now and hit for town."

Back in the city, Stover went directly to the general yard office and spent an hour rummaging through the files containing the records of yard brakemen. Then he returned to his own office, where he went through the records of the personnel of the police department.

One card attracted his attention. He took it to his desk, picked up the telephone, and gave the operator a number. When the call was put through, a sleepy voice came over the wire.

"This Bennett?" Stover inquired.

"Yes," the voice replied.

"Stover, at the office, speaking. I've got your card here, and it shows that you were transferred to this division a week ago. That right?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"It also states that you have had experience as a brakeman. Do you know enough about passenger equipment to hold down a job on one of our coach crews for a day or two?"

"Why, yes, I guess I could get away with it. Why?"

"Then I want you to report for duty to-day to the conductor of the second-trick coach crew. Do you suppose any of the men around the station know you're in the police department?"

"No chance of that, Stover. No one around the station knows me from Adam."

"All right, Bennett — that's fine! Report for duty at 3 P.M. as an extra brakeman. I'll arrange everything with the crew clerk. Now there's a brakeman on that crew I want you to watch. Name's Morgan. Keep track of every move he makes, and report to me here as soon as you finish work. Got that straight? All right, then— good night!"

III

WHEN Stover came to work that night he paced about the office like a caged bear that had mistaken a lighted cigar stub for a peanut. He was contemplating a plan which, if successful, might show Harper up in a way that would keep him off the Central Division; but Stover hated to think of the consequences if the scheme should fail. It was his only chance, however, and he had just decided to shoulder the risk of giving it a trial, when Bennett came into the office to make his report.

"Have any luck?" Stover asked, as the patrolman accepted a chair.

"Not much," Bennett replied. "I kept a close watch on Morgan. Tried to lead him into a conversation several times, but it didn't do any good. He wouldn't talk much to me; but he sure told the conductor plenty."

"How's that?" Stover inquired.

"Why, Morgan pulled several bonehead moves. One of them almost got us into a smash-up, and the conductor got sore and bawled him out; and then Morgan came back at him and called him everything but a gentleman. The conductor told me that Morgan had always been a good man on the crew, and he couldn't understand what had got into him. Said he hated to turn a man in, unless he had to, but that any more such talk would cost Morgan his job."

"Acted like he wanted to get fired, did he?" Stover asked.

"Why, yes, since you've mentioned it, I'd say that's just what he was driving at. He tried to tie things up every chance he got."

"All right, Bennett—that's good enough. Go back there to-morrow on the same job; but before you go to work, drop in here. I think I'll have some further instructions by that time."

When Bennett had gone, Stover turned to his desk and got out a sheet of paper, upon which he began to write. While he was thus engaged, Jim Cotter came into the office.

"Well, old-timer, I guess you had the right dope," the reporter said, as he seated himself in front of Stover's desk. "The crooks are still at large, and our friend Harper is not so cocky as he was last night."

"Take a look at this," Stover invited, tossing the result of his literary effort across the desk.

Cotter scanned the sheet with a practiced eye.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated. "Where'd you get this information?"

"Didn't get it," Stover replied. "Just got through making it up."

"What's the idea?" the reporter wanted to know.

"I want you to run that in your paper to-morrow. Now hold on," he requested, as Cotter started to remonstrate. "I have a proposition to make."

Stover went into a lengthy explanation of the plan he had been forming since the night before.

"Of course, I may be wrong," he finished, "but I'm willing to take all the responsibility; and if we can put it over, look what it 'll mean to you and your paper. Are you with me or not?"

"I'll do it!" Cotter promised enthusiastically. "It looks good to me, and I'm with you, if it costs me my job!"

"Then get that stuff in your final edition to-morrow, and rush the first copy off the press down here to the Vine Street Bridge. I'll have a man there to get it. Then park your car in front of the station and wait for me."

IV

LATE the following afternoon, when Cotter arrived at the Vine Street Bridge with the first copy of his newspaper's final edition, he found Bennett waiting for him on the tracks below. A few moments later Bennett walked over to where Morgan sat on the footboard of the crew's switch engine.

"Want to look at the paper?" he asked, handing the copy to Morgan.

Morgan accepted the sheet and spread it out upon his knees. A large headline across the front page attracted his attention:

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN TRAIN ROBBERY CASE

Authorities Have Description of Bandit Car, Which Has Been Traced to This City —Bandits Known to Be Hiding Here—Arrests Expected Before Night

The farther Morgan went into the story, the more evident became his excitement. When he had finished, he jumped to his feet and rushed to a near-by switch shanty, where he made three hurried calls over the telephone. Then Mr. Morgan proceeded to slip out of the shanty and make off at a rapid pace.

At the company's telephone exchange, Stover removed the receiver clamp from his head and hurried out to where Cotter was waiting.

"Harper and another city detective are expecting us at police headquarters," he informed Cotter. "We'll pick them up and then head for Mill's Corners. Step on her!"

"Hadn't we better get more help?" Cotter inquired.

"We haven't time," Stover replied. "Besides, if we got more men, they'd probably gum up the works."

At Mill's Corners, where three roads from the city joined the State highway, Cotter turned in at a filling station a short distance from the intersection. Then he brought the car around and stopped beside a hedge, so that his passengers had a clear view of passing traffic, but could not be seen by any one coming from the direction of the city.

"What's the big idea?" Harper inquired from the back seat.

"Here's the dope," Stover answered, turning to the two city detectives. "In a few minutes four men are going to meet out here, and we want those men."

"What for?" Harper inquired.

"Because they're the men who held up No. 2."

Harper stared at Stover for several seconds. Then he closed his mouth.

"You've gone cuckoo!" he finally managed to say.

"Wait a few minutes," Stover suggested, "and you'll change your mind."

They were not forced to wait long before a powerful touring car pulled up to the side of the road, a short distance from the filling station, and came to a stop.

"There they are," Stover warned the others. "That's Morgan in the front seat with the driver. They're waiting for the others now."

As he spoke, a taxicab appeared in a cloud of dust. Its occupant greeted the two men in the touring car and climbed into the rear seat. Shortly afterward a second cab arrived, from which another man alighted and got into the waiting car.

Stover tightened his grip on Cotter's arm.

"All right, kid, they're starting," he said. "Don't let 'em dodge us!"

"Leave it to me," Cotter answered grimly.

Whereupon his machine roared into life, shot out into the road, swung around on two wheels, and headed for the larger car, just as the latter started forward.

"Look out!" Harper shouted.

"Shut up!" Stover advised. "Get your gun out!"

His words were followed by a screeching of brakes and scraping of steel, as the two cars locked headlamps for possession of the right of way. The driver of the larger car relieved himself of a burst of profanity, and started to jump out to inspect the damage. Morgan, evidently sensing the situation, held him back with a shouted warning, and at the same time brought his gun hand into view with a weapon spitting fire and smoke.

Gears ripped and the motor roared, as the bandit car attempted to back away. Stover, who had dropped flat to the ground the instant Morgan opened fire, emptied his own gun into the windshield of the moving machine. He saw the driver collapse in his seat and the car stop; while above him he heard the two city detectives cut loose from the back seat of Cotter's car.

Looking about, after reloading quickly, Stover could see that the driver of the bandit car was out cold, and that the two men in the rear stood with their hands above their heads, in complete surrender; but Morgan had disappeared. Jumping to his feet, he located the missing robber just as the latter, carrying a suitcase, headed into an open field on the opposite side of the road.

Stover dashed in pursuit. He was no more than well under way, however, before he tripped and fell sprawling. His gun flew from his hand into the rank growth of weeds that covered the ground, and he was forced to follow on, after a hurried and unsuccessful search, without the weapon.

Morgan's suitcase slowed down his flight, and Stover soon realized that he was steadily lessening the distance between them. It happened, however, that a freight train was moving at moderate speed along a railroad track that bordered the other end of the field, and the fugitive was exerting himself to the limit to reach the caboose, which would carry him beyond all danger of immediate pursuit.

Stover stretched himself to the breaking point to overtake Morgan before it was too late. As he reached the edge of the field, the latter wheeled about and fired twice at his pursuer; but his aim was hurried, and the bullets whizzed harmlessly by Stover without so much as slowing him up.

This delay cost Morgan some loss of distance; and with a final strenuous sprint, followed by a desperate leap, Stover was on the bandit's back as the

latter attempted to climb the fence along the right of way. Both men fell, struggling, to the ground. Stover caught the full force of the fall on his right elbow, and temporarily lost the use of that arm. He fought desperately to reach Morgan's gun, but the other had little difficulty in pinning him down and placing the muzzle of the weapon against his chest.

As He Reached the Edge of the Field the Man Wheeled About and Fired Twice

"Now, damn you," growled Morgan, "you're going to get yours!"

The hammer clicked on empty shells. Morgan cursed fluently, grabbed the gun by the barrel, and raised it above his head to strike.

Stover steeled himself for the blow; but Morgan failed to deliver it. Instead, he sagged to the ground with a painful grunt, and his intended victim looked up into the blood-smeared face of Cotter, who stood over them with a hammer that he had brought from the car.

"You hurt?" Cotter panted.

"No," replied Stover, "thanks to you. My elbow got an awful crack, but it's not broken. How'd your face get all smeared up?"

"Little glass cut. Don't amount to anything, but those guys sure ruined my windshield! Their driver is badly hurt, and the city bulls have got the other two."

"Guess we'll have to carry this bird back there," Stover said. "You must

have socked him hard. Here comes Harper."

"Look here!" Stover requested of Harper, when he had ripped open the suitcase that Morgan had carried.

"Gosh!" the other exclaimed. "It's full of money!"

V

At police headquarters the chief was inquisitive.

"How did you know those fellows were going to meet out there?" he asked Stover.

"On the night of the robbery," Stover told him, "I became convinced that one of the gang worked on one of our coach crews; and when I got back to town I went over the records of all our men. No one had laid off that night, so that cleared the third-trick bunch, as the robbery was committed while they were on duty. Our company keeps a pretty thorough record of employees in regard to previous employment, references, and so on; and every man was above suspicion, in my estimation, but this fellow Morgan, whose record didn't show much. I had Morgan watched, and found that he was apparently trying his best to get fired. You see, if he had quit without notice just after the robbery, it might have thrown suspicion on him. His best chance to get away without attracting attention was to be discharged. This seemed to prove that Morgan was the man I was after, so we framed up a fake story that would cause him to call the gang together and make a run for it. When he called them up, I listened in on his plans at the company exchange."

"But how did you know that one of these men worked on one of your coach crews?"

"No one but a railroader knows that the easiest possible way to derail an engine is to run her through a closed switch, hook her over and try to go back the same way; so the way that part of the job was handled showed that some one in the gang was a railroader. When I realized this I took a look at the steam hose coupling. It takes a man with experience on passenger equipment to cut steam hose right; but I found that it had been cut according to Hoyle, and that the chain was wrapped around it, so that the hose coupling was held close to the bottom of the car. There was steam in the train when it left the station, so I knew the hose had been cut out there and tied up that way by some one who had worked on one of our coach crews within the last two weeks."

"I'm all at sea about this steam hose business," the chief said. "I don't catch on yet."

"Well, you see, chief, they're raising the tracks in the coach yard, and in some places the surveyors had to put their grading stakes between the rails. To avoid having a lot of steam hose pulled off on these stakes, the men on the coach crews tie the hose up that way whenever they make a cut. Morgan had been doing this, many times a day, for more than two weeks. Probably he was excited when he made that cut on No. 2, and he tied up the hose from force of habit."

"Then the letter Harper found in the mail car was just a blind to throw us off the track?"

"That's the way I figured it," replied Stover. "They expected to stay under cover, right here under our noses, until the storm blew over."

The chief looked at Harper, and there was no admiration visible in his glance.

"That letter seems to have fallen

into the right hands," he said dryly, "and to have come pretty near fulfilling its purpose!"

Harper shifted his weight awkwardly from one foot to the other. He made no reply, but swallowed twice, with all the composure of a child waiting to be spanked.

"Why didn't you show him up?" Cotter demanded, as he and Stover left the police station.

"Aw, I didn't have the heart," was Stover's excuse. "Too much like hitting a guy when he's down!"

Stover was back at his desk, compiling a report covering the events of the last two days, when Cap Baldwin, just arrived from Pittsburgh, burst into the office. The captain looked as if he had had little sleep since the news of the robbery reached him.

"Glad I caught you here, Stover," he began. "Fine business, running me off on a wild goose chase right at a time when a thing like this was ready to break loose! Give me all the dope on that holdup, and start at the beginning."

Stover picked up an extra—the result of Cotter's scoop—and tossed it across the desk.

"It's all there," he said, "right from the start."

"Train Bandits Captured — Railroad Detective Slips One Over On City Police—Clever Detective's Knowledge of Railroad Work Leads to Apprehension of Robbers — Reporter Plays Prominent Part"—such were some of the headlines that met the captain's gaze. He blinked amazedly and plunged into Cotter's story, while Stover watched the play of expressions upon his superior's face with evident amusement.

"Never read anything so good in all my life," Cap Baldwin declared, when he had finished. "On my way home I decided I'd go to bat with the Old Man about giving your job to Harper. I made up my mind that I'd run my own department in my own way, or get out of the game. Wasn't very confident of the outcome; but with this story to back me up, I've got him whipped before I start. He told me to report to him as soon as I got back. Well, I'm back, and the old boy is going to hear more than he bargained for!"

"I'd sure like to hear that report," Stover said to Cotter as Cap Baldwin left the office.

"Yeah, that ought to be good," Cotter laughed; "but do you remember the crack that Harper pulled on you the night of the robbery?"

"Don't know that I do. What was it?"

"Why, he said: 'You're all right in your way, Stover, but you don't weigh enough.'"

"Yes, I remember that," said Stover; "but Harper overlooked one important thing."

"What's that?" asked Cotter.

"The weight of experience," replied Stover. "I guess it's worth a whole lot, even to a railroader."

Making the Grade

NEVER before has railroading offered such vast opportunities for young men and women in every branch of the service. Believing firmly that we can be helpful in solving many of the problems which confront workers in their battle for promotion, we are devoting this department to helping those men and women who want to help themselves. You are invited to present your problem. No names will be used, and your correspondence will be treated with the strictest confidence. A stamped envelope for reply will bring you advice.

BASIC EDUCATION is essential for progress in railroading. Academic education is greatly to be desired and counts for much where a man has something aside from a diploma to see him through. Any railroad official, however, will tell you that a college degree is not completely necessary to rise above the ranks. This department has received a number of letters from young men who bemoan the fact that they have never been able to enter a university or even to finish high school.

From the tone of these letters it is apparent that the writers, even though still very young, already admit themselves defeated in the struggle against the usual odds which present themselves. This department will help any one to select the proper academic subjects where the writer feels that he is in need of additional education to help him on his way.

* * *

He Seeks A Change

I AM an enthusiastic reader of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. Permit me to ask you some advice, as many more have under your department "Making the Grade."

I am at present employed by a railroad in Philadelphia. I am working at one of the largest roundhouses on the system, engaged in firing up engines and watching engines. Most of the time I work on the inspection pit which affords a very good opportunity to learn a great deal. It has always been my ambition to become a locomotive engineer. I realize that advancement is apt to be very slow on this road. Some men have been bucking the extra board for ten years and more and are not yet engineers.

In view of this fact I have decided to go to the southwestern part of the country, possibly to Texas. I believe that due to the fact that colored firemen are employed in the South, a white man has a greater opportunity for quicker advancement to engineer.

Do you think that it would be advisable for me to go to that part of the country? Am I right in saying that a white man has more opportunities where colored firemen are employed?

If you are able, will you please send me the names of some of the officials of the various roads in Texas to whom I could write and apply for a position? D. W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

We think you will find conditions in Texas not much better.

It is true that a white man's opportunities are better on a railroad which employs negro firemen, but it is also true that some of these railroads are doing away with negro firemen as quickly as they can. So to advise you to move would not be entirely in keeping with our policy.

There are some sections of the country which still employ boomers to a great extent, but those are only hired in rush periods and they are released from service as soon as the rush is over.

You might be better off where you are.

* * *

Wants to be Superintendent

I AM outlining below what I have done and what I desire to do in the future, and I would be glad if you would advise me as to what course I should pursue in order to reach my goal, namely, a division superintendency.

First.—What I have done: I am twenty-seven years of age. I have had seven years office experience, two of these years as a station clerk.

Second.—What I would like to do: Because my parents are moving to New Jersey next spring, my father now being employed in New York by an Eastern railroad, I am anxious to secure a position on that road. If possible, I shall take a position in train service. If I can't make that, I shall try to secure clerical work. In the meantime, I wish to study and practice telegraphy, and as soon as I have mastered that I want to secure a position as an operator. Now here are two questions which I would like to have you answer:

I am told that telegraph operators are not in demand, as train dispatching is done by telephone. Do you think it would be worth my while to learn telegraphy, and do you think that through that channel I could work my way up to something better? Also, approximately, how long would it take me to learn to telegraph? Do you think it would benefit me to work in extra passenger train service from the early spring until the fall when I would undoubtedly be laid off, and do you think I could prepare myself until next fall to take the examination for operator? Also, how can I learn something of tower work?

Well, that's quite a series of questions, but here is what I considered number two when I started to write—a certain course offers quite a comprehensive series on railroad work. I am interested in correspondence courses in railroad operation, train service, interlocking, station work. Whichever branch of the service I enter, I would like to supplement my practical work with these courses. Do you think I will benefit thereby?

I would also be glad if you would recommend some practical books that would be of benefit to me.

Now that's a pretty large order, but I am confident you can and will help me.

R. D. M.,
Ashland, Pa.

Your letter of January 30 addressed to the Promotion Pilot has been given due consideration. We will attempt to answer your questions as they come to the editor's desk.

We realize, of course, that the train service right now is not the most encouraging place to be. Bigger power and fewer crews make it pretty stiff.

We don't know just exactly what clerical line you are in, but there may be something ahead of you there.

It would not be a mistake by any means to study telegraphy, for while the telephone is generally used, the Morse must be depended upon in emergency, and the man with Morse experience is usually somewhat in demand. If you are rather quick and have a very good ear, you should learn to do fairly well with telegraphy within six months.

About tower work. You will learn this only by assignment after you have been employed in telegraph service. The best knowledge of interlocking plants of all types is to be gained from actual experience on those plants.

Undoubtedly the courses you refer to have good background and would certainly help you. Practical experience, however, must be had to back up this learning. We can't tell you how the railroads themselves feel toward any certain school nor can we recommend any specific books for you to peruse.

We are hopeful that this will in some

measure take care of your present problem.

* * *

Yardmaster's Problem

I AM thirty-four years old. I began railroading at the age of sixteen. I started as an extra clerk in the operating department. I have been promoted from yard clerk to every position in the operating department except that of trainmaster or superintendent. I have worked as follows from 1911 to 1919:

Car checker, record clerk, weight clerk, interchange clerk, bill clerk, correspondence clerk, car clerk, chief clerk.

In 1917 I transferred to a job of switching. I was then promoted to yard conductor in 1918 in a yard which was working about thirty-two engines, yard and industrial. Then in 1919 I was promoted to assistant yardmaster. Since 1920 I have worked every yardmaster job in my terminal and my ability is recognized. I resigned in May, 1928, but was reëmployed October 21, 1929. November 1, 1929, I was again made day assistant yardmaster.

I am dissatisfied because I am capable of handling a job of more responsibility, but have never been given the opportunity. I am desirous of an opportunity to get on some tough job where I'll have a chance to go further. It seems as though I play in hard luck when a new job or an opening shows up, which hasn't been very often. Changing of officials always brings new faces on jobs above me that I am capable of handling, but I just don't get a chance at them and I am not the kind to whine around for one. I am at present working under a new superintendent who has just brought a new man from his old territory for a trainmaster.

Please tell me how and what a fellow can do to get a shot at an opportunity.

B. M. R.

P. S. Have never talked to general superintendent and doubt if he even knows me.

All you have to do is to look about you and see how many men of your age in your terminal have advanced as far as you have. We appreciate the deep sincerity which is expressed in your letter. We can almost feel you champing at the bit in your insistent urge to get ahead—to go up higher. All of this is extremely commendable. You do stand the chance, however, to lose sight of the things you ought to be doing to-day by thinking a little too much of to-morrow. You have an excellent record. You can point to it with pride. You do not say why you resigned as assistant yardmaster in 1928, but the very fact that you were reëmployed by the same railroad and again made assistant yardmaster on the day side in November, 1929, is evidence to us of the fact that your officials do have their eyes on you and that you do stand an excellent chance of being moved up the ladder.

Your job right now is to show definitely and conclusively just how well you can handle a yard so that your superintendent cannot fail but notice your efforts. A busy freight yard is a great place for something to go wrong at the most unusual time. It is a wise yardmaster who is able to keep a couple of jumps ahead of the parade, out-think the other fellow on his moves and see that nothing does go wrong. Patience is something for you to develop right now, but do not fail to stay with your singleness of purpose and your desire for success.

The Boomers' Corner

HYAH, BOOMERS, spread out on the bench, yonder, until we put a slug in this stove. Now we can light up our pipes and get going. We have had a lot of fun since we last had a chance to gather here, and the names of two of the brethren are now neatly inscribed on the register in the office of the Boomers' Corner. Brother Slorp of Rawlins, Wyoming, registered in and out after dropping a little gossip, and Brother Jack Gilligan, most recently of Los Angeles, trekked all the way from the Pacific coast to the Island of Manhattan to shake hands with the conductor of this department and review those hectic boomer days. If you don't believe they were hectic, just ask Jack.

Gilligan was our guest for several days and then headed back for the coast happy and well fed. You can bet your last stack that this crew room fairly shook under the loud laughter and the roaring stories when the boomers got together.

Gilligan asked that his heartiest best wishes be extended to the sons of the rolling rust from here to yon, and he especially asks that Dennis Sloan get in touch with him. Dennis, you can reach Jack at General Delivery, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Boomer Girl

NOW, BOOMERS, just to prove to you that all of us are not of the sterner sex, we have a letter here from a roving sister. You will all remember her for the magnificent poem she wrote as a tribute to the return of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It appeared in the December number. The letter is from none other than our own Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil, and it reads as follows:

Wynnum South, Brisbane,
Queensland, Australia.

DEAR BOOMER:

Your nice letter and the accompanying check reached me about a week ago, and the first issue of the new RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE arrived yesterday. We are very much pleased with it and consider it a very creditable first issue.

I notice you have some of the old-timers back and I hope you will soon have the rest of them rounded up.

As for myself, I am delighted to hear that I held up the machinery long enough to break into the first issue. It was more than I anticipated. Once upon a time I held up the Black Diamond express on the Lehigh Valley Railroad by putting one lone torpedo on a rail where no torpedo should have been, and now I hold up the press boys by sticking a pome on a page where no pome was ever intended to shine, so I feel I am holding my own anyway. I was in the last issue of the old RAILROAD MAN'S and consider it quite an honor to be in the first issue of the new.

Well, I wish you a clear run all the way, and I send you and the rest of the boys boomers' greetings from down under, knowing they will be fully indorsed by all old rails and boomers everywhere. I shall now settle down to enjoy myself for a couple of hours—a warm Sunday afternoon in January, a slice of cold watermelon and the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—what more could any one ask in the way of entertainment?

Sincerely yours,
LYDIA M. DUNHAM O'NEIL.

P. S. Tell Brother Earp we are not dead—just spread out.

By the way, Miss O'Neil will be represented in the May issue with another one of her roaring poems. Let's watch out for it.

Are there any other boomer girls who want to be cited? Remember this corner isn't for men only. Some of the greatest boomers this conductor

has ever met were among Fred Harvey's girls and female operators, and we would just as soon hear from a Fred Harvey girl as we would from home.

* * *

Silent Slim

ELSEWHERE in this issue is a story by Charles Anthony Roach. If you will turn to that particular page you will find a picture of Silent Slim and undoubtedly a great horde of the boys with whom he used to work will be glad to know where he is now. We are glad to welcome Slim to these pages. We think he has written a mighty hilarious tale and we know that you will like it, too.

* * *

In Old Arizona

HOW MANY of you fellows remember W. B. McAdams? All of you who ever pounded brass with him or signed for train orders that he had copied, or argued with him over telephone numbers, might be both glad and surprised to know that Brother McAdams has left the railroads flat on their backs and is now running an employment bureau in Tucson. He writes to let us know:

I pulled the pin on the old U. P. about thirteen years ago, and have not worked at it since, but the game is still in my blood. I boomed over this country as a brass pounder for quite a few years. Clear board for the RAILROAD MAN'S.

* * *

FROM PHOENIX, Arizona, comes a letter from Pete Elmore. Pete takes exception to the record of Dennis Sloan as printed in the February number. Pete claims a good record as a boomer himself, and goes on to say that he and an old boomer pal of his got to checking up Dennis's service and couldn't reconcile themselves to the fact that Dennis worked on forty railroads from one to twenty-one times. Pete says:

We figured from one month to six each time, making a total of thirty years and six months, while brother Sloan's age is only thirty-seven. I never worked in Mexico, so I talked with a friend of mine who has been a real boomer of olden days by the name of Allen. He said no American man had been employed in Mexico since 1908, when all conductors and engineers had to get out of there. He said he ran a work train in construction work for the S. P. out of Empalme, Mexico, in 1922. Allen says every conductor and engineer was qualified as conductor and engineer in the States before they were hired for Mexico, and there was none younger than thirty years. He was among the youngest.

The brains of this department doesn't like to get into an argument with anybody, but we'll bank on Dennis being able to show Brother Elmore where he is wrong. Your friend Allen might be a little bit mistaken in the years in which Americans were employed in Mexico, and if you have been booming around this country much, you must have worked somewhere with Dennis, because he has been everywhere and has seen most everything.

* * *

Another Boomer Brown

HERE'S another brother by the name of Brown who pines to be heard from, so we will give him his head and let him speak his piece.

DEAR BOOMER:

"The Passing of the Boomer" lulled me back and again brought me through my twenty years on the road—ten years of it telegraphing and the other ten "booming."

I wish Mr. Earp would expand on this subject from time to time for the benefit of us whose hearts still beat in unison with the clicking of the wheels as they pass over the joints.

I've been "on the block" in every city important enough to boast one of these mythical "social centers." The "banners" I've carried are more scarred than the standards of our fighting regiments overseas. A red hot stove, a bill clerk's desk, and a stack of tissue sheets in book form, flat on my back in "full marching order"—no hotel had any place better.

Every free lunch counter worthy of the name (in the good old days) recognized my

stealthy tread, as I would sneak up on them while the man in the white apron was "25" with cash trade. I've heard them groan as I, indigestively, staggered away under the tonnage they had supplied.

My mileage will equal that of any man that ever twisted a stylus or assaulted a typewriter keyboard.

I've worked under a "flag" to duck a Chicago money lender (one of those 100 per centers). But of this practice I was cured after the second attempt. I had assumed for a "flag" the name of an operator I knew had left this particular road with a good record. I did not, however, reckon his financial difficulties. About the time I was all set for a nice pay check, I learned the man whose name I was using had been garnisheed, together with *my wages*. I "squared myself out" with a good conductor friend. I don't know who got the money.

I used to "doublehead" a lot with an old sidekick. When one had a job we both lived. The chief train detainer at Shreveport, on the K. C. S., granted us an interview. My sidekick went in first. "Got two night jobs open," the chief told my S. K., "One at Mansfield and the other at Many—they pay fifty dollars a month."

My S. K. hesitated a moment in self-consultation.

"Let's see," he finally answered, "that's six hundred dollars a year. I'll take both of them."

If Tom Gannon sees this I want him to write me. Last heard from in Montana as agent on the Northern Pacific.

Please give the Boomers' Corner more space. When we get to arguing and telling our right names, etc., you'll need a lot of room.

If I wasn't tickled to see you out again, I wouldn't bother you with this.

H. E. B.,
New York City, N. Y.

* * *

Missing Men

GEORGE REMPLE, of 1225 Alberta Street, Dayton, Ohio, writes this department and asks that we call attention to men who were connected with the 34th Engineers in France, and say that Brother Remple, who is now secretary and treasurer of the 34th Engineers Veterans Association, would like to locate every rail who was in that outfit.

* * *

Information concerning Ingolf Andersen, called "Ding" and "Andy," a fireman, last heard of with the C. M. St. P. and P. at St. Paul is requested by Charlie Cook, of 450 Herschel Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota. Andy was six feet one inch tall, had dark hair and blue eyes.

* * *

Whereabouts of A. (Wax) Murphy, John and Sam Woods, John Sharp and McElvany, are asked for by F. H. Frost, 167 South Main Street, Memphis, Tennessee. Brother Frost refers to these men as old pals of the Panhandle and would like to hear from any or all of them.

* * *

Henry C. Liggett of Fayette, Missouri, who went overseas with the 89th Division, would like to hear from some of the boys that were up around Bouc and Commerce, France.

* * *

And now we want some expressions about a national organization of Boomers—a car, a button and some authentic secret works. What say?

On the Spot

IN the February issue, quite near the beginning of The Spot Department, we printed the gist of a situation in which an Extra East ready to leave A, the home terminal, had a 31 order to meet an Extra West at B. Before Extra East could leave the yard, however, the Extra West whistled over the top of the hill and came batting down to town behind No. 11.

The question was whether the Extra East should have a new set of orders, since the Extra West had overrun the meet and had come into town, or whether the Extra East, being superior by time card direction could go on regardless and pay no attention to the meet at B.

We have had a considerable number of replies to this peculiar situation, and the rules affecting it. Almost in every instance the person who has written in has suspected that behind this problem is a funny story. We can't keep it away from you any longer. There is a story there and a good one, and if you will turn to the true experiences under the caption, "My Greatest Thrill" and read "Three Ladies and a 31," by Mr. McKinnon, you will understand just exactly what happened.

Here is what one reader thinks about the way the question was presented in the February number:

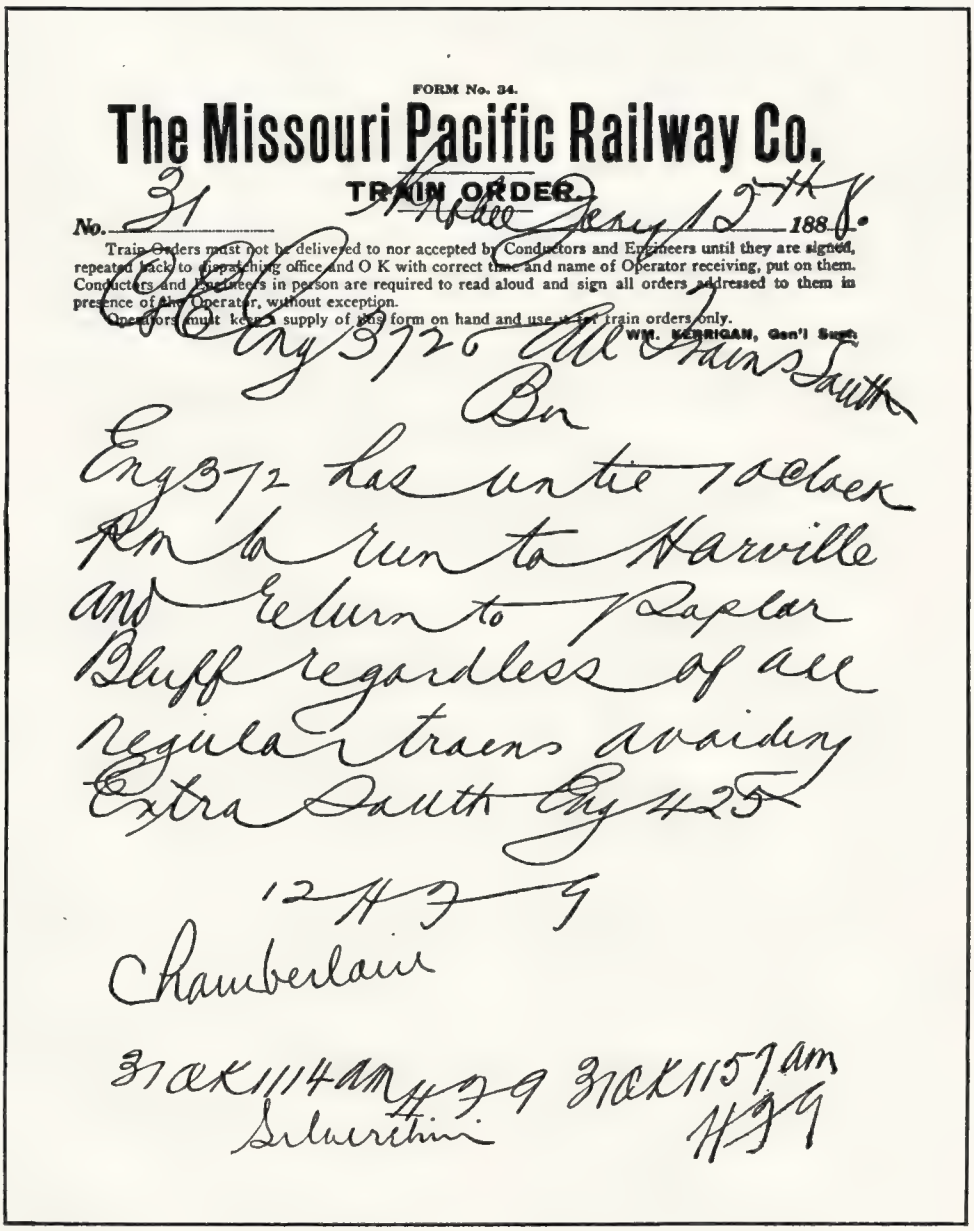
EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

The answer to the question asked by the conductor of Extra 767 East when Extra 714 West arrived at A with markers is easy. If Extra 714 West arrived at A with markers, then Extra 767 East could proceed to M, clearing regular trains. He has fulfilled his meet with Extra 714 West even though the action of the crew of the 714 in coming to A changed the meet from B to A.

I believe that a little comment would not go amiss in regard to some of the conditions of this problem. There is nothing said about a flag on No. 11, which preceded the 714 into A. It is quite evident, since nothing is said of a flag on No. 11, that the 714 "smoked" over. Then the conductor on Extra 714 maintains that Extra 767 could go without any different orders. If he had stopped there it would have been all right, but he had to go on and give his reasons, that is, that Extra 767 was superior by direction. This is a reason with no sense; worse than no reason at all. There is no superiority by direction between extras. When two extras meet, the one in the superior time table direction has the right to hold the main. Any other superiority is given by train order.

L. A. T.,
Monrovia, Cal.

OLD TRAIN ORDERS



FORM No. 34.

The Missouri Pacific Railway Co.

TRAIN ORDER.

No. 21 Atlee Jany 12 188 8.

Train Orders must not be delivered to nor accepted by Conductors and Engineers until they are signed, repeated back to dispatching office and O K with correct time and name of Operator receiving, put on them. Conductors and Engineers in person are required to read aloud and sign all orders addressed to them in presence of the Operator, without exception.

Operators must keep a supply of this form on hand and use it for train orders only.

WM. KERRIGAN, Gen'l Supt.

Eng 372 All Trains South

Eng 372 has until 10 o'clock

Am to run to Harville

and Return to Poplar

Bluff regardless of all

Regular trains awaiting

Extra South Eng 425

12 Am 9

Chamberlain

3 10 AK 11 14 Am 9 3 10 AK 11 57 Am

Edward Chamberlain 9

The Above Was Submitted by Edward Chamberlain, 1702 Ulster Street, Denver, Colorado. The Order Is Dated January 15, 1888, and Mr. Chamberlain, Who Was Then a Locomotive Engineer on the Missouri Pacific, Signed It. His "John Hancock" Can Be Seen Just Below the Signature of the Superintendent

Here is what a gentleman in Montana thinks about the thing:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I can't understand how such a condition could come about unless the dispatcher slipped up in putting out the meets. Your problem states that engine 767 will run extra. That means this man is not on the schedule, and if he is given a meet with Extra 714 West on a 31 form, the Extra 714 West surely would have the order on the 19 form and would not run out of Station B when they had a meet there with the Extra East. However, since this condition evidently did come about, the dispatcher surely would have to annul the meet after the arrival of the 714 at A. There is no getting around that the rule book plainly states that all dead orders shall be annulled, and this would be a dead order in this case.

F. C. H.,
Glendive, Mont.

An ex-train dispatcher gives his views:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Referring to the brain teaser which appeared in the February issue of your magazine surrounding the running orders of Extra 767 East:

In my opinion Extra 767 East should have conferred with the train dispatcher to ascertain just what Extra 714 West was doing at A, when the order plainly stated they were to meet Extra 767 East at B. I would want to see the orders 714 West was running on. If the Extra West flagged in on No. 11, why wasn't the dispatcher and the Extra East notified of that fact? In such a case the dispatcher would have annulled the meet at B after the operator at A had reported the train in. With the orders 767 East held they were authorized to run Extra A to M after the arrival of No. 11, fully expecting Extra 714 West to be in the hole at B, and at B they would remain until the order was fulfilled, superseded or annulled. Extras have no rights other than those conferred by train order. Superior direction only governs the meeting place as between extra trains, where the train of the inferior direction should take the siding unless otherwise provided in the order.

Believe the case should be referred to the trainmaster for investigation.

P. P. K.,
Santa Monica, Cal.

And brownies won't be all:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Your problem in the February number regarding Extra 767 East asking for new running orders:

What was Extra 714 West doing, showing up at A when he held a meet at B?

It looks like some one here is due for some brownies. A train order remains in effect until fulfilled, superseded or annulled. These running orders could have been annulled and new orders issued, or the dispatcher, after receiving an OS of Extra 714's arrival at A, could notify the conductor of the 767 East by telegraph that the 714 had arrived at B and let the old order stand. Even if A was a register station, the 767 could not accept a register check on the 714 as his running orders call for a meet at B. If B is an open telegraph office the 767 could proceed only as far as B and then obtain authority from the dispatcher to proceed, and he couldn't leave B without this authority. The 714, having right by direction, has no bearing on the circumstances. The arrival at B of the 714 is all the 767 is interested in as long as he keeps his old orders.

I have been out of the railroad game for ten years, but my years as operator and dispatcher tell me that the crew of the 714 is in bad and the brains on the 767 is justified in calling for new orders or something from the dispatcher, telling him that the 714 has arrived at B.

C. O. D.,
Davenport, Iowa.

* * *

A Meeting Problem

A reader is not satisfied with something that happened in Mr. Jacques Girourard's story, "One Night of Terror," in the January number. We will let him present his say, and those who remember the particular story might be able to give an opinion:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I have been an interested reader of your magazine since you revived it, and wish to compliment you on the stories you have run. I can heartily sympathize with Mr. Jacques Girourard in his "One Night of Terror," but I fear that the shack on No. 195 made too much of a move at Kine to pass No. 195 and the Extra 432 East.

The move is an ordinary piece of single track railroading. The story neglects to tell what type of switch was at Kine, so two moves are possible from the data supplied:

First—if the switch is a facing point switch for Extra 432 East and trailing for 195, the 432 could back far enough west for 195 to pull west of and back into the siding, couple to the twenty cars stored and pull back out on the main line. No. 195 then should back east, clear the switch and the Extra 432 East could pull into clear on the siding. No. 195 could cut the twenty cars off and have a clear road west. Extra 432 East then could back out of the siding, pull up to the twenty cars, couple on and pull back west of the siding and shove the twenty cars into clear. This then would give the Extra East a clear road.

If the jack on No. 195 was not powerful enough to handle seventy-six cars, engine 432 could have doubled with 195 and assisted the move.

Second—if the switch was facing for No. 195 and trailing for Extra 432 East, the reverse would still hold good, that is, No. 195 would clear for Extra 432 East to pull up and back into the siding, grab the twenty cars west, put them out on the main line and then back into the siding again. No. 195 could then pull west clear of the siding and give the Extra East a clear road. No. 195's engine would have to double with Extra 432 East to pull the twenty cars, as the story gives the 432 insufficient power to handle the heavy drag alone. No. 195 could then couple to the twenty cars, back east of the siding and kick them in the clear. This train then has a clear road west.

Half of the time claimed for the move should have been sufficient in which to make it.

Hoping you have stayed with me to the bitter end,

K. E. N., B. of R. T. 349,
Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

He Wants Locomotive Pictures

We have already told this well-wishing brother that his desires are about to be gratified. This is what he says:

Editor Railroad Man's Magazine:

Several years ago, the lady who worries about my two grandchildren, who puts up my meals and puts up with my grouches, stepped down off the coaches of a crack passenger job to meet me after an absence of some weeks—that was one thrill.

Several months ago an esteemed and valued friend who lives in the country of Syria, three-fourths of the way around the world from here, also arrived at this same station, and that was another thrill.

Several days ago I chanced to be in the waiting room of this station, and what should be in the racks of periodicals for sale but a Railroad Man's Magazine! Years ago I never missed a copy—used to wish they came two or three times a month, or four.

You can believe me it didn't take long to secure that copy. I am in charge of the drafting room of a large manufacturing establishment of this city, have never worked for a railroad in any capacity, but have always had a great deal of admiration for the men who operate the trains.

Frequently I have the great pleasure of making a trip with one or the other of my several friends among the engineers and firemen. Have been interested in motive power for years, and have followed the evolution of the present day locomotive from the old diamond stack eight-wheel American type up to the big 4-8-4 jacks of to-day with ever increasing interest.

See if you can get Spike Malone back on the job—he certainly speaks their language. In one of his stories, many years ago, too, he told of firing a hard steaming old mill with a tank of dirty coal, and of the resultant "cricks" in his back and clinkers in the box. You could almost feel the first, and see the latter.

Inclosed is my 19 order for two dollars and seventy-five cents for a year's subscription, also the December issue, which I have not been able to get. Shove her down into the oil cans, widen on her about a foot and let's see 'em roll!

F. W. B.,
Springfield, Ill.

* * *

Poet's Corner

Here is a little gem we reprint through the courtesy of the New York *Sun:*

Mad Manhattan

Noise! . . . Bustle! . . . Babble!
Travel! . . . Travel! . . . Travel!
Dusky porters lugging grips,
Blushing brides on wedding trips.
Soldiers, sailors and marines,
Actors, flappers and chorines.
Bankers, brokers and physicians,
Laborers, gamblers, politicians.
Through its gates they come and go
As the tides of travel flow.

—*Charles Augustus Nathan.*

* * *

From out in Pomona, California, comes the following from a brother boomer, "Steamboat Wilson," who has composed these words of tribute to a great train:

The Centuries Pass in the Night

"Here she comes" and
"There she goes,"
The finest train
That mankind knows.
She brings out mail
From out of the West

With word from those
We love the best.

When e'er we want to go back home
She takes us there, and
When we roam across the mountain, hill or plain
She takes us there and back again.

All thru the night,
With positive care,
She takes you here,
She takes you there, and—
All day long, when e'er you call
She's at your service—one and all.

The Centuries pass through every night.
They're safely guarded
By the light. So—
"Here she comes" and
"There she goes,"
The greatest train that
Mankind knows.
The Centuries can't perform
With care—unless the
Engineer is there

So—doff your hats to
The "Peer of Flight" as
The Centuries pass thru every night.

* * *

Slim Stilt, B. & O., at Cincinnati, sent us the following. He doesn't say who the author is, but just explained that he found it in his old collection and he wanted us to give it the board and let it go:

The Old Switchman

I joined the ranks in eighty-five,
When we used the link and pin,
When escapes were such as then would make
A corpse sit up and grin;
And I've sworn since then a thousand times
To quit this rotten drill;
I've called myself a fool to stick,
But—I'm a switchman still.

The old man put the money up
For me to study law,
And the way I turned it down, I know,
Was pretty rank and raw;
He claimed I had the qualities
A lawyer's post to fill,
But I was so bullheaded that,
I'm just a switchman still.

I longed to be a doctor once,
When I was young and bold,
But I peddled box cars just the same,
Until I grew too old;
I thought I'd be a parson then,
I knew I'd fill the bill
But time went on, and here I am,
A C. & O. switchman still.

I pulled the pin in ninety-eight,
And hit the Yukon trail,
Where fortune beckoned every man
Whose luck was not to fail;
And there again I blew my pile—
(No gold dust in my hill),
And I mooched me back to Illinois,
To be a switchman still.

I've seen a host of changes, boys,
Since I've been pullin' pins;
I've had my time, and spent my coin,
And had my little sins;
But I've always acted like a man,
Please God, I always will,
For being a good fellow keeps
Me just a switchman still.

My hair is white, my eyes are dim,
My step is not so true
As it used to be in days of old
When the switching game was new;
But I'll stick and stay to the very last,
Till they carry me "over the hill,"
For though I've fought and hoped and slaved,
I'm just a switchman still.

* * *

The Coupon

Coupons from the first three issues of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE certainly met with popular appeal. The interest evidenced in securing an original drawing which has appeared in the magazine indeed was more than gratifying, so we are printing the coupon again. You save three of these in a row, you fill in your opinions and you mail them when you have the three together. You specify your choice of one or more original drawings appearing in the magazines and then you will receive something mighty fitting for framing. Here it is—

"HERE'S MY VOTE"

Editor,
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
280 Broadway, N. Y. C., N. Y.

The stories I like best in this issue of the magazine are as follows:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

[4]

DOUBLE *the earning power of your two hands by learning*

DRAFTING

While you're looking around for a line of work that pays better—that offers a real future—why not at the same time—

—consider a line like Drafting—where the work is interesting and pleasant—where your associates are the kind of real fellows you'll be proud to know—where positions are plentiful—where you'll have a chance to get experience that will lead to positions as Superintendent—Engineer—Contractor?

It won't take you any longer to learn Drafting than to operate an intricate machine.

—but the Draftsman's pay is 50% higher to **double** that of the expert mechanic.

—simply because men who can create plans of buildings and machinery are doing a higher paid kind of work than the workmen who follow the blue-print—because in the Drafting they build things "on paper," figure costs, estimate materials.

A Good Job when you're half way through the Course

Ten BILLION Dollars is to be spent in new buildings construction—two BILLIONS for new electrical projects—BILLIONS more in manufacturing lines.

—that means THOUSANDS of new Drafting positions that have to be filled—so if you'll get ready we'll be glad to assure you a satisfactory position and salary when you finish.

But you don't have to wait until you finish to cash in—we'll help you get a good job **when you're only half way through—**

Student Starts at $140 a Month

Arthur F. Saxon—formerly a clerk—only Half way through his course writes concerning position we helped him get: "Am entering service of Blaw-Knox Co. at $140 a month—certainly consider the cost of the course the best investment I ever made."

Mail Coupon for FREE Drafting Book

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. D-436-A
Drexel Ave. & 58th Street, Chicago

Without cost or obligation send me 36 page Drafting Book, and tell me about your combined training and employment service.

Name.....

Address.....

Get Strong WITH These Improved Muscle Builders *All for* $5.00

Why pay an extravagant price for strength—here's an opportunity to get all the equipment you require along with an excellent course of instructions for only $5.00. Realize your ambition and develop muscles of a super-man. Get strong and amaze your friends. We show you how to easily master feats which now seem difficult—or if you just want physical culture for your health's sake, this equipment is just what you need. With this special offer you save at least $20.00. We furnish a ten cable chest expander which is adjustable to give resistance up to 200 lbs. It is made of new live extra strength, springy rubber so as to assure long wear and give the resistance you need for real muscle development. You also get a pair of patented hand grips for developing powerful grip and forearms.

We include wall exercising parts which permits you to develop your back, arms and legs—a real muscle necessity. You know that business men and athletes, too, first show their age in their legs. Develop your leg muscles with the foot strap which we furnish. This will give you speed and endurance—but that isn't all that you get. In addition we include a specially written course which contains pictures and diagrams showing you how to develop any part of your body so that you will quickly get on with these exercises and gain the greatest advantage from their use. Act now while you can get in on this special offer. It might be withdrawn, so rush the coupon.

SEND NO MONEY

All of the items pictured on this page are included in this big special reduction offer. Sign your name and address to the coupon below and rush it to us. We will send your ten cable chest developer, the wall parts, a pair of hand grips, foot strap and the course by return mail. Pay the postman only $5.00, plus the few cents postage on arrival. (If you desire to send check or money order in advance, we pay postage.)

GUARANTEE

All Crusader products are Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money back.

Crusader Apparatus Co.,
Dept. 4003, 44 Parker Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

I accept your offer. Send me everything described in your advertisement by return mail. I will pay postman $5.00 plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not entirely satisfied after examination I can return the goods and you will refund my money.

Note:—Send Money Order if you live in a Foreign Country or Canada.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Once a week do this . . . .

Invigorates scalp . . . CHECKS DANDRUFF

WHENEVER you wash your hair—and most people do it once a week—douse full strength Listerine on the scalp either before or after the rinse. Then massage the scalp and hair vigorously for several minutes.

You will be simply delighted by the wonderful feeling of cleanness and scalp exhilaration that follows this treatment.

Moreover, it is unquestionably one of the best treatments for dandruff—to prevent it, and to overcome it once it has started.

Many hundreds of people have told us that since making Listerine a part of the weekly shampoo, their scalp feels better, their hair looks more attractive, and is entirely free from loose dandruff.

Of course, if dandruff does get a start, it will be necessary to repeat the Listerine treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in conjunction with it if the scalp or hair is excessively dry.

Listerine checks dandruff because it attacks infection that causes it, removes and dissolves the particles of loose dandruff and heals and soothes the scalp. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

HOW I WHIPPED THE TOUGHEST BEARD IN TOWN...

"Men...I don't mind telling you...I was discouraged. I was ready to give up in despair...shaving was my worst job...keeping up with that beard of mine was my biggest worry. I tried that razor and this one but after a couple of strokes on that stubble of mine the blade was like a file...get me right...I mean it was as dull as a hoe.

"Then something happened...the wife heard me raving one morning...I was in the bathroom...trying to shave... in she came with a KRISS-KROSS Stropper coupon in her hand. 'Sign here,' she said, 'I'm tired of listening to that shaving period every morning.'

"I signed the coupon. I mailed it. I bought a KRISS-KROSS Stropper...and believe me boys...I've been using the same blade ever since...Say...it's been almost a year."

The KRISS-KROSS Stropper accomplishes mechanically what the master barber does when he employs his time-tested diagonal, flip-flop stroke...and it takes only 11 seconds to do it. A grooved leather disc made of the finest genuine shell horsehide obtainable is set into a rotary motion as a contact with the edge of the blade is made. The strokes start with a strong pressure and grow lighter and lighter until an adjustment jig snaps up notifying you that your blade is perfectly sharpened. Do not compare KRISS-KROSS with any other stropper made...it actually accomplishes what science has been struggling to do for many years. It produces an edge with a keenness heretofore thought impossible to obtain.

You can make $5,000 to $10,000 a year selling KRISS-KROSS

Hundreds of men are making more than ordinary salary with the KRISS-KROSS Stropper on a spare time basis. You can pocket $6 to $12 extra every evening...or buckle down to it ...eight hours a day and make from $5000 up every year.

FILL IN THE COUPON . . . MAIL IT . . .
Get FREE Razor Offer for Prompt Action

FREE Razor Offer if you act now!

Act at once—send the coupon and get my offer of a genuine KRISS-KROSS Razor *absolutely* Free. This is a three way razor; a new advanced type. Has an instant release feature...simply press guard with thumb and blade is released instantly. Send coupon now and get one of these Razors FREE on my special offer.

KRISS-KROSS Corp., Dept. D-3964,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligating me, tell me how I can make big money selling KRISS-KROSS Stroppers. Include full details of your selling plan and your FREE RAZOR offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

QUIT TOBACCO

Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of inveterate tobacco users have, with the aid of the Keeley Treatment, found it easy to quit.

KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT quickly banishes craving for tobacco. Successful for over 50 years. Write today for FREE BOOK and particulars of our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Dept. K-802, Dwight, Ill.

Home of the famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs. Booklet Sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.

WHAT EVERY ELECTRICIAN WANTS TO KNOW!

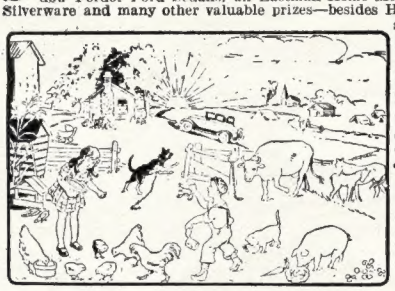
is easily found in AUDELS NEW ELECTRIC LIBRARY. Electricity made simple as ABC. Up-to-date, trade dope for the expert and ALL electrical workers.

Questions, answers, diagrams, calculations, underwriter's code; design, construction, operation and maintenance of modern electrical machines and appliances FULLY COVERED. All available at small cost, easy terms. BOOK-A-MONTH service puts this NEW information in your hands for 6c a day. Write TODAY for Electric Folder and FREE TRIAL offer.

Theo. Audel & Co. 65 W. 23rd St. New York, Dept. 18

Win a Buick Sedan or $2,900.00 in Cash

SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped 7-passenger Buick Sedan or its full value in cash ($2,000.00) and $900.00 in cash for promptness. We are also giving away 6 Three Window Fordor Ford Sedans, an Eastman Home Moving Picture Outfit, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, Gold Watches, Silverware and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash to people who solve our puzzle and win our prizes. Already we have given away more than $200,000.00 in cash and prizes to advertise our business. Miss Jewell Casey won $3,720.00, Mr. I. Nystrom won $3,375.00, Miss Anna Linke won $2,320.00, Mr. M. D. Reidman won $3,920.00, Mrs. Robt. Ellington won $1,750.00 and Mr. E. N. Garrett won $2,320.00. More than $7,500.00 in prizes will be awarded in this offer, which is guaranteed by an old reliable company with a reputation of many years of honest dealings and is open to anyone living in the United States outside of Chicago.



Solve This Puzzle

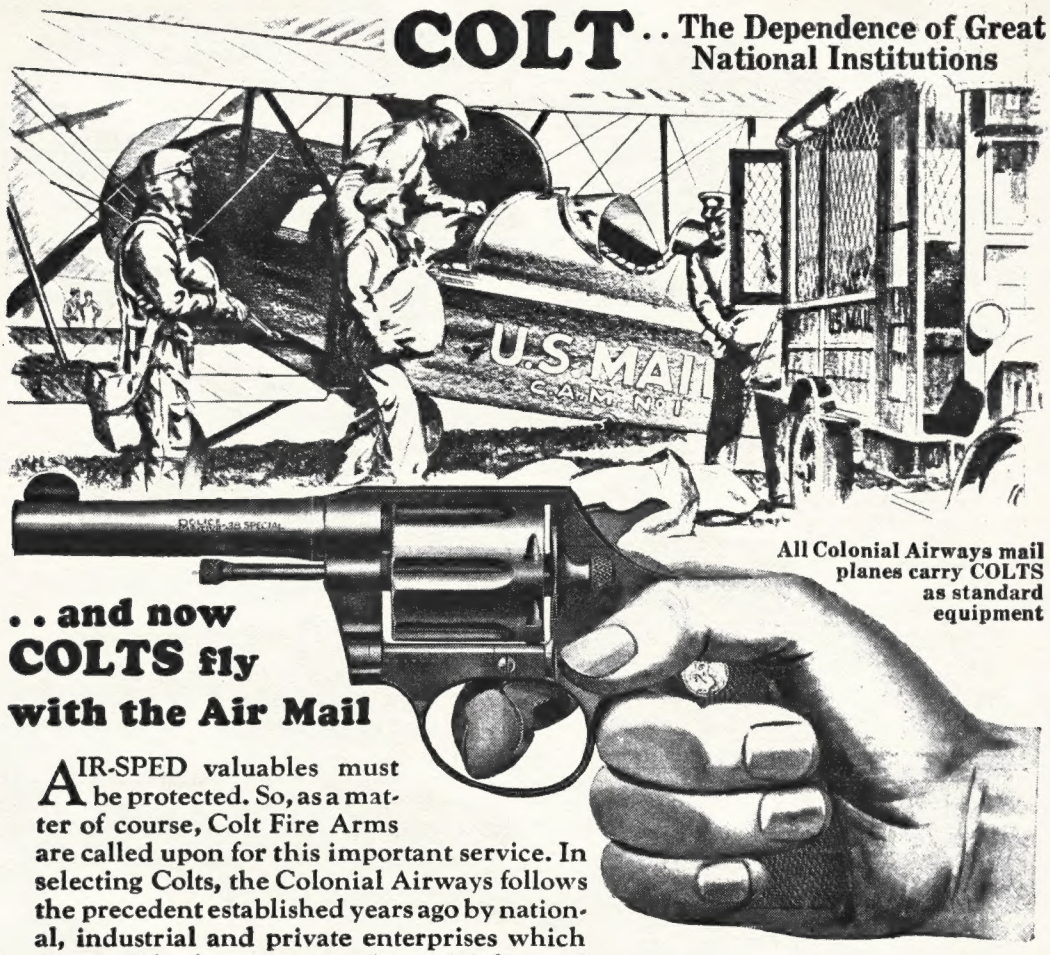
There are many objects in the picture of the barnyard to the left, such as dog, girl, fence, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 starting with the letter "C," write them on a piece of paper together with your name and address and send it to me at once.

$900.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the 7-passenger Buick Sedan, 6 Ford Sedans and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give an extra added Cash Prize of $900.00 for Promptness to the winner of the Buick Sedan, making a total of $2,900.00 you may win. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won if so preferred. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," write them on a piece of paper together with your name and address and send it to me just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the $7,500.00 total grand prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

ROBERT HARRISON, Mgr. Dept. 5084 315 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

COLT.. The Dependence of Great National Institutions



All Colonial Airways mail planes carry COLTS as standard equipment

..and now COLTS fly with the Air Mail

AIR-SPED valuables must be protected. So, as a matter of course, Colt Fire Arms are called upon for this important service. In selecting Colts, the Colonial Airways follows the precedent established years ago by national, industrial and private enterprises which demand absolute accuracy, dependability and safety in their fire arms.

Ninety-four years of precision manufacture are back of every Colt. Each Colt Revolver and Automatic Pistol is practically hand made from special steel forgings—finished, assembled, fitted and targeted by experts and must successfully pass 200 gauge and visual inspections.

Like all other Colt Revolvers, the Police Positive Special, here illustrated, is equipped with the Colt Positive Lock, positively preventing accidental discharge.

Let Colt's Service Department aid you in selecting the Arm best suited to your needs; in solving your shooting problems and in organizing a local Revolver Club.

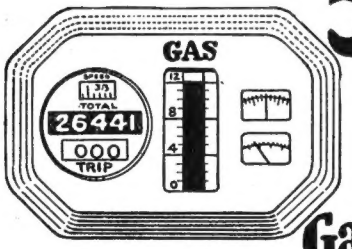
Colt's New Catalog is an historical, instructive, descriptive Fire Arms Manual, profusely illustrated. Write for Catalog No. 28.

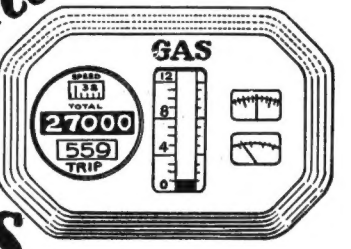
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
SMALL ARMS DIVISION
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Pacific Coast Representative, 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

A COLT PRODUCT ...*The* ARM OF LAW *and* ORDER

Over the Mountains from Los Angeles 559 Miles on 11 Gallons of GAS





Think of it! FIVE HUNDRED FIFTY-NINE MILES over rough mountainous country burning only ELEVEN GALLONS OF GASOLINE. Imagine more than FIFTY MILES to the GALLON. That is what the WHIRLWIND CARBURETING DEVICE does for D. R. Gilbert, enough of a saving on just one trip to more than pay the cost of the Whirlwind.

THE WHIRLWIND SAVES MOTORISTS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS YEARLY

Whirlwind users, reporting the results of their tests, are amazed at the results they are getting. Letters keep streaming into the office telling of mileages all the way from 22 to 59 miles on a gallon, resulting in a saving of from 25% to 50% in gas bills alone.

Mark H. Estes writes: "I was making 17 miles to the gallon on my Pontiac Coupe. Today, with the Whirlwind, I am making 35 5-10 miles to the gallon. Am I glad I put it on? I'll say so!"

P. P. Goerzen writes; "I made an actual test both with and without a Whirlwind, getting 13½ miles without and 34 6-10 miles with the Whirlwind, or a gain of 21 miles to the gallon. The longer the Whirlwind is in use on the machine the better the engine runs, has more pep and quicker starting. It makes a new engine out of an old one, and starts at the touch of the starter button."

R. J. Tulp: "The Whirlwind increased the mileage on our Ford truck from 12 to 26 miles to gallon and 25% in speed. We placed another on a Willys-Knight and increased from 12 to 17 miles per gallon."

Arthur Grant: "I have an Oakland touring car that has been giving me 15 miles to the gallon average, but I can see a great difference with the Whirlwind, as it climbs the big hills on high and gives me better than 23 miles to the gallon of gas, which is better than 50% saving in gas."

W. A. Scott: "I had my Whirlwind for three years. Winter and summer it gives the same perfect service, instant starting, smoother running, and what I have saved in gasoline these last few years has brought other luxuries which I could not have afforded previously."

Car owners all over the world are saving money every day with the Whirlwind, besides having better operating motors. Think what this means on your own car. Figure up your savings—enough for a radio—a bank account —added pleasures. Why let the Oil Companies profit by your waste? Find out about this amazing little device that will pay for itself every few weeks in gas saving alone.

FITS ALL CARS

In just a few minutes the Whirlwind can be installed on any make of car, truck or tractor. It's actually less work than changing your oil or putting water in the battery. No drilling, tapping or changes of any kind necessary. It is guaranteed to work perfectly on any make of car, truck or tractor, large or small, new model or old model. The more you drive the more you will save.

SALESMEN AND DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

Free Sample and $100.00 a Week Offer

Whirlwind men are making big profits supplying this fast-selling device that car owners can not afford to be without. Good territory is still open. Free sample offer and full particulars sent on request. Just check the coupon.

WHIRLWIND MANUFACTURING CO.

A Third Street Milwaukee, Wis.

GUARANTEE

No matter what kind of a car you have—no matter how big a gas eater it is—the Whirlwind will save you money. We absolutely guarantee that the Whirlwind will more than save its cost in gasoline alone within thirty days, or the trial will cost you nothing. We invite you to test it at our risk and expense. You are to be the sole judge.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

WHIRLWIND MANUFACTURING CO.,
999 233-A Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: You may send me full particulars of your Whirlwind Carbureting device and free trial offer. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

County..... State.....

[ ] Check here if you are interested in full or part time salesmen position.

THE SHOCK OF FACING
what your figure may become

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence, if you would maintain the modern figure of fashion

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted
Reach for a
LUCKY
instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

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